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THE

BLACK BOOK;

OR A

CONTINUATION OF TRAVELS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

^(Newport)
BY MRS. ANNE ROYALL, 1769-1854

Author of Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, and the Tennessean.

VOL. II.

WASHINGTON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1828.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*



BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the eighteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifty-second, Mrs.

ANNE ROYALL, of the said district, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"The Black Book; or, a continuation of Travels in the United States. In two volumes. By Mrs. Anne Royall, Author of Sketches of History, Life, and Manners, in the United States, and the Tennessean."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps*, *Charts*, and *Books*, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and, also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps*, *Charts*, and *Books*, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,

Clerk of the Court for the District of Columbia.

THE

BLACK BOOK!

NEW-YORK CITY.

Many changes have taken place in New-York, since I was absent, and particularly since I wrote the Sketches. The most striking was, that of its increase—crowded streets, rolling numbers, bustle, noise, and a constant tramp, tramp, on the side walks—new houses, and new streets.

Having sent a few Sketches (or Messrs. Carey & Lea, for me) to Mr. G——y, bookseller, in New-York, without going into a house to rest, I waited upon Mr. G. for the books, as I had pledged my word to send them to New-England, and had saved them for that express purpose. Mr. G. met me with a smile, and informed me the books had not arrived. This gave me little concern, as I knew they would certainly come safe. From thence, I went to the post-office, for my letters, and intending to take a new route through New-York and New-England, sell books in the meantime, to bear my expenses—see the people, and watch the missionaries—I wrote to Mr. Babcock, of New-Haven, my printer, to send me a small box of the "Tennessean," as quick as possible, being always on the wing. The mail goes in about 12 hours generally to New-Haven, and the books could have arrived in the same time, which would make 24 hours. Having put the letter in the post-office, I hastened to pay my respects to Maj. M. Noah, and luckily found him in his office. Bound to him by the deepest obligations, the

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pleasure of the interview may easily be imagined. The Major was sitting at a table, intensely engaged in writing; he merely took me by the hand, and inquired after my health; and a like pressure of business on my part, cut my visit very short. This is the first, and the only time I had the pleasure of seeing Maj. M. Noah. As he sat, he appeared to be rather a tall man, of good size, fair complexion, oval face, and Roman nose; but it is in his eye and countenance, you are to look for his characteristic. His eye is a soft dissolvent blue, large and full, and his countenance is at once benevolent and facetious in the highest degree; wit and humor revels in *every* feature of his face. Whoever has read his paper, may form a very accurate idea of his appearance; to all this, the major joins elegance of manners, melody of voice, and chasteness of dialect. He appears to be about forty years of age, and his face is remarkably fair; for the rest, little need be said, his editorial powers are well known. He is doubtless the best, if not the ablest editor in the Union; his talents are principally devoted to instruction and amusement; and he is the never failing friend of the destitute and oppressed. His papers are free from the bitterness, unfortunately too common in most party papers, and are sought after, and read with pleasure, by all parties. As to his politics or opinions, he has the right and freedom to enjoy them. It would be just as absurd to find fault with a man, for being taller than I am, as to blame him for holding a different opinion; and why may he not have the same right to his opinion, that I have to mine; the man who would attempt, or meddle with my opinion, with a view of winning me to his, is an invader of my rights, and dangerous to my liberty, because, so far as he succeeds he is making me a slave and becoming my master. It is diametrically opposed to our government and our happiness, for one man to assume the liberty of thinking for another; freedom of thought, both in religion and politics, is the rock upon which our government is founded; and he who strives to abridge, meddle, or in any way interfere with either, is a traitor. No

opinion is inconsistent with morality or integrity—but immorality, and treachery is inconsistent with every opinion. As to politics, I have never made it my study, and if I were as learned as Cicero, I think no woman has any business with politics; there is something so masculine, and opposed to female delicacy, in meddling with affairs of state, that I view it with sovereign abhorrence. Nature has designed woman another sphere. But dropping the subject: as men, I admire both candidates; and as statesmen, I am by no means a competent judge, which would make the best president; nor do I believe that it is so mighty a matter, as some of the parties on both sides would make it; for I believe that many of them, like myself, are ignorant of the subject, and are, no doubt, actuated by motives other than the good of their country, this is, however, nothing but an old woman's opinion and is entitled to little value.

But since I have been led out of my course. It has been meanly said of me (by none but the missionaries, those state liars) that I was upon an electioneering expedition; sometimes, it was said, for Mr. Adams, and sometimes for general Jackson. Now, every one who knows me knows that I have too much independence not to avow what I would dare undertake. I have many warm friends on both sides, and hope I shall never do any thing to forfeit the good opinion of either. My opinion has often been asked of both men, and by both parties, I have always given it freely, just as I have now; and when either have been slandered, so far as I knew it to be such, I have vindicated them; that being my peculiar pursuits, I mean to oppose vice of all sorts. After various fruitless attempts, by both parties, to win me to their side, to the exclusion of the other, the general request was, "well, Mrs. R. promise, at least, you will do us no harm;" this request I have sacredly complied with.

From major Noah's, I went to my friend of the Courier, the Pink, the Statesman, colonel Stone, Mr. Snowden of the National Advocate, and my dear friend of the Hartford Convention. Mr. Carter had just returned from

Europe, and seemed to be harassed with care; he is a thin, middle sized man, of genteel manners, and though care-worn, is a young man. His letters from Europe, he informed me, were in press, and will doubtless be read with much interest, by all people of taste; Mr. Carter being a man of much classical acquirements, as well as natural endowments. But if he ever makes any thing by the sale, it will be amongst the wonders of the age; there is too much British influence in our country, for Mr. Carter, or any other American, to make any thing, but a losing game of publishing books.

My friend Mr. Brooks, was fit to devour me, and there was no love lost. He is a small, elegant, young man, with a handsome person, and very sprightly manners, he is said to be possessed of much poetic talent, and he certainly does possess a very fine taste for writing. He publishes the largest paper in the city, and ought to receive a liberal patronage.

But my friend Theodore was not quite so glad to see me, as one would have thought. He, as well as Mr. Carter, keep their office in the Exchange, and meeting with a clerk in his anti-chamber, I asked "if Mr. D. was in?" "Yes," he replied, and approaching Mr. D. with my best curtesy, I told him, "I called to pay my respects—hoped he was well." If an earthquake had happened, he could not have been more completely surprised; he soon, however, recovered himself—his eyes glistening with their wonted fierceness. He replied in a tone resembling the hoarse croak of a raven, "I want none of your respects." This was rather extraordinary in a gentleman of his gallantry; and, as I withdrew, I heard the clerk say, "If I had known who it was, I would have denied Mr. D." Is it not astonishing, this man of the Hartford Convention, is patronised in New-York. But I forgot, it is a missionary city!

Now for the *Pink*. I make nothing of these editors. Most of my time, of all other cities, has been spent in New-York, and I had been told by hundreds, to call on Mr. King, alias the *Pink*. "Why don't you call on Mr.

K. he is the finest man in the city?" Another—Mrs. R. have you never seen Mr. K. yet? No, I never saw his Kingship, till this very time, which I am now about to record for the benefit of future ages. Little does posterity dream of the boon that awaits them. England has her kings and her queens, but New-York has her kings too. It must not be understood, that New-York contains nothing but missionaries, and old rusty Knickerbockers. Mr. K. or the *Pink*, was sitting at a small table, in a small littered room, up stairs. He was sitting in a dark corner with his hat on, and his profile foremost. I inquired, if I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. K.—He muttered something, of which nothing distinctly reached my ear; but as to returning the salute, or asking me to be seated, or any mark of attention, more than I have stated, his kingship thought proper to refuse. "This cannot be Mr. King," I repeated, and withdrew, but the clerk below, informed me, that it was Mr. K. himself. In a word, the *Pink*, as he is now called, is a man of coarse features; grim countenance, and as to his manners, I leave to the public to judge. I next called on the Colonel, (Stone) his clerks denied him. I walked on to the back room, through piles of papers, and found the Colonel behind a large baize curtain. I gave him my hand very cordially—told him to be a good boy in future—I forgave him, and I dare say he will.

Mr. Snowden was the first friend I met with in New-York. He was the first Editor that stepped forward in my favor, when I was a stranger and in distress, which act of kindness is written on my heart's core; "a friend in need, is a friend indeed." As long as I breathe I shall ever feel grateful to Mr. S. Mr. Butler and Col. S, were also very kind, but Mr. S. led the way. Mr. Butler is an amiable man and richly deserves the patronage of the public. His paper is the *Mercantile*. I called on the Editor of the *Evening Post* at the time I mention, but he paid me no sort of attention. Mr. Snowden always expresses much pleasure to see me, but my friend, Mr. Bennett, to whom I am under infinite obligation, unfortunately was absent.

Mr. B. if I am not mistaken, was the former Editor of Mr. Snowden's paper. This, however, is nothing to the point, willing at all times to lend my feeble aid to humble merit of whatsoever sect, clime, or politics, he may be. It gives me much pleasure to have an opportunity of perpetuating the name of *Bennett*, a most deserving young man. He is a foreigner, I believe a native of Scotland. Mr. B. is a tall slender man, well formed, of genteel manners, and about 24 years of age, his face is oval and thin, but the finest in nature, and his countenance, like his actions, is benevolence itself. He is a gentleman of considerable literary taste, and rendered me much assistance in correcting my works for the press. He appears to be but little known in New-York, and is not likely to rise in a city devoted to priests and shavers.

About this time I happened to meet with a son of the celebrated Hamilton, he is a slender man of middling height, dark small face and a keen black eye, his countenance is melancholy, though strongly impressed with genius. I wished much to have seen his mother, the daughter of general Schuyler, but she was now, as in a former attempt to see her, in the country.

Shortly after parting with him, I accidentally met with the famous counsellor Graham, a native of Scotland. This gentleman has rendered his name famous as a lawyer, and the first that raised his voice in New-York against the cruel practice of examining criminals before magistrates, without the benefit of counsel, and wresting the testimony to the injury of the accused, by exhibiting his confession, of which he has been frightened into, by these police officers. From the able and eloquent speech of Mr. Graham, actuated solely by motives of humanity, this cruel practice is done away. Mr. G. is rather over middle age, a stout active man, his complexion is fair, his eye blue, his face round, full, and features good, his countenance is one of the most noble, manly and luminous in the world. The brightness of genius shines in every lineament of his face. He is a descendant from the noble family of Graham, in Scotland.

Besides Mr. Graham, I am acquainted with very few of the bar in New-York. I saw the great Emmet once, but he did not strike me particularly; and his sons are the greatest clowns in New-York. In short, the bar of New-York hardly comes up to mediocrity; next to Mr. Graham, Mr. Griffin and a young Mr. Jones are very promising, and Timothy Hedges esq. Messrs. Gouverneur Hamilton, (mentioned) Kemble, Mr. John Levenedge, and a very few others. Aaron Burr, is also eminent. I ought to have said something of the judges of New-York. But they alone, would fill my book. Judge Irvine, brother of Washington Irvine, and particularly the recorder, Richard Riker, are two of the best men in New-York. In New-York, as in every other place, the greatest fools and knaves, get forward the best; but more particularly in New-York; for instance, there is P**** and M*****, two of the completest pettifoggers belonging to the bar, these are all the rage; one is states attorney, and of course the other takes the opposite side; these engross most cash and make most noise. M. is a great tall gangling fellow, with a sly countenance, slippery tongue, and slip slop gait; his face is fair, long and brazen, his age may be about 26 years. This Pill Garlic keeps his office next door to his friend and ally Mr. P., for the better convenience of co-operating in the very laudable and gentlemanly purpose of making war upon the unfortunate, and sporting with the tears of the widow and the orphan. P. is not so tall as M. but older and more robust. His face is like no other man's; in shape it is hexagonal, full, and a deadly pale. His countenance is that of a thorough-paced assassin; the same treacherous smile with which the savage enjoys the tortures and writhings of the victim enveloped in flames marks his marble lip. Those monsters have long made a traffic of human distress. But this trait, common to the human race (or at least so in christians) is nothing. They are perhaps the only two men in the world, savage or civilized, who coolly and deliberately turn the misfortunes and distress of suffering humanity into a subject of mirth and ridicule. Instead of

sympathizing with the distressed, or giving advice, gratis, to the poor needy widow, the helpless orphan, or the friendless stranger. These are quizzed and sent from one to the other. "Oh, go to Mr. P. next door, he will attend to you." "I am not Mr. P. he is next door," meaning M. Back the poor persevering child of distress goes, "you must be Mr. P. yourself sir, the gentleman said so." He goes into P. under pretence of rebuking him, when the joke is enjoyed, and affords amusement till the next unfortunate comes along; for I will venture to say, that the same person never goes a second time. The pirate, the most ferocious banditti—even wild beasts, set bounds to cruelty.—But these unfeeling men, in the face of the court, juries, and respectable strangers—instead of entering upon the duties of their profession, with that seriousness and decorum which every gentleman owes to himself; to say nothing of that respect and reverence due to the court—set courts, strangers, politeness, feelings, shame, and impudence itself at defiance. They commence precisely as though they were talking before sweeps. Humanity weeps during the time any unfortunate fellow-man is on his trial. Those calous brutes, sneer, scoff, and torture the feelings of the unfortunate, whom the one prosecutes, and the other pretends to defend. And next day, their speeches are exhibited in the papers, with great eclat. Did those generous editors know what I know, and what I saw, they would treat them with silent contempt, if not with that public exposure, which their conduct merits. Whilst all this is going forward, the lawyer of humble merit is looking on, without a single cause. This is the case every day except Sunday, in the year, in the city of New-York.*

While renumerating my old and new friends, I must not forget Bishop Hobart, J. P. Stevenson, esq. Mr. Peale, Miss Star, Gilbert, Merit, and Mr. A. Mathews.

*One Hildrith, another mean man, with china eyes, belongs to the bar. I would rather be a tick on a sheep, than to be him. If he wishes to know why, he may come to me.

Bishop Hobart—I had often attempted to see, and at length met him by accident, in William-street. The bishop is one of the plainest men in the world, his dress is peculiarly so. He is, if I am not mistaken, a foreigner, and I think an English gentleman. He is quite a young man for a bishop, not more than 45 or 50; he is a low light man, and the most easy and artless in his manners, imaginable; he has nothing peculiar in his countenance; his face is small and rather dark; he is much respected by his friends, and no doubt, deserves it. Stevenson is another friend, indeed. This gentleman, formerly of Washington, has a large establishment adjoining Chatham Garden Theatre, and one of the most amiable of his fraternity, being a Mason. This friend of the human race, is over middle height, fair complexion, fine oval face, and an eye of melting blue. Through his means, I received a benefit of \$180, at Chatham theatre, shortly after my first arrival in New-York, and when I had not one cent upon earth, a total stranger, in the pelting storm. Now these missionaries preach down theatres!!! The whole Presbyterian sect, from Calvin down to this day, never performed as much charity, as this one theatre did in this single act. The masons, the most charitable and benevolent of the human race, turned out for my benefit, to the amount of 400. Apropos, speaking of masons, my opinion has often been asked of the Morgan affair. Since the public is pleased to honor me so far, I say, that I believe the Morgan affair is a vile speculation to make money, and not only to make money, but further, designed as a political engine. The story, like Juggernaut, operates upon the weak and ignorant; and the crafty and designing use it to their advantage. If Morgan was *murdered*, what of it? How many men are murdered daily without ascertaining by whom! You cannot open a newspaper, but you find a late murder. If the same fuss was made about every man murdered, of which no account can be given, it would exclude every thing from the papers; the presses would fail. Why is Morgan, if he be murdered, more than any other man? If he be murdered, it was a wicked deed, and why not hang the

murderer, if he can be found, and say no more about it than other murders. But say they, Morgan is *certainly* murdered; but we cannot find his body, or the murderer; nor can we obtain positive proof who was the murderer. Then, how can you say he is *certainly* murdered. The face of the thing proves its absurdity. Will any sober man say that, taking into view the number engaged in this farce, bitter and enraged as they pretend to be, with every civil officer in the United States, at their service, if they thought proper to call on them, they could not in all this time detect the murderer? But there were more than one murderer—then it is the easier detected. If the murderers cannot be found, look for them still; if he or they cannot be found, it proves either that there are none to find, or that you have not done your duty in searching for him. This Morgan story is precisely like the witches of Salem; and nothing keeps those fanatics from cutting the throats of every mason in New-York, but the laws; it is not their goodness keeps them from it. This Morgan plan is a match for the missionary scheme to raise money; and like them, they are now aiming at power. But the masons—they are heretics too. Was not general Washington a good man? he was a mason—was not general La Fayette a good man? he was a mason—was not doctor Franklin a good man? he was mason—was not De Witt Clinton a good man? he was a mason. These are enough. Now, all these are not only the best, but the greatest men in the world.

These silly men might as well attempt to pluck the sun and moon out of the heavens, as to destroy masonry, as old as the deluge. And, to give my opinion of it in few words, if it were not for masonry, the world would become a herd of savages; and more, if it had not *been* for masonry, it never would have been any thing else, but savages. Like the fire on the altar, they are the only class of men, that have preserved charity and benevolence alive, that sacred spark which came down from heaven, has been preserved by masons. What more it consists of, I know not, (for I have never looked in Morgan) this was enough, and more than any other.

human institution can boast. Masonry can boast of the best men, and best christians, since the world began. My husband, well known to have been one of the most respectable men, and descended from one of the most respectable families in America, uniformly told me, it was the greatest institution in the world, and that if I should ever happen to be in distress, to call on them. This I have found to be true; when christians, so called, the godly missionaries, shut their doors on me, the masons opened their's.

But to go on with my friends—I must acknowledge, I found one mean mason in the city, he must be a Morgan mason. His name is Lecount; he refused to take my book, after subscribing for it. Accusing him of taking lessons from Morgan, some gentleman opposite, just across the street, having heard the altercation, burst into a laugh. I walked over to tell the story, and being fatigued, I seated myself in a large cool room, and entertained the gentlemen with my adventures. The proprietor was Mr. *A. Matthews*, who kept a furniture ware-house, a most gentlemanly man, corner of Henry and Catharine-street.

Mr. *Merit*. Sitting with my friend, Clarkson Crolius, one day, he said, “Now Mrs. R. if you get this gentleman on your subscription book, you may truly say, you have merit.” The gentleman rightly named, smiled and wrote his name; when I saw through the pun. Mr. Merit, by the way, is one of the most amiable men in New-York.

Miss *Star*.—Since my last visit to New-York, a female *high school* has been instituted; at the head of which, stands Miss Star, also well named. She is one of the enlightened Yankees. If there were a few more such schools, conducted in such manner, bigotry and priest-craft would soon fly New-York. This school is under the direction of a board of trustees—a committee of superintendence—a committee of supplies—a treasurer--and clerk. The course of instruction embraces three departments, viz: the junior, senior, and introductory departments. Every species of female education is taught in the school,

from A, B, C, to Euclid, including needle-work. This school is the best female seminary I have seen in the U. S. and deserves to be visited by every respectable traveller. It is a perfect show—To see the numbers, the drawings, and skill displayed by the pupils; their beauty, modesty, and assiduity, is one of the most pleasing sights in the world. No hypocritical canting books are allowed to be used in the school; this is strictly prohibited by rule. Miss Star is one of the most accomplished females in the United States, and well merits the patronage and confidence of the public. She is quite a young and very interesting female. There are about four hundred pupils. The introductory class is \$3 per quarter; the junior, \$5; and the Senior, \$7. New-York deserves much credit for this institution. Those High Schools ought to be adopted every where.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

A son of Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia, has recently established a museum in New-York, in Broadway, opposite the Park. Peale's Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts, in Broadway eclipses all the museums in the United States. Mr. Peale is a gentleman of the first talents, taste, and learning. He is a small man, of very pleasing manners and engaging aspect. Besides the various specimens of nature and art, he lectures on experimental philosophy, which affords one of the greatest treats.

Amongst the collection that were new to me, were the *Rhinocerus*, and an Egyptian Mummy. The first was about the height of a common cow, but a much larger body; nearly in the shape of hog; with a horn growing out of its snout, sloping up toward the forehead. The animal was nearly of the same size, from end to end, and very long in proportion to its height and thickness; its legs were short, in proportion as those of a hog is to its height; its feet were something like those of a bear; the body was without hair, but was covered with a thick rough skin, which was as callous as iron.

The mummy was 3000 years old, or 3000 years since it died, rather. Every part of the body, even to the teeth, were whole and entire. The flesh was as hard as a bone, and the teeth and nails were as black as a negro. The figures of the Egyptian Deities were engraved or painted on the lid of the box, in which the mummy was brought from Grand Cairo.

The Gallery of Fine Arts contains the portraits of all the distinguished men in the United States. Also, a large painting by Rembrandt Peale, 24 feet long and 13 high. This is called the "Court of Death," and consists of human figures, larger than life, some dying and some dead. This is very natural, and the idea was suggested by bishop Porteus' poem on death. As I am no judge of painting, I can express no opinion on the piece; it is pronounced by judges to excel. The museum is divided into the *long room*, and the saloon, or gallery of paintings, and lecture room. The first is 100 feet in length; and all the smaller animals, birds, shells, insects, &c. &c. are contained in glass cases, with an extensive collection of miscellaneous curiosities from all parts of the world.

The lecture room, adjoining the gallery, is arranged to accommodate visitors of the museum at the philosophical and miscellaneous experiments, which form a part of the evening amusements, in the following departments:—Pneumatics, (air pump,) electricity, chemistry, and combination of various gases, called philosophical fireworks, the phantasmagoria, magic lantern, grand illuminated orrery, with astronomical demonstrations. The philosophical apparatus is of the first class, of superior workmanship and very extensive. They commence in the winter season at eight and in the summer at nine o'clock, every evening.

Admittance at all times, twenty-five cents. Children half price. Tickets for one year, five dollars. Family tickets for one year, ten dollars.

Additions are daily making by donations and otherwise, in every department.

The air pump is a great curiosity indeed; to one who never made the experiment, it is worth ten times the money. It ascertains the weight of the atmosphere to be such, as is represented by philosophers—for instance, I laid my hand on an empty glass, in the shape of a common tumbler; the mouth of which my hand completely covered. This glass was so constructed, that, by an instrument which communicated with the inside, Mr. Peale pumped out the air, and such was the weight of the atmosphere upon the top of my hand, after that in the glass was pumped out, that I could have moved 1000 pounds, as soon as I could have taken off my hand, and must have stood there till now, if Mr. Peale had not let in the air beneath. The weight of the atmosphere was such, that the edge of the glass was painful. The whole of the experiments were truly interesting.

NEW-YORK EXCHANGE.

This beautiful building has been also erected since my first visit to New-York; but I am unable to say any thing more of it, than that it is very large, and well built, and has an elegant colonnade in front, and stands in Wall-street. Being told the trustees kept an office in the building, I called at the room, and found an uncouth looking man; by the name of Wyckoff, who was neither willing nor able (to judge from his looks) to give me any information on the subject. This W. is the greatest clown in the city; he is thick necked and bald headed. It is a disgrace to the place to put such men into office; he is a great disadvantage to the proprietors.

When I thought my books had had time to arrive from New-Haven, I called at G——'s, to inquire, "whether the box had come." "No—no box." "Has the box not arrived from Philadelphia?" "No." All this was unaccountable. I sat down and wrote a sharp letter to Mr. Babcock, and chided him for keeping me there upon expenses. The following morning, the books arrived, directed to another bookseller, and a letter, through the

post-office, from Mr. Babcock, stating that he sent the box agreeably to his instructions, to Mr. G. the day on which he received the order, and that Mr. G. sent them back to New-Haven! If I were at any loss before to account for the exclusive hostility of booksellers to *my* works, or any other popular American work, and particularly low Englishmen, this settled the question; and as it happens in point, I continued to harass Messrs. Carey & Lea, about the box they directed to G. and instead of directing their letters to me, they (inadvertently, doubtless) directed them to the care of G. he knowing these letters would expose him, carefully concealed them. Now, this low English traitor, received the books from Carey and Lea, as he did from Babcock, at the very same time, and returned them also; and, like another base liar, denied receiving them to my face. He did not return them to Carey and Lea, but did a great deal worse; he sent them to a missionary bookstore, where they lay from June to September and it was a mere accident that I ever received them at all! The Postmaster, of New-York, forced him to give up the letters—which, and one I received from Mr. Wyley, one from Mr. Babcock, and several from Messrs. Carey and Lea, I have now in my possession, an eternal monument of his treachery and baseness—not only of his treachery alone, but of the whole bookselling corps. But these low Englishmen, such as G. of New-York, and T. of Washington, having all the impudence of the rabble, from whence they have been gleaned, with that ingratitude, which ever distinguishes the clown from the gentleman; and a single eye to the interest of the trade over the water, go the whole length of opposition to American writers. Here the whole bookselling business is clearly developed, the whole scheme unravelled, though I was, in my own opinion, well satisfied before. Can Americans, after this, encourage those traitors? Can they nourish those vipers in their bosoms? I should think not; I would hope not—it wants no comment—the facts just stated, speak plainer than words.

Now, I had upon my first arrival in New York, (before any of my books came out, however,) been particularly introduced to this same G——, by one of the most distinguished citizens of New-York, viz. Doct. Hosack; and had G—— been any thing but what he is, he would at least have paid some deference, to a gentleman of the first rank—and one would think such an act of condescension should have won his gratitude if there had been a spark in his breast! This ought to open the eyes of every American to the danger of those low Englishmen, who are nothing but so many pimps and traitors, whose inbred hatred to Americans would have ever kept them from our shores, but for the vilest purposes—not all the kindness heaped on them—fed by our hands, protected by our laws, nursed in our hospitals, honored by places, and yet no act of hospitality or kindness can awaken a spark of gratitude in their grovelling bosoms. The renowned Mr. G—— (if any one deserves the epithet who has the honor of my pen,) is a stout ill shaped man, about thirty or forty years of age, (I hope I am not mistaken,) rather pale oval face, and two treacherous black eyes, which cannot look honesty or independence in the face, with Shakspeare's glowering smile; his countenance is clownish and insidious. It is hoped the people of New-York will take notice of the portrait.

The Messrs. C——s, also Englishmen, are the most extensive booksellers in the United States, except Messrs. Carey and Lea. These have a little more of the gentleman in their manners than G——, and in justice to them, until they yielded to the all-conquering sway of missionary gold, were friendly to American works and American authors. When I first knew them, they were quite interesting gentlemanly men, until, lamentable to tell, they had taken the missionary bounty. What will not money do? I was much distressed at this, as, from their gentlemanly deportment, of all the booksellers in New York, (all that I knew,) I was partial to them. The very day after my present visit to New York, I called to pay my respects to the C——s, one of them immediately advanced to meet

me as heretofore—but I quickly perceived a change in his countenance—as we stood talking at the lower end of the room, I cast my eye toward the upper end (the room is of amazing length,) where stood a large table usual in all those great bookstores. This table is uniformly spread with popular works, and whom should I see around it but half a dozen at least of the black coats. “Oh! sir, I perceive what is the matter, the black coats; they have contaminated you, have they?” pointing to them as I spoke. “What do you mean, madam?” “I mean what I say, sir, that you are bribed by those black coats.” This was spoken with my usual independence, and to which my gentleman (whose metal seemed to be a little raised) replied—“I would thank you, madam, not to nickname any gentleman in *my* store, they are respectable ministers of the Gospel.” I turned about to pursue my walk, telling Mr. C——, if he resented what I said, I had a *friend* any time at his service.

These gentlemen, as he called them, had no doubt just left the general assembly, and were the rankest black coats that ever fell in my way; their coats were sleek, fine, and costly—their looks can never be mistaken, a gloomy fierceness, mixed with a deep deadly venom, distinguishes the whole tribe. That such monster-looking men, the very sight of whom makes humanity shudder, should have led so great a portion of the American people in leading strings so long, is to a certainty the most unaccountable delusion which ever disgraced man since the creation—much more so than Popedom---*his* power arose from the ignorance of the people over whom he reigned. But for us, enlightened, having a full knowledge of history, and particularly of the aspiring dispositions and despotism of priests, to be abused in this manner, is astonishing.

I cannot, in this general review of men and missionaries, overlook my *dear friends*, Messrs. B. and W. and after leaving C——s, I called to see those godly, hopeful converts, pious old men—Sabbath school, home mission, foreign mission, education, bible, tract, loafbread, fish, cent, mite, quilt, widows, maids, matrons, pincushion, rag-jag-bag and

all the societies-men!—Messrs. B. & W. go into the spirit of the thing, they do not half do business. It appears, however, that the missionaries have taken them in sadly; they have made a losing go of it—have quarrelled and dissolved partnership. B—— sticks to the old place, W—— has hid himself where missionaries will never find him more. B——, (I must have a little mercy on him) met me at the door and told me, with a smile, “Oh, Mrs. R. you hold the rod over all our heads, we are all afraid of you.” “Not all,” said I, “None but the bad need to fear me.”

When I first went to New York, long enough, however, to find out the missionaries, I called at Messrs. B. & W. speaking my mind freely then, as now, I said something on the want of literary encouragement, generally, in N. York, and ascribed the cause to those bible and tract societies, saying, I thought the rage for those things perverted religion, taste, charity, and every good feeling. B. bristled up in a great rage—“If you talk against religion, madam, I assure you, you will not meet with much encouragement in New-York.” “Do you call this religion, sir—I thought religion was founded on charity, I have found no charity in these people, (B. being a mason, knew I entered the city in distress;) not one of them have subscribed for my books.” “You are mistaken, madam, there was a gentleman this very day subscribed \$500 for the tract society.” “But sir, is this an evidence of his being a Christian?” “Certainly.” “Do you think this man who subscribed the \$500 would give me a piece of bread if I were to go to his door?” This was a home thrust, and seemed to stagger Mr. B——. After some hesitation he said, “No doubt of it.” I requested him to tell me who the gentleman was, that I might put him to the trial; but B—— took care of that—he refused to tell me. Taking him on his own ground, I asked him to subscribe—he refused.—“Now, sir, where is your religion?” He looked like all others when foiled. But as he is a mason, I will spare him; he did give a quarter, when I needed it much, not because he was a great tract-man, but because he was a mason, a

name ever dear to me. A description of his person would give much amusement, as he is a great oddity; but he promised to behave well in future and I let him pass for this once; but let him look to the *rod*.

It was on this visit to New-York, I became acquainted with a singular family of French descent by the name of De Payten. The one I saw was a wealthy merchant, young and genteel, and was the seventh generation born in the same ward.

ARCADE.

I believe I must give the Arcade a small puff, though the proprietors amongst the whole of them could not muster cash enough to buy one of my books, and one of them it is said, ranaway next day. This was, perhaps, his misfortune, not his fault—may be a missionary had him in chase; who would not run from them? But let us see what an Arcade is. The moment I made my appearance in the city, I heard of nothing but the Arcade. “O, Mrs. R. you must see our Arcade, we have built an Arcade since you were here. The Arcade is certainly a very novel and very beautiful arrangement; it is an opening from one street to another like an alley, but has shops of all sorts on each side; the top or roof being very high, is wholly of glass, through which the light pours in a copious stream, giving life and animation to all below—it has two stories, neither of which, if I recollect aright, had any shutters; the shops are divided by partitions, and the goods make a brilliant display.

It is quite a treat, when weary and oppressed with the heat of the sun, to go into the Arcade—a constant breeze sets from one street to the other. This and the refreshment shops, afford every article of food or drink, to be found in any part of the habitable globe, is quite refreshing.—Whilst you are eating your orange, your peach, ice-cream, or cream and strawberries, you may regale your eye with the most beautiful show of fancy goods, of all sorts, and now and then a handsome belle walks through to save the

trouble of going round. I did not, however, observe any beaus. I ought not to censure the proprietors for their lack of liberality to me, as it is quite probable they expended all their cash upon the Arcade.

At the end of three days only, I prepared to visit New England, intending to diverge a little from the common tract—call at several towns which it was not in my power to visit in my first journey to the north. In short, to go thro' the whole of New-England. My plan was soon laid, the North river is the needle; it is altogether worth one's time and money to take a voyage on the Hudson, if they were only, as they often do, just to sail up to Albany and back again—it will not cost half so much as we pay at one of the taverns, and the jaunt is a treat—perfect bliss. I think the proprietors ought to carry me gratis for giving them so many handsome puffs, and whose puff goes further—ah! the saucy rogues, they take care of that. But when I get them as afraid of me as B——s, the bookseller, they will be glad to do it. But to the journey. The evening previous to my departure I called at Mr. Hone's, late mayor of the city. I rung at the door and a pretty little boy appeared; having business with Mr. Hone, I asked if he was in, the boy replied he was not. I inquired for Mrs. Hone, the little boy ran off to see her—whilst I remained standing just inside of the door, a middle sized man walked up to me, playing with his watch seal, and asked me, "what I wanted there?" I asked him if he was Mr. Hone; I knew almost it was not Mr. H. though partially favored by the light of a lamp which hung the hall.—"No," he replied. The little boy then returned and said, oh no pa is not in, and ma says she is engaged; I would just as soon take a slap in the face at any time, as to receive such an answer. "Mrs. Hone does not wish to see you;" said the saucy man, "Nor any one else in this house; you called to see Charles King the other day; walk off and never come into this house again." I withdrew, of course, but not until I told him it was very little to the credit of Mr. and Mrs. Hone, to suffer such a ruffian as he was, to usurp such an insolent authority in their house. Who the man

was, I have never learned; it might have been Charles King himself, as he is the *Pink* of good society, or some other robber, perhaps. I apprised Mr. Hone of this outrage in a letter, but never heard any more of it. Knowing Mr. H. to be a very gentlemanly man, I was astonished to find such a ruffian in his house, in his absence. Let the man have been whom he might, it is plain he belonged to the *Pink's* good society.

VISIT TO NEW-ENGLAND.

Next morning I set off in the barge *Lady Van Rensselaer*, under a full band to Albany. In the first place, I cannot praise the captain of the *Lady Van Rensselaer* much, he had the most abominable chambermaid on the river; he is highly culpable for this oversight, nor can it be called an oversight, as any man of the least discernment must have seen what she was. As usual, the boat was filled with the lower class of females; and their mutual friends, the dandies, cooks, chambermaids, &c. To be sure these have as much right to take their pleasure, and have their beaux, as Mr. and Mrs. Any-body. But they are not quite such pleasant company. I think the *Pink*, ought to regulate matters on board these boats, and particularly the *Chambermaids*. I went down to the cabin shortly after we were under way, to lay by my things and look at the interior of the barge, and found the ladies' cabin swarming with the riff-raff of the city. This was soon discovered by their horse laughs, vacant looks, and low manners, but no ladies in the city were dressed finer. They had one or two fops romping with them, and were squalling like so many Flanders mares—one of those fops happened to know me—I said something to the maid about having less noise, she followed them out on the stern of the barge where the belles and fops had withdrawn—the latter, no doubt, to communicate the danger they were in from my pen, and returning to me, said, "I wish you would go in the boat, the ladies say

there is not room enough for you here (meaning the barge,) you had better go in the boat." She happened to have the right hand to deal with for once; I asked, "How she dared to deliver me such a message from a parcel of cooks and chambermaids;" and ordered her to begone and tell them, if they opened their mouth a second time or send me such another impudent message, I would order the captain down and have them put on shore. The barges are towed by large boats, and a number of passengers go in them. I never, however, heard any more of their impertinence during the passage; they dropt their feathers quite low upon the intimation I gave the maid of their being cooks and chambermaids—they heard every word of it, and no doubt took me for a witch.

It never comes into the head of ignorance, that fine clothes only exposes it; nor does it ever come into the head of an ignorant person, that any thing makes a lady or a gentleman, but fine clothes. Those fair ones no doubt, had set out upon a matrimonial excursion—good—if they succeed, it will be with some fool; what man of sense would marry a woman, whose mind is as empty as her pocket.

Upon going on the upper deck, I found a few intelligent people, but as they were strangers to me, I took a seat in silence, to enjoy the scenery, which had lost nothing of its wonted charms, since the preceding year. The same stern mountain, the same lowering rocks, the same sidelong steep, and the dark pine, all this was ravishing, and rendered doubly so, from our lofty seats; the music of the band, and the Star Spangled Banner waving in the wind; the steamboats passing; the saluting of bells; the broad smooth Hudson, covered with white sails, the human mind is satiated with pleasure.

I can no more, it appears, be long concealed in company; the passengers, with whom I was seated, soon discovered who I was, and of course paid their respects, not exactly in the style of the *Pink*, or his friend at Mr. Hones'. Amongst these, were Dr. *Childs*, a professor of the Berkshire Medical Institution, at Pittsfield, Massa-

chusetts. He was a most interesting man, a Yankee, of course. How much pleasure the Southern people forego, and all other states, by not mixing more with those enlightened people; how little they *know* about them; to look them in the face alone, is a treat; but to converse with them, and inhale their chaste sentiments, and feel yourself won by their easy unaffected manners—nothing stiff, nothing distant about them, they let you, at once, into their souls. In a minute's time, you are as well acquainted with a Yankee gentleman, as you would be in a year with many others.

The doctor is a small man, quite young, very lively and gay. He was accompanied by his wife, as amiable and as accomplished as himself. So, it may be supposed, I made myself as happy, as though I had been in company with the *Pink*. These were the only Yankees on board.

The other passengers were principally of New-York; and a few of the gentlemen were tolerably genteel. Amongst the ladies, there was none. There were a few old city-Dutch, as usual. These old Dutch women have broad cap-borders, are ill-shaped, and ill-natured, (from eating sour-cROUT, I am told,) and the men have broad faces, and both have a stupid countenance; they seem to have no more animation, life, or spirits than a wooden post. These Dutch uniformly hate the English and the Yankees. They will never forgive the English for taking away their *New-Nedderlands*; and they hate the Yankees, because they outdo them in making money. The Yankees have made New-York what it is; had it not been for those enterprising people, New-Nedderlands would have been New-Nedderlands still—nothing but straggling cow-paths. The New-England capital, particularly of Boston, has raised many a house, and opened many a street in New-York. Its late unparalleled improvement, has been effected by Boston capital, principally. These are men of foresight, men of talent, men of industry; their education fits them for business, and enables them to go through it with facility and despatch. It is this facility that provokes the Dutch; for while he

would smoke a pipe of tobacco, a Yankee would sell an hundred dollars' worth of goods. This enrages the Dutchman; he calls all the Yankees cheats and *deeves*, and liars. It would be next to impossible, to make a Dutchman believe there was an honest Yankee in the world. Even a little New-England boy can teach a Dutchman how to do business.

Besides those, and the female army mentioned, there were two masculine women, who sat together, and seemed to avoid the society of the passengers. They were of middle age, and quite of middling manners; these appeared to be sisters—but fops and folly abounded.

I communicated to the doctor and his lady, my adventure with the chamber-maid, and her fellow-bedmakers; they were well pleased with the story; and while we were laughing about it, the whole posse had gathered around us, and finding I must be *somebody*, from the attention paid me, they appeared very desirous to conciliate my favor, by wonderful condescensions; they even deigned to draw their seats close up to me! and seemed to listen with deep attention.

The doctor being fond of amusement, for the sake of carrying on the joke, observed, "I cannot conceive, Mrs. R. by what means you so readily discriminate character; and even I am told, can tell a person's occupation, from their appearance." I told him "it was owing to my having been born under a peculiar planet."

Seeing a fop swaggering over the deck, not far from us, he asked me "what he was?" I replied, "he was a tailor;" and, as I afterwards heard, it proved to be true; the man heard me. A little stumpy Dutch girl, near me, asked me, "what she was?" I told her "she was a milliner."* "How do you know I am a milliner?" "by your bonnet covered with ribbons; look at the bonnets of the other ladies, you see they have not half so many." She colored up, but wishing to try me farther, or at least, re-

*She had been passing herself off for one of the first citizen's daughters.

duce the others to a level with herself, asked me "what that lady was?" pointing to one; "she is a mantuamaker." "how do you tell that?" "by the flounces on her dress. Do you not see she has more than other ladies, and deeper." They were astonished; "and what is that lady?"—"She is a mantuamaker." They all began to be mortified, particularly as their beaux were in hearing; but willing to put my skill to another trial, thinking to outwit me this time; they asked me "what another *lady* was?" "She is a chambermaid." "Well, now I should like to know, how you know that?" "By her great coarse hands." They asked no more, but moved off to the lower deck, giving me rather an angry look over their shoulders, as they withdrew; the fops followed; and we were left to enjoy ourselves* without interruption. I landed at West Point; so also did the two big women; one of whom, had a son at the Military Academy, who met her at the landing. Both these women were very unsociable.

But the doctor told me afterwards, that those belles and beaux kept no bounds after I left the barge, they romped and squalled, and to use a Yankee phrase, "carried on at such a rate, that he and Mrs. C. were greatly annoyed by their rudeness."

WEST POINT.

The board of visitors were sitting, and had been for some time, at West Point, when I arrived, and it was with difficulty, I got in: perhaps no other person could have got in; every room and bed, on the Point, being occupied, either by the board, or such other visitors as attended the examination. Mr. Cozins, who boards the Cadets, however, fixed me a bed, in one of the dining rooms.

*I must except a young man and his sister by the name of *Kip*.

When I visited West Point, in October, 1825, one year and eight months previous to this visit, it was one of the most flourishing and the best conducted seminaries in the United States. What was my astonishment to find it almost completely overturned, and the whole system changed into a missionary school. W****, the amiable, angelic W——, and the all accomplished and classic T****, both of whom, I thought the sun would err as soon, hid from me, conscious, as they must have felt, of suffering those missionaries to creep in there. They could not look me in the face! Mr. Davies, Mr. Cozens, and major Alden, were all of the connection with the institution that were proof against the corruption.

The first thing that awakened my suspicion was, the "New-York Observer." On looking about, I found bundles of tracts, and piles of missionary papers; "who brought these here?" I asked. No one would answer; but it was plain! The music was laid aside, on parade, as offensive to God's people; and the Cadets on their knees praying, the Bible on one side of them, and the sword on the other, no doubt; and several of those military missionaries went off at this same time, to convert the heretics; doubtless with the sword in one hand, and the Bible in the other.

Even the parson was leagued in the conspiracy; and learning he was no longer tolerated, was about to decamp. I made several attempts to see him, but in vain; he fastened all his doors. When I first went to his door, I heard the servant, or somebody, washing cups and saucers, as I took it, but the moment I knocked at the door, every thing was hushed. Some of the board was sitting under the shed, looking at me. "Can you not get them to open the door," said one of the gentlemen; "go round to the other door." I went round to the other door, and to a third, but to no purpose! This priest had subscribed for my book. I laid it at his door, thinking he could not have the meanness, (but what meanness would a man stop at, after being bribed by the missionaries) to refuse taking it; and next day I went for the money for the book,

when lo! I found it lying where I left it!!! Since the treachery of Arnold, or before, there never was so aggravated, or so black a piece of treachery. Speaking with a lady, (whose name I would not expose, to their vengeance) on the subject, and expressing astonishment at the encouragement given to the missionaries, she said, "her husband and herself disapproved of it, but was afraid to say their lives were their own. Dr. T. (I saw him) was actually formidable, and insulted me grossly; but the ruffian cleared out pretty quick from West Point, after I left there. These are gospel-spreaders, and were evidently bribed, by whom, God knows. I should think the missionaries were too fond of their money; but nothing short of money could accomplish such wickedness. I am told, the institution has had the impudence to ask for more money, to build more houses; better pull down those that are there; better retrench their salaries. Col. T. is a mason, and was kind to me in my distress, for which I am still grateful: but why did he hide like a coward? Why did he suffer those foes to mankind, to come there at all? True, he has drove them *all* off now, but who is to be thanked for that, and what assurance have we they will not return, they set no bounds to their impudence. They wanted officers to command their armies. Never was such a deep laid plan as that called "missionaries;" well they may dread me—but *they* are the people to be dreaded of all evils; as to my own part, I fear them not; truth and honesty speaks for itself, and need fear nothing. If I were not in being, the truth is the truth, and will stand forever. I have mentioned this under the head of missionaries, and trust the government will take the proper steps, to guard against a similar evil, or put the thing down altogether. I shall make it a point, when passing up the Hudson, always to call at West Point. Government ought to look well to the board, if a board be necessary, and see that judicious men are appointed. If I am not greatly mistaken, great part of the board I saw, were in favor of this scheme. Mr. Washington was the only *gentleman* I saw, and as for

M——, of Vermont, he, as well as some others I saw there, was about as fit for the purpose as so many old women; it is mockery to send men to judge of business they do not understand. Tell me what such chubheaded fellows as M——, of Vermont, know of the "equilibrium of force and rest"—"refraction and reflection of light"—"pneumatics," "galvanic electricity." It is a question with me, whether he ever looked into *Vauban*, *Cohorn*, or *Cormontaign*, in his life, or knows what they mean; and if he ever solved a problem in Euclid, I am much deceived in his looks. But he is a member of congress. What evidence is that of his fitness to judge of military qualifications? So is *Wails* a member of congress. To tell the truth, I should think, he was one of those self-same missionaries, or what is the same thing, orthodox. Whether he be, or not, I am well aware, that many of them are in the government, and some in office, under government, than which a greater evil could not assail it.

But no evil has been done yet, no thanks to them as respects the government; we know their designs now, and shall guard against them. I wish this may be the case: a better lesson on the danger of priests (to say nothing of sects) was never exhibited, than this of West Point. It shows them in their true colors. The very plumes in their caps were laid aside, not that there was any thing in wearing a feather, or the sound of a drum, but there was a great deal implied in the ability to put both down, and mould the young janizary into a pliant tool—in plain words, a fanatic. The cadets had lost their manly look, and went sneaking along like so many scape-gallows. No order, no regularity in marching to meals, as formerly, like condemned criminals, they could not look me in the face. In so short a time there never was such havoc of every thing amiable in man—degraded into brutes. I was truly distressed for Cozens, a very amiable man, who seemed deeply to regret the sad change. He and Maj. Alden, and Davis, are (so far as I could learn) all that retained their integrity. But enough of West Point for this time.

Next day I continued my voyage on the Hudson, in the Lady Clinton. A very gentlemanly young man accompanied me from the Point. I was particularly struck with his modesty and easy manners; and though he gave me his card at parting—from the great number of cards I received, I am unable to say which is his; it having inadvertently fallen amongst others, before I could enter it on my note-book. It is a great oversight that people do not have their residence marked on their cards. I have now before me, numbers of those cards which I am unable to identify. It is not with me as with others, always surrounded by crowds, and particularly upon landing from steamboats, a number of gentlemen with whom I have been engaged in conversation, hand me their cards together, just as I am stepping into the tender; and in the hurry and bustle of attending to baggage, landing, &c. the cards are unavoidably mixed up together. Amongst those of which I have no distinct recollection of the precise time or place they were received, I find the following names, viz: J. Gardner, J. Rhoades, A. S. Wilkinson, and Stephen Thorn. And though some of those have been subsequently received, doubtless the name of the gentleman alluded to, must be one of them. My friends under these circumstances, cannot blame me.

The Lady Clinton has a great advantage over the Lady Van Renselaer, whatever the latter may think of her ladyship, to the contrary, notwithstanding. I do not say the advantage consists in personal charms, intrinsic merit, or the fine glow of the damask curtains, table linnen, plate, &c. But it is in two appendages of much more importance, I mean the captain and the chambermaid. The captain of the barge Lady V. R. is a very nice man, but he fell very much in my estimation, for not maintaining better order, and, above this, for having such an abominable chambermaid; and though this maid may suit the taste of the captain, he ought to consult the taste of those ladies who pay their money, and upon whom, doubtless, this maid is designed to wait. In other respects, the captain is irreproachable. I do not recollect

the name of the captain commandant of the *Lady V. R.* But any one who has ever sailed with captain Seymore, of the *Lady Clinton*, can never forget him—he is a small man in size, but one of the handsomest, and at the same time, of the most attractive manners of any, I will not say in New York, but in America—his appearance, his manners, and his conversation is one of the greatest treats to behold—he may be styled the Chesterfield of North river.

I was sorry to part with my accomplished young capt. (though unfortunately a married man,) but wishing to see my friends at Poughkeepsie, I stopt there for the night; but believe me I kept clear of the old maids. Next day I pursued my voyage in the fast sailing steamboat *Philadelphia*. The *Philadelphia* is the fastest sailor on the Hudson; she, I think, made the trip once from city to city in twelve hours, one hundred and fifty miles. She shoots through the water almost with the swiftness of an arrow. We soon left Poughkeepsie and all the world behind.

ALBANY AND THE STAGES ONCE MORE.

Albany had greatly improved, nearly all the old Dutch houses were pulled down and new ones building, and built. To one who never saw those Dutch houses, they are a great curiosity; the brick of which they are built is very small, and burnt to blackness, and many *are* black. The end of the house is uniformly turned to the street, but the gable ends, the chimneys, and the windows are like any thing than a house—the gable ends run up to a high narrow point like the steeple of a church, the chimneys are equally odd, but like nothing I know of, the windows, many of them are not larger than a lady's dressing glass, and the glass in them are of all figures; many of them, however, are panes not larger than a lady's hand.

But to the town*-new streets have been opened, high hills are dug down, hollows are filled up, the streets have been newly hoed, and the side-walks have been patched; Solomon Southwick, has quit "the straight and narrow way" and has got out into the broad road, abusing my friends the masons. E. Young has had his red coaches newly painted; the old hog C——n, the tavernkeeper is a greater hog than ever; old Mrs. R——l, another tavernkeeper, has become dried up, like the Egyptian mummy in Peal's museum; her face is wrinkled, and ruffled, and seamed, and quilted. Skinner's wife, (another tavernkeeper) had grown jealous! yes, absolutely jealous! of my Royal' highness; no joke, and no wonder—such another group of public houses—so abominably vulgar, is not to be found, in any city or town, as in Albany. You would receive as much attention, from hogs in a hogstie; be warned travellers, stick to the steam-boats until you take coaches. But let us look to improvements. My friend Maj. A S. Wescoat, late of the United States' army, has become the proprietor of an elegant establishment, No. 14, Beaver street, for gentlemen only. Success to him, may he receive the patronage of a generous public; he richly merits it. He was another friend of mine, when I needed a friend. The amiable Rev. Lacy, had recovered his health; he and Rev. Ludlow, were glad to see me; these are christians and gentlemen. A new mayor, Mr. James Stevenson, had been elected. Mr. S. is a very enlightened man, who would do honor to any office. The former mayor, judge Spencer, is gone, I do not know whither, into the country I believe—very sorry for that—wished to have delivered him the book he subscribed for. A new secretary of state, has been appointed. Not half so gentlemanly a man, as my friend Mr. Yates. He is a little lame shrimp, looks more fit to hatch chickens, than to re-

*A great part of Albany lies on a steep-hill, by which means, and the great length of the winters, during which, the snow lies frozen in a solid cake on the streets, till spring, when the dirt from the upper part of the town, being washed down upon the lower streets, accumulates to such a depth, that the hoe is used to remove it.

gister state affairs. My friend Yates, has brought himself into disgrace, by attempting to introduce tracts into the common schools—that was well enough friend Yates; you ought to have had more sense, than to wish children to read such trash.

The museum of Albany has received many additions since my last visit; and the whole are very tastefully arranged. It is next to Peal's, the most interesting I have seen. In truth the collection is double in many things. The proprietor is a most amiable and obliging man, and well merits a call from every traveller. The pains he has taken to increase the amusements of the place, and render Albany tolerable, ought to meet a just and liberal remuneration. It may always be found by the music. I also met my friend general Solomon Van Rensselaer, the hero of the battle of Queenstown. A lofty monument on the ground, where general Brock fell, perpetuates the memory of general V. R. The general is a stout noble looking man; either a cousin or nephew of general Stephen Van Rensselaer. Saw the new lieut. governor Pitcher, a very gentlemanly looking man. Saw my friend the chamberlain, took him by the hand, both pleased; and saw Dr. M'Norton, a Scotch gentleman, a noble looking man.

The poor Irish have greatly increased in the streets, you cannot go twenty steps without meeting a distressed raw Irish woman with a child in her arms, and from two to six walking after her. They address the passengers, storekeepers, &c. in a style neither English nor Irish, "Sir will ye be pleased jist, sir, but only, wune sint; the cratures that's walking after me, do ye believe, it is the day before yesterday since the those tasted mate." This flood pours down the northern canal from Canada, as they are not permitted to land in New-York—they appear feeble and very much sunburnt.

AN ATHENEUM.

Well done Albany—every improvement—every thing seems to have underwent a change either for better or worse; but the old Dutch womens' faces, they are just the same, and the men too; these are the godly people, as grim as Medusa.

Albany is actually improving fast and bids fair to be a wealthy town. It took several days to call on my friends and deliver my books. Being told that the Rev. F——s refused to receive the book from my agent he had subscribed for; I went myself, knocked at the door, it was opened by Mr. F. and seeing who it was, he shut the door as hard as he could drive in my face, and I think he said, "I do not want to see you or your book." He must have learned this out of the bible, for he is a great bible and tract man. To find a dishonest man, a cruel man, a cheat, or a drunkard, now and then or a even every day is not uncommon, particularly of late since the rise of the missionaries—but for such a wretch to disgrace the christian religion by preaching it, is not tolerated by any but those orthodox; and what sort of people can they be who go to hear him? A man who would set such an example of dishonesty; even a child of six years old would condemn any man, much sooner a preacher of the gospel, for such an action. There cannot be a more palpable violation of honor or honesty; and this man pretends to convert the heathen. Albany is the only place that has the credit of refusing to take my books, except L. of New York, a Morgan mason, and a member of congress, after subscribing for them. Dr. H——s of Albany was another who refused to take it—as for the doctor, he did nothing but what every one expected, as he is *said* to be the meanest man in the city; but I dispute this very much, I think his son is meaner than him, and this is not the worst of it, for he is decidedly the greatest fool in the city. I truly sympathized with a very feeling, genteel young man, the Dr's. student, who seemed much hurt at the rudeness of fa-

ther and son. What! are these people christians? By-the-by this young gentleman with whom I became acquainted on my first visit to Albany, though I owe him much for his very polite and gentlemanly attention, I have unfortunately lost his card—he will, however, recognize himself in this very poor tribute to his virtues, but more particularly as the friend of Mr. *Bush*, is alike entitled to the respect and esteem of every enlightened and benevolent mind.—But modest merit finds, unfortunately, few friends in our country, none but the sharper, the knave, the impudent and intriguing get forward. There is a prepondering principle in the breast of every honest man, which will not suffer him to stoop to the low trick and artifice by which the artful, double dealer succeeds.

While on this subject, I lament to learn that the history of New-York, began by Messrs. Yates and Maulton, has entirely failed for want of patrons; while the missionaries—that scape gallows B. can raise \$101,000 in one evening in the city of New-York, the history of their own country had no supporters! This ought to bring a blush of indignation into the face of every citizen not lost to shame in New-York; that this great state should let every little state surpass her in literature, is surprising. One would think their pride at being the sovereign state of the union, would rouse them to some sort of emulation to perpetuate the rise and progress of so great a commonwealth. What good? what are they the better? or rather how much have they disgraced and injured themselves by throwing away those vast sums upon worthless priests?—Half the money given to those sturdy beggars in one year, or the fourth of it, would have produced a complete history of New-York, and I venture to say that no work would be more popular.

Secretary Yates soon broke himself and gave it up—Mr. Maulton, as he informed me, continued to go on with the numbers, finding himself for two or three years, and finally made the people a present of his labor and gave them up the whole if it. Is this not a reproach to the state? Independently of any other consideration, to suffer a poor

worthy young man, to labor for their benefit, for nothing, and millions bestowed upon the missionaries. But the missionaries spread the gospel; is it not better to spread the gospel than write books? Very true—nothing better than spreading the gospel, if it be done; but, admitting this, does it take all this money to support forty-two missionaries? I should think the silliest priest-loving-*woman* in New-York, might detect the cheat, if she wished to do it. Had they given this \$100,000, which they gave brother Beecher, the other evening, to this poor worthy young man, Mr. Moulton, they would have done a charitable and praiseworthy action, as well as an act of justice. But Moulton is not a priest. This makes good what I have just said, that none but knaves receive encouragement, an honest man must starve, or turn V—n. Moulton is a fool that he does not turn missionary, if it were only for a short time, particularly as he is a handsome young man; he might stand a better chance than Beecher amongst the ladies.

But to return to Albany. It is distressing to see how one part of the citizens are pulling in opposite directions, the liberal and enlightened establishing schools, and striving to improve the youth of both sexes, while the orthodox-missionaries are striving to prevent the diffusion of knowledge, well knowing the reign of ignorance is the reign for them. But there are a great number of enlightened and intelligent people in Albany—many, more than in New-York, who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

From the great concourse of strangers in Albany, in summer, and the rattling and roaring of coaches, it is very unpleasant; repose or sleep is out of the question. There are five (besides the Troy, hourly) different stage proprietors in Albany; all of which are arriving and departing every hour of the night. The only chance for good quarters or sleep, is to remain on board the steamboats, till the hour of departure.

Having taken my friends by the hand, I took a jaunt to Saratoga Springs; spent the 4th of July there. Saw general Perry at the head of a very handsome company.

doing honor to the day. He is a fine officer-like man; had on a handsome uniform, and the company was also very appropriately dressed; the music was fine, and the whole was very imposing.

Finding nobody at the Springs, I returned next day, and pursued my journey to New-England, through Lebanon, desirous to see the renowned Lebanon springs, and the Shaker village. Lebanon lies east from Albany, 26 miles. It was some time before day, when I took my departure from Albany, in company with a fine old sprightly lady, a native of Massachusetts. She had spent the previous evening, with me, at the same tavern, and we had knocked up a sort of an acquaintance. Before we left the city, however, we took in six more passengers, and thus heavy laden, crossed the Hudson, in a boat, at high-tide. We could see the water quite plain. Nothing can look handsomer than the Hudson, when the tide is up, it is as smooth as a mirror.

The road, upon leaving Albany, passes through an uneven country; which, however, is tolerably fertile and well cultivated; hill and dale, sparkling rivulets, fine rolling streams for factories, meadows, corn-fields, and wheat, distinguished the country, through which we pass to Lebanon. I saw very little of the original growth; nor does the country appear of sufficient population to have consumed it. What has become of it, therefore, is a mystery. We passed the celebrated Brainard bridge, which is renowned from some remarkable occurrence in history; but the old lady, my friend, could not inform me, though her husband once owned it.

One of the other passengers was an elderly man, also of Massachusetts. This I discovered by the conversation between him and the lady. There is a nameless display of gaiety, good humor, and benevolence in the countenance of a thorough-born citizen of Massachusetts, that distinguishes them from all the people in the Union; provided always, they are not missionaries. It must appear strange, that I should meet with more, and say more of these missionaries, than almost any other

person. I can hardly account for this, myself, unless it be, because I travel a great deal, and they do the same; if they come in my way, it is their own fault. Now, hardly any man would guess, how many missionaries were in the stage, this morning, my fellow-passengers. But, he is sure, that one at least, was not, which was myself. The old Massachusetts lady I could see plain enough, in the end, that her partiality for priests, would have settled the question with her; but she was too old. No, no—the missionaries do not want old women, they are not active enough for them, though you very often see elderly men in their ranks. What was my astonishment, upon the appearance of day-light, to find three young lady missionaries, two priests, (or one a going to be) and a man missionary, in the coach, even in the coach with me, and nothing prevented the seventh, I mean old Massachusetts, but her age.

My friends (and foes too) will picture to themselves, the fund of amusement, which now presented itself in these missionaries. Nothing pleases me better, than to catch these fellows in the coach, as I lash them at my ease, without it being in their power to escape; and as to defending themselves, it is out of the question, conscious guilt seals their lips! “O ho! my fellows, (said I, upon discovering the gospel-spreaders) here you are again; can’t go without women; well done, nothing like it, stick to the *women*, or rather ladies stick to the men missionaries, I mean.” One of the Miss Dismals, though I saw she was overawed, mustered up courage enough, to ask me, “How I knew they were missionries?” “By the mark of the beast in your forehead. Any one may see it, plain enough; and, moreover, your following these priests about, is enough.” The priests, by this time, began to feel in a very awkward situation. They saw it was useless to say a word; too much independence for them. Of necessity, they sat on the middle seat, close jammed up against me, face to face, as I sat on the front seat. The old Massachusetts sat with me, and the old missionary sat beyond her, on the same seat. The Miss Dismals sat on the back seat, behind

their friends, the priests. I do not recollect, that ever I enjoyed myself better. I took ample satisfaction of those black coats, for all the money they robbed from the poor. It was one Mason, from New-York, and his brother, both taken out of the ashes, and educated upon the bread taken from the widow's mouth. I knew by his low Tyburn countenance, he was a charity scholar, but did not know his name, till afterwards. Both were marked deep and strongly marked; vengeance was in their looks; they grated their teeth; they boiled with rage; their eyes flashed fire. How quick these he and she ruffians would have strung me up, if they only had had the power. I could see a thousand halters in their faces. What sort of a spirit or d——I are they possessed of, that they look so terrifying mad? They are like the hyena. I never saw one of them in a good humor. But to go on—the elder M. was tall and slender, with a pinched up face, of a safron color; his sleek black silk hat, and sleek coat, was in perfect accordance with all his sort; he held down his head, and was silent. The young one, whom it appears, was a student in the art of gospel-spreading, was broad-faced, thick lipped, and had a large malignant black eye; vinegar and gall was marked on every linement of his face; he was brass itself, and kept his eye upon me, in a broad stare. Sometimes, he would frown prodigiously in my face, as much as to say, “look at me and fear me.” But the old Massachusetts—She was all chat and prattle, till she found she was in company with these priests; when, whether she was alarmed for my safety, or whether from hypocritical sanctity, the moment I began upon the missionaries, she was silent, and began to talk to her next neighbor, about the gospel.

After plaguing the men, I dare say more than they ever were, before or since, I began upon the girl missionaries, about the indelicacy of following men over the country. Now and then, I would ask them for tracts, seeing each had a large basket in her hand, I concluded they were filled with tracts. I had said too much about their trade, however, for them; they were not to be ta-

ken in. One of them, however, asked me "if I did not like tracts?" "No," I told her, "I did not." "Them that don't like tracts, don't like Jesus then," said she, in a quick, scornful, triumphant tone. This is the way our females are contaminated by priests; they were women grown, and though of the lower order (as no lady would follow priests about, of course) yet, they ought to have had better views of the christian religion, than to suppose there could be no christians, who did not love tracts. From this mode of reasoning, all who have died in the world before the tracts were invented, must have gone to h——l. Every part of their system is absurdity itself.*

As we drew near Lebanon, the country becomes beautiful in the extreme. New Lebanon, as it is called, is approached by a vale of singular beauty. This vale expands, as you advance, until it forms a considerable plain, surrounded with steep hills. The plain is of a circular form—rich as cream. The hills, excepting one point, are also fertile, and in cultivation; a beautiful stream meanders through the vale. The neat Shaker's village is seen in front; the lofty buildings of the Springs to the left, on a steep hill; at the foot of the hill, on a level plain, stands the village of New Lebanon. Nothing could look handsomer, than the Shaker's meeting-house, a mile distant, as we drove by it. It is covered with tin; very large, and the sun happening to shine bright, the lustre of the covering (being distinctly seen through the trees) was truly magnificent.

Having arrived at New Lebanon, my readers will wish to hear something of my fellow passengers. The old Massachusetts and one of the She Dismals stopped before we arrived. The others all went on in the stage together. The parson was going to Pittsfield, Massachusetts; where he had been educated by charity. At this time he was located in New-York, and the ladies (I hope no gentleman would support such a scrub in idleness) the

*When these priests would get out at the stopping places, it was sickening to hear these women, "an't he a dear precious, *sweet* man."

dear precious souls—as he was such a *dear precious* man, maintains him. Now, this fellow is one of the most infamous men on earth, as I shall show; this is the case with the whole of this rabble, kicked out of the dirt; and why are they esteemed? Why they will be readiest to spill blood.

New Lebanon is very deservedly extolled for its beautiful scenery; it greatly exceeds that of Saratoga, and is the best off of the Hudson. The boarding-houses, as well as the spring, are nearly on the top of a vast hill, from which you have an extensive view of the surrounding hills; the plain below, and the silver stream mentioned, winding through the vale. The Shaker farms spread over the hills, are distinctly seen, portions of timber are intermingled amongst the fields; these are left in studious squares, of most striking symmetry; they form exactly the size of the field, so that the whole is chequered like a chequer-board. In some instances, the foilage is left standing in the form of a hedge, which from the distance it is seen, forms a most delightful prospect.

The Lebanon spring is on a hill, and boils up in large bubbles, occasioned by the gas, but it differs little in taste, from common water, though it is warmer. It produces a considerable stream, which puts in motion mills of some description, perhaps the carding and fulling business. This stream unites with another, about the same size, near the spring, and pursues its course through the vale which consists of rich fields of corn and meadows. The scenery is seen to great advantage, sitting at your ease, in a lofty portico of the tavern, which from its great height overlooks the country, for several miles. The view embraces the greatest and the handsomest portion of rural scenery extant. The lofty porticos of the tavern, which are amazing high and long, affords one of the most delightful retreats, on a warm day, to be met with, off a seaboard; the finest flower gardens on each side of the buildings; the great roads leading from every point, covered with stages, some passing almost directly under you; the whole vale and surrounding hills, and village at your feet; it certainly is one of the most charm-

ing spots in New-York. Massachusetts lies in sight of New-Lebanon; being divided from New-York state, by a mountain, which draws up within a few hundred yards of the spring, and adds much to the prospect. The proprietor of the springs, Mr. Hull, is a very obliging man, and the accommodation is the best in New-York. The table excels, the servants are attentive, and the house is large, airy, and convenient. It is needless to say more; there cannot be a more delightful retreat, during the heat of summer; it is a perfect Elysium.

Very few visit the Lebanon springs, except for pleasure, and for the sake of bathing; there being an excellent bathing establishment there; and though the water is said to possess very little, if any healing quality; yet the situation is said to be healthy. These advantages and the Shaker's village, near the spring, attracts great numbers of people, in the travelling season. The man of taste must always give it the preference. There were very few there, when I called, only three ladies and about half a dozen gentlemen. A great number, however, called, spent the night, and paid a visit to the Shakers. No one stops at New-Lebanon, without calling on the Shakers, which is still more interesting; it is only a mile, from the springs, and richly repays those who call. Those ladies whom I met at the springs, were from New-York, and were greatly superior to any I ever saw, from that city. They were much better informed, and appeared to be people of great wealth; but they were a long way behind the ladies of Boston, in elegant manners, or even Philadelphians. They are peculiarly deficient in taste. I cannot conceive, upon what grounds, a New-York lady founds her opinion of taste and elegance; I never saw ladies, who aim more, or miss it more than the New-York ladies, to excel. Nothing can convince a New-York lady, but the finer her clothes are, and the costlier her jewels, the greater lady she is, and estimates her title, to the character of a lady, in proportion to the fineness of her dress. Now, this is for want of education, and a gross violation of taste, for no lady dresses gaudy or fine, as I observed, somewhere else; the New-York lady adorns

the outside; the Boston lady adorns her mind; the one puts on her finest bonnet, her best jewels, her finest cap and lace; the well bred Boston lady puts on a common cap, an old calash, carelessly, any how, every thing common, tastefully negligent.

Those ladies sitting at dinner, one day, dressed in the extreme of folly and fineness, were extremely mortified, upon a remark, I made, upon the entrance of several Boston ladies. Sometime after we were seated, they arrived. Though they were all strangers to me, the moment they entered the dining-room, I knew they were of Boston; and remarked to the New-York ladies, "those are Bostonians." One of them asked "if I was acquainted?" "No; I never saw them, but a Boston lady is readily known by her manners; I know them by their appearance." "Why, what is in their appearance more than in other ladies?" "They dress plain, and have an ease of manner, and an intelligence of countenance, that no other ladies have." They actually proved to be Bostonians. I was gratified upon their arrival, for of all females, I admire them most.

No carriage being about the place, I set off, on foot, to visit the Shaker village. It lies upon a considerable elevation, and the walk proved very fatiguing. I was forced to rest several times, in ascending the hill, upon which the village is situated.

As I drew near the village, walking between two fields, pursuing the road, a little boy came out of the fields, where he had been at work. He was about twelve years old, and who from his peculiar dress, I took to be one of the Shakers. The only distinguishing traits in his appearance, lay in his little round crowned, redish colored hat, his little straight jacket, and a singular meek sanctity in his countenance. I was sitting on a rock, resting myself, opposite to the place where he crossed the fence. I called him to me, and told him where I was going, and asked him to wait and walk with me. He replied, in the softest and kindest accents, he would; and no gentleman ever performed the part of a gallant with more etiquette. Seeing I was fatigued, he

walked slow, and took my reticule out of my hand, and entertained me during the walk, with a description of the rules, religion, and manners of the Shakers; and upon the whole, appeared much better improved than the common children. He informed me he could read and write, and that there was a school kept at the village. These Shakers say "yea" and "nay," instead of yes and no, but they do not use the words thee and thou, like the Friends. We had a beautiful piece of wood to walk through, and found a level handsome road, after rising the hill. The village consists principally of very large houses and workshops, a great number both of men and women stay in one house.

The little boy walked into one of the houses with me; but though I was dropping with weariness, I was constrained to stand in the door, to look at some of the men, who were standing in the yard, and some of the servants; one of the men, I think a shoemaker, accosted me very roughly, but he met with a sharp rebuke for it, from the females, and afterwards from the elders. The moment I entered the house, one of the servants ran and brought me one of the sisters, perhaps the house keeper. She immediately asked me to walk into a cool parlor, addressing me in the sweetest and softest accents. Seeing I was fatigued, after communicating to her my motives in visiting their village. She told me to wait till she prepared a cup of coffee and refreshments, and she would send a message to the elders in the mean time, and apprise them of my visit. In a very short time, every delicacy was spread before me, and sweeter butter, I never tasted; every thing, however, corresponded; and the kindness, sweetness of manner with which I was pressed to eat and drink, was altogether fascinating. After resting myself some time, she walked with me to the elders, who had been prepared for the interview. They lived in another large building, but not so large as the family houses, and no better furnished. The elders consisted of two middle aged men and a middle aged woman. They received me with great affability and kindness, and ap-

peared rather pleased at my motive, than otherwise, particularly when they understood I was no sectarian. The female elder was a native of Massachusetts, and of course all the benevolence of her state, shone in her countenance. She was a female of good information; unaffected in her manners and conversation, affability and sweetness itself. She was a tall and elegant figure, and very handsomely featured; after shaking hands with all of them; she invited me with a smile, to be seated until I recovered a little, and she would walk with me over the village. She, and the men, that is, the two elders, were sitting in the same room, the men were idle, but she was employed with a needle. The elders had been at work, but had just come in. They were both stout men, very plainly dressed, and were shrewd, well informed, intelligent men; one of them in particular, had a most engaging aspect, and a countenance that indicated great depth of thought. But what seems a characteristic, is a serenity, innocence, and an air of contentment, which sets care at defiance. Nothing like *affected* piety, or hypocrisy appeared in their looks and manners. They appeared to be men of education, and both are good writers.

After chatting with them some time, Miss Betsey, as she is called, rolled up her work, and getting her plain bonnet, walked with me, over the village. We went into most of the houses and shops, and walked over some of the gardens. The family houses are precisely the same, all well furnished with plain furniture, which is kept in the neatest order. Their kitchens are furnished with cooking stoves and furnaces, which, for neatness, may vie with any gentleman's parlor. The drudgery of the houses is consigned to a certain number of females, who perform their work cheerfully, and are held in no subordination whatever. Some spin, some sew, some knit, and some weave; they manufacture all their cloths, bedding and shoes. Nothing is purchased but their fine muslin caps, which are very fine, and are the neatest I ever saw. They have work-shops of all trades, but their principal pursuits are farming and gardening, which

they have brought to great perfection. Nothing can exceed the beauty and neatness of their farms and gardens, from both of which, but particularly their gardens, they derive great profit in the article of seeds. They have acres for instance, in onion seed, and so honest and upright are they in their dealings, that their produce and manufactures have the preference in all the markets. There never, I am told, was an instance of a Shaker cheating, or telling a falsehood. These are, altogether, voluntary virtues, as they have no laws, courts, magistrates, priests, or any mode of punishment.

All, however, must work, no idleness is allowed, but this is a part of their religion, and is performed as scrupulously as any other part of it. They work, however, at their ease, and require no other incitement but their conscience. Their principal manufacture consists in tubs and pails, or buckets rather, which are superior to any made by common coopers. The bucket is made solid throughout, and not of staves, as in other cases. These are painted white inside, a beautiful blue, generally, outside. These are so durable, and so neat, that they are sought with eagerness by all house-keepers. There are carpenters, bricklayers, &c. amongst them; and they were, when I was there, building a large brick house, for a store, merely for their own manufactures.

Their yards and inclosures excel in neatness and beauty. But their church is a singular curiosity, it is a very large costly building, and consists of nothing but the solid walls; no pulpit, no seats, or pews, if you except a few plain seats for strangers, on each side. Nothing can be more solemn, or more sacred; the architecture is neat and plain, and the covering is wholly of bright tin.

The females make fancy goods in a superior style of taste and elegance. These, with other manufactures made by the men, are put in shops, and sold to visitors very low—I should think, under cost. Every stranger who visits them, generally buys something as a remuneration for the trouble they give.

They are a very charitable sect, and give a great deal to the poor, particularly poor travellers. They are also, very hospitable. I saw an instance of this, while on my visit to the village. Two young ladies were riding through the village in a chaise, and their horse took fright, ran away, threw the ladies out, and broke one of the shafts of the chaise. The accident had hardly happened, before men and women, flocked round them; the men immediately, without waiting to be solicited, set about mending the chaise, and the women took the ladies, into one of the houses, to offer them rest, and refreshment—the chaise was soon refitted, and no charge made. These must be christians.

Miss Betsey would not let me leave the village until I had dined, being much worn out from walking since daylight; the tea-kettle was put on, tea, toast, and preserves were laid liberally on the table. Now which was neighbor to him that fell amongst thieves, these Shakers, or St. Ely of Philadelphia, or St. Ferris of Albany. They ordered me out of doors, instead of relieving my distress. I do not care what a man holds—what his tennets are, if his actions are good—he cannot be bad, if his actions are good—nor can any man be good, if his actions be bad. To their master they stand or fall. I believe if there be true christians in America, these Shakers are amongst them. They come nearer the primitive christians, than any I have seen.* They are sober, humble, humane, and industrious, and what is infinitely more to the point, *honest*; there is no danger amongst honest men—such is the reputation of these Shakers. They are highly esteemed by their neighbors, and seem to attract the attention and applause of travellers. Their dress (I mean that of the women) is celestial. I have never seen any thing that combined so much taste and beauty, as their caps. I have not the least doubt but they will

*I have a very exalted opinion of the Moravians; though, I never saw one of them. They have 600 missionaries, engaged in preaching the gospel, who do not cost as much noise and money, as one Black coat.

become fashionable. This was Saturday. Upon taking leave, I promised to attend on Sunday, to see their mode of worship; they seemed pleased with the idea, and said they would look for me. They regretted very much, that there were no horses about, to convey me to the springs. I never was nearer giving up; the day was excessively warm, and I must have walked ten miles inclusive, in the hottest part of the day, completely exposed to the sun. It is hardly credible, that a person of my age, could support such incessant fatigue, travelling, and on my feet, or the pen in my hand, since the 15th of April, when I left Washington city for the South, until now, 7th July.

Next day it rained as hard as it could pour down, but nothing could stop the people from going to the Shaker meeting, and every carriage and stage was engaged at an early hour. The tavernkeeper, however, did make it a point to keep me a chaise, and accompanied by a young gentleman from West Chester, Pennsylvania, I went to the Shaker village. The rain increased, and driving in our faces; we were wet to the skin long before we reached the village. As we drew near, the young man expressed some uneasiness about his situation, being completely drenched, and having a cold, he became fearful of his health, in remaining so long in his wet clothes, and suggested some doubts on the subject of confining the horse, as the landlord at the springs, told him, the horse would not stand. I removed his uneasiness, and desired him to make himself easy, that he and his horse would be taken care of. As soon as we drove up to the door of the house, where I was told to stop, the preceding day, two men came out to meet us, one held the horse, and the other helped me out of the carriage. I told the young gentleman to walk in out of the rain, that my friends would take care of the horse, which was immediately taken to the stable. As soon as I entered the house, the women flew to me, one taking my bonnet, and another my cloak; but, being more interested for the young man than for myself, I sent for one of the elders, who were

in an adjoining room; they both came out, and expressed much pleasure at my arrival, thinking I would be stopped by the rain. Waving all ceremony, I introduced my friend, and desired them to have him taken to a fire, and if possible, change his wet clothes. After which, I was myself taken to a stove-room; dry clothes furnished, my own dried, and was soon made comfortable. The best regulated tavern could not have furnished such prompt attention. The meeting (which was on this day held in the house, on account of the rain) was delayed till we were ready; when, Miss Betsey conducted me to a large room, where it was to be held; chairs were placed in the room for strangers, but the Shakers do not sit at all.

Their worship consists in singing, dancing, kneeling, and exhorting. Whether they take a text at all, I am not able to say, they did not on this day. They first draw up in lines, the men fronting the women; the women have no bonnets, nor the men, hats. Every woman has a white handkerchief in her hand. Both men and women stand one behind another, from the centre of the room back, four or five abreast, these stand, in close column, between which and the next column, there is a small open space, with this exception, they stand as close as possible, to move at all; a considerable space, however, is left between the men and women.

Being thus arranged, they stand still, in silence, for some time; one of the elders then speaks an address to the visitors, then the Shakers, as it simply recapitulates their motives, their rules, and their views of the christian religion.

When he ceases speaking, they all kneel in their places, and remain in that situation some time, as solemn and silent as night. When they rise, one of the elders speaks again. The women then lay aside the white handkerchief, and all sing a solemn hymn; they then kneel again, after which they speak a third time.

I ought to have mentioned, that five or six stand on one side of the house, entirely out of the ranks, about opposite to the space between the men and women, these

are the singers. After all that has been noticed, is gone through, the singers strike up a lively tune, and the dancing commences. This is the most interesting part of the worship. There is a solemnity and exactness attended with such inimitable grace in their movements, that the beholder is ravished of his senses. The moment the singers commence, the congregation face to the right, in front of the singers; they then step three steps forward, next back the same number of steps, this is repeated; they then face to the right, at the turning of the tune, turning half round and dance three steps in that direction, falling back to their places, and turn once more to the right, with their backs to the singers, they make three steps in that direction, and wheeling round, dance up to the singers, this is repeated, when the tune sets again. Thus they continue, till they are nearly exhausted. They do not let their arms hang by their side; that part, from the elbow down, is held at a right angle with the upper part, and during the exercise of dancing, they are continually moving their hands (or shaking them rather) up and down, which means shaking off the sins of the world. Towards the last, they changed the figure of dancing to a more loose and general plan, men and women dancing after each other all over the house; in this instance, the men stamp the floor with great force and loudness, by which they mean that they tramp on the folly and riches of the world. Their worship takes up a great length of time, and is truly solemn. The females have more the appearance of celestial beings than earthly inhabitants, being the very picture of grace and modesty.

When my friend joined me, to return, (for men and women, whether Shakers or visitors, do not sit or stand together.) I inquired particularly after his treatment; he replied, that he never saw kinder people; the men gave him dry clothse, conducted him to a fire, and soon made him comfortable. Our horse was brought out, and one of the men stood and held it at the door, with the most obliging condescension. Upon parting, we receiv-

ed a cordial invitation to call again, should we ever pass their village.

The Shakers, we understood, live in celebracy, and like the Friends, abjure war. They pay taxes, but take no part in politics; they have no civil officers, nor do they ever go to law; strife, I am told, is unknown amongst them, and the greatest exactness and punctuality is observed in their dealings; they own several thousand acres of land.

Doctor Childs, my fellow traveller, in the barge *Lady Van Renselaer*, very politely invited me call at Pittsfield, his place of residence, having mentioned my route to him, in the course of our conversation. This I should have done, of course, had I never seen the doctor, so that he stands completely acquitted of all blame, for the outrage committed upon my person and reputation, by those godly friends of mine, the missionaries. Under the head of missionaries, for the sake of uniformity, I have already had allusion to this den of literal wild beasts.

PITTSFIELD

Is only five miles from Lebanon springs, and accompanied by my friend of West Chester, and a farmer, from Ohio, his wife and four children, we took the stage to Pittsfield. The scenery upon leaving Lebanon, becomes sublime. The road from the springs (which is New-York state) directly takes the mountain, which separates the state of New-York from Massachusetts. When we gained the summit of the mountain, and indeed before, we have one of the grandest displays of scenery in America—taking into view, the wideness and richness of the prospect. To an immense distance, the scenery is variegated with stupendous hills, deep vallies, rocks, precipices, mountains, running in all directions, interlocking each other; clothed in the richest green, from the base

to their summits; the neat farms and villages, loses nothing in comparison with the rich scenery of New-York.

I soon discovered that my friend, the farmer, was from the western states. There is an independence* in the look and manner of the western people, an elevation of thought, and a serenity of countenance, altogether peculiar. He, as well as his wife, however, were natives of Massachusetts, and were then on a visit to their relations. The man had removed to Ohio, some years back, and after preparing a suitable farm, came into his old neighborhood, and married a wife, five years (to the very month) previous to our interview in the coach, and the lady was now returning to revisit her parents, for the first time, with *four* children, all boys, the stoutest of their years, I'll venture to say, of any from the Alleghany mountain to the Atlantic. A boy of four years old, in the western states, to say nothing of weight, is generally as tall as a boy of six years in this country, and so of the rest.

Both the husband and the wife, had a great deal more independence than the inhabitants of the New-England, or any of the Atlantic states.

Pittsfield lies on a rich even plain, in the most beautiful part of Massachusetts. As to site it is certainly unrivalled. But that such a delightful spot should be c——d with such a race of beings, remains amongst the hidden things of Providence. The very air is tainted with the rankest bigotry. It appears that that bigotry, and religious frenzy, which drank so deep of human blood, first in Europe, and then in these United States, has been hunted from place to place, till it has hid its hideous head in this frontier of both states—New-York and Massachusetts. Hemed up here, it can neither advance nor retreat; and in the agony of despair, is determined to fight to the last gasp.

*My friend of the Argus, of Pittsfield, would call this impudence. If it be impudence to exact a respect for our rights, to oppose the hypocrisy of such vile imposters as he is, I for one, glory in the epithet.

The missionaries, so called, the descendants of the brimstone-race, have united their forces with this monster; and between both it is formidable for any other sect to pass through the place. They have an academy,* a medical institution, and several schools, and are in a fair way to make *hopeful converts*. I did get away with the life; but it was as much. Upon visiting the academy, I sent a messenger before me, (as is usual,) to say I was coming in. I followed the boy, soon after, when the monster at the head of the department met me at the door, and sending it with his whole force, must inevitably have knocked me down, had not the door caught upon my foot before it reached me. Did this ruffian learn this in the Bible? Now, how did this monster know I was a foe to bigotry? He was told it by the traitor Mason. Did *he* learn this in the Bible? As I have mentioned it elsewhere, it is needless to repeat the scurrilous and malicious attack of the Editor of the Argus.—This was, doubtless, the doings of that same spawn of wickedness, M., to which place he came, when I stopt at the springs. But he did not stop here. Doctor Childs, amongst other gentlemen, whom he thought would patronise me, and from whom he, no doubt, wished me to form an estimate of the manners of the place, gave me the name of a Mr. Newton, a wealthy and respectable West Indian. Mr. N. happened to board at the very house where Mason put up at, but had returned to New York before I called. I knocked at the door, when an old female fury, more like the Witch of Ender than a Christian, came to the door and asked me in a tone of thunder, what I wanted there. I told her, "I wished to see Mr. Newton." "He does not want to see you," said the old woman, and shut the door in my face; and doubtless this was done without the knowledge or approbation of Mr. Newton. How did this old she dragon, (one of the godly ones, to judge her by her works,) know my business? These are the people that say so much about the

* Since my visit, they have established a female academy.

Bible, and pretend to convert the heathen—supposing for a moment I had been a heathen. The vile monsters! Nothing under heaven but the fear of the rope prevented me from being murdered in this place, by those blood-thirsty monsters. This outrage ought to be published in every paper in the United States, that every man who values his safety may take the proper steps to check this dangerous delusion. The most of the citizens in the place are of this stamp, and how Doctor Childs (and his enlightened family) can reconcile it to himself to live there, is a wonder. There is, however, a small circle of enlightened people in the place, with whom the Doctor seems to enjoy himself; and I must confess, such gentlemen, (and ladies too,) as I saw at the Doctor's, would convert a prison into a palace, and would almost reconcile myself. Messrs. D. B. Bush, C. Dillingham, and P. Allen, of Pittsfield, are also very genteel and liberal minded men. The President, Doctor Batchelor, is likewise a man of learning and gentlemanly manners. But one *Colt* and *Whelp*, rightly named, were a match for the dragon.

MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Dillingham is a cousin of Mr. Dillingham, of West-Chester; he has established an Academy at Pittsfield, which, with the *Medical College*, bids fair to send bigotry a packing once more. Mr. Dillingham, as well as Dr. Childs and his friends, deserve much credit for their enterprise in behalf of science and literature. They must have been endued with uncommon courage indeed, to have thrust in the sickle amongst those Goths. There could not have been a more beautiful place selected for a College than Pittsfield—fertile and healthy, and surrounded by the handsomest country in Massachusetts, near the great state of New-York, who seems at length to awake to a sense of improvement—on the great road to the Lebanon Springs, Saratoga, and the Falls. Its situation is happily situated. I see too it is patronized by the most enlightened and respectable men in Massachusetts, at the

head of whom stands his Excellency Governor L. Lincoln, whose name alone is enough to give it celebrity. It is quite a recent institution, though I see it has one hundred and four students, a most astonishing patronage for the time. It is called the *Berkshire Medical Institution*, and is connected with Williams College. The faculty consists of six professors, viz.—John P. Batchelder, M. D. professor of the principles and practice of surgery. John D. Wells, M. D. professor of anatomy and physiology. Henry H. Childs, M. D. professor of theory and practice of physic. John De La Matter, M. D. professor of pharmacy, materia medica and obstetrics. Chester Dewey, M. D. A. A. S. professor of chemistry, botany, mineralogy and natural philosophy. Stephen W. Williams, M. D. professor of medical jurisprudence. These are well known to be gentlemen of learning and abilities, though I had not the pleasure of seeing, or at least of conversing with any, excepting Doctor Childs, who is said to be a man of the first medical abilities; he is certainly a gentleman of very attractive manners, and must certainly win upon the confidence of his students.

The course of instruction consists of a reading term and a lecture term, which nearly includes the whole year. Medical degrees are conferred at the close of the lectures, and at the commencement of Williams College. Gentlemen who have received the degree of Doctor of Medicine—Fellows of the Massachusetts Medical Society—and those who have attended two full courses of medical lectures at any regularly incorporated medical school, in which the usual courses of instruction are given, are admitted to the lectures gratuitously, the matriculation fee and the library ticket excepted. The requisites for an examination for a degree are a good moral character, three full years' study, (including the time devoted to lectures,) with a regularly practising physician, an adequate knowledge of the Latin language, two full courses of medical lectures, one of which must have been attended at this Institution, and a well written dissertation on some medical subject, which must be publicly defend-

ed, and deposited with the Dean of the Faculty at least four weeks before commencement.

The College, or Institution, (as they are pleased to call it,) consists of two large brick buildings, and contains a library, a cabinet of minerals, and an anatomical museum.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Williams College, at Williamstown, same county, does not appear to flourish, notwithstanding it has eight out of twelve Rev. D. D's. for its trustees. The day will come when the American people will see the impropriety of suffering Priests to have any thing to do with their seminaries of learning. By not attending to this, the Clergy are getting the same ascendancy in seminaries and turning it to the same account that the Jesuits did formerly in Europe.

This College, though it has been some time established, I find has only eighty-five students! See the difference between these two seminaries. All priests at the head of one, and intelligent liberal men at the head of the other. It has a President, (who is also Professor of Divinity,) and two Professors.

WOOLLEN FACTORY.

There is a considerable manufactory of fine broad cloth near Pittsfield; and though love of country leads me to patronize every thing that tends to its prosperity, I would forfeit the confidence of my friends, as well as that of the public, to patronize the proprietors of this factory—the vilest hogs in the world; such men do not deserve encouragement. The cloth made at this place, however, is very fine, and I should not have believed it had been manufactured in America.

Upon the whole, it is evident I should not have received such treatment, which consequently has stamped the parties with eternal infamy, had it not been for Mason. See what these Bible men, these gospel spreaders—See

the effect of picking up the refuse of society to make gospel spreaders. If this fellow had remained at the spade or the plough, he might have been an honest man; instead of that, he is a fabricator of falsehoods, a slanderer and a backbiter. He is one of those pious young men who was picked up somewhere about Pittsfield and educated upon charity.

After spending one day at Pittsfield, my friend (who was related to the Dillingham family, and who had stopt with me at Pittsfield) set off to Northampton. This young man, whom fortune has thrown in my way, has something singular in the incidents of his life. He is quite a young, small man, the son of a Pennsylvania farmer, and was himself raised at the plough, and about the time I was at Westchester, a relation of his died and left him and two others a million of dollars, perhaps more. Being in rather delicate health, and wishing to improve himself by travelling, as it was too late to avail himself of a literary education, he had taken this means. He was plain in his manners and remarkably plain in his dress, entirely void of affectation and those airs ignorant people assume on a sudden acquisition of fortune; nor did he even drop a hint of it to me himself—it was told to me at Pittsfield. He informed me he was raised at the plough, and showed me his hands. He was a man of good sound sense, good natured, and of a gay disposition. He had made the fashionable tour, and was then on a tour through the New England states. He was furnished with maps, which he perfectly understood, and made sundry judicious remarks on the country, as we drove on; sometimes on the scenery, and sometimes on the mode of farming, of which he appeared to be a good judge. He wore a plain, rather coarse, half worn surtout coat, and never dressed whilst he was in my company. I do not recollect his name.

Upon leaving Pittsfield, the country continues good for some distance, when it becomes exceedingly rough and mountainous; but the scenery was beautiful. It is thirty-eight miles from Pittsfield to Northampton. We were

nearly all day getting to Northampton, on account of the roads; we arrived, however, in the evening, and put up at Lyman's, an excellent house. Having met with the Honorable Senator Mills and his lady, some time back, at Newhaven, they gave me an invitation to visit Northampton; and from the description they (as well as others) gave me of the place, I had laid out my accounts to see it this time at all events.

NORTHAMPTON

Is a very handsome town, and is very justly praised for its scenery. It lies on the Connecticut river; called the Nile of Connecticut. It contains nearly 3000 inhabitants, and two churches. The site is handsome, many of the houses are large and well built of brick, and the citizens are wealthy.

The most distinguishing feature in the scenery of Northampton is, the celebrated Mount Holyoak, in sight of the town, though two miles distant. It is an entire steep or precipice, rather 830 feet above the level of Connecticut river. A road has been cut to its summit, for the convenience of strangers; since when, it has become the resort of numerous parties of pleasure. I have been told, that the view from the top of this eminence, is one of the greatest treats to the admirer of scenery, imaginable. It commands a view of a great number of towns and farms on the Connecticut river; a country rich and beautiful as fancy can paint it. Being told, it was almost a perpendicular towards the summit, and that no carriage could approach nearer than a half or quarter of a mile of it. I was so exhausted and worn out with fatigue, that I did not attempt to ascend it; this will be no wonder to my *friends*, who know my incessant labors. It certainly was a great sacrifice, as respected myself; the heat of the weather too, at that time, was almost insupportable.

A bridge of 1060 feet over the Connecticut river, joins Northampton to the town of Hadly, in the state of Connecticut.

This country, like Egypt, is fertilized annually, from the Spring floods of the river, which overflow the meadows and low grounds. A stream, also, runs through the town, which gives rise to several manufactures. The great canal begins here, which is to connect the navigation of Connecticut river with New-Haven.

I met with several southern families in Northampton, who, attracted by the beauty and healthiness of the place, come here, to spend the summer. For myself, I did not relish their missionary manners. Though I found several genteel families, as liberal and refined as those of Boston, or any other town. I was astonished, however, to find the enlightened and all accomplished Mrs. Mills, in favor of missionaries!! It really is alarming to those, who prize female society, to find the nature of woman such, that no advantage can arm her against the insidious wiles of artful priests. This is one of the first females in the United States, and though she is the only woman of accomplishments, I have met with, who favor those blackcoats, yet it is a lamentable proof of their power over women. Mrs. M. is fully as well informed as her husband, and a lady of the best sense; and see the difference—he opposes, or at least is inimical to the missionaries, she is friendly to them. It will be said, that a female of Mrs. M's good sense and discernment, would not do any thing repugnant to propriety, and that she cannot be aware of the true character of those deceivers. This logic will not do—if she is not aware of it, who ought to be? people look up to such as she is, as a pattern—her act sanctions what she does. Mrs. M. does so and so, therefore, it must be right. The people of America, though it is their boast and their privilege, think less for themselves than any other civilized people, and hence, the great footing of those Priests, in so short a time. But, though Mrs. M. is a friend to the missionary scheme, it has not been able to rob her breast of true benevolence and char-

ity; she being one of the most generous of her sex, and a lady in every sense of the word; this, however, does not exonerate her from setting a bad example.

I was truly sorry, to find my friend, the hon. H. Mills, in a low state of health. He met me at the door, with a smile, and recognised me, though I never saw him but once; he will be a serious loss to his country, being one of her first men; he is well known to be an able statesman, and a man of unimpeachable integrity; his mind well stored with legal knowledge, and possessed of a fine classical taste; he is a most inestimable ornament to society. It is distressing to be robbed of such a man, in the prime of life. He lay down on the sofa, and chatted gaily, while I stayed. Mrs. Mills, also appeared glad to see me; and both evinced the true Yankee hospitality.

Northampton, notwithstanding the orthodox, can boast of as much taste and hospitality, as any place, of the same population. Mr. Mills alone, would decide the character of any town, that has the honor of his residence. There are a number of Unitarians in Northampton, whose intelligence and generous hospitality in this, as well as every other place where they are to be found, keep up the credit of the place. If it were not for those truly enlightened people, and a few other sects, New-England would be dangerous to travellers. There is an academy kept at Northampton, remarkable for two things:—In the first place, it occupies a hill, called “Round Top,” one of the most charming sites in the world, being a lofty eminence. In the midst of a shady grove, the Mount Holyoke, and the beautiful Connecticut, winding through the richest meadows, seen for miles, affords a magnificent prospect. The other singularity is, that no admittance is given to strangers, and the teachers refuse both to see strangers, or give them any information on the subject of the school, a very suspicious circumstance, and one which ought not to be countenanced; of what sect they are, I could not learn, though one might easily guess. It is very highly spoken of in Northampton, this is their interest, but people like to see for themselves. The whole matter appears

to be concealed as much as possible. The son of my friend Doctor Bankroft, of Worcester, was one of the tutors. He did grant me an interview, but that was all.

At Northampton, I met with a number of my young saucy Boston Yankees, who take great liberties with me, knowing I am partial to them. They were wealthy gentlemen's sons, who allured by the retirement, beauty, and salubrity of the place, had come there to study law. As amongst other good things, Northampton boasts of the first legal knowledge in the state. But these saucy rogues (had seen me before, they said, at Cambridge) almost tore me to pieces, among them. I threatened them with my Black Book; but well they knew they lay too, too near my heart. We finally, amused ourselves, with a black ramrod of a missionary, who was stalking along through the street, under our window. It was laughable to see his loftiness, and pomposity, and how he looked down with sovereign contempt upon the Unitarians. He had just come from the tailors, with a long black new surtout coat, which he studiously viewed as he measured the pavement.

Amongst my new friends, in Northampton, I was much pleased with my friend of the post, general Saxon; and I am truly sorry, that his politeness on *my* account, occasioned him (as I was told) some trouble. This comes of casting pearls before swine.

It has been remarked; that we stopt at Mr. Lyman's tavern. If the reader recollects Waltham, in my Sketches, and colonel Theodore Lyman and his tame swan; this Lyman is of the same family. There is a hive of Lymans in this place, which send off swarms of Lymans to the North, South, East, and West. The old Lyman of all, settled Northampton, and his descendants, some of them seem to stick to the place. My landlord was one of them. He and Mrs. Lyman were very attentive indeed, and from what I saw, generally, I would suppose him entitled to the patronage of the public. I was uncommonly struck with Mrs. Lyman, although she had a child dangerously ill. She never missed a day, but she called at my room two or three times in the day. I hav-

generally remarked this of public houses, that it makes little odds what the landlord is, provided the landlady be clever; but in this case, they are alike entitled to praise. Mrs. L. particular, is a perfect lady in her manners.

Several of the first families in the United States, boarded at the house, or tavern, rather, of Mr. Lyman; amongst these, it gave me unspeakable pleasure to meet with judge Wayne, a nephew, or some near relation of general Wayne, of the revolution. Judge W's family live almost in New-England, for the purpose of *educating* their children! There again, my dear Noah, what do you say to this; you do not travel; you do not know; you cannot know every thing; stuck up in a bundle of papers, or watching the colonel, or taking lessons from the *Pink*. Take a tour through New-England—barring a few Jonathans* and the missionaries; if you do not return pleased, and find I have told truth, I am mistaken.

But to return to judge Wayne. He resides in Georgia, and Mrs. Wayne, as well as many numerous families come from the southern states, for the purpose of educating their children, and remain in New-England till their education is completed. Judge W. happened to be on a visit, to see his family, when I called at Northampton. He is a young looking man, of very superior manners, and a handsome person. My friend, from West Chester, intending to have spent several days at this town, but on a sudden, changed his mind, and left Northampton on the same evening of our arrival, in company with a man, our fellow passenger, in the stage. This circumstance gave me some uneasiness, as I did not like the appearance of the man.

Intending to call at Middletown, on my tour eastward, I took the stage from Northampton to Springfield the direct road.

*Jonathans are awkward young fellows from the country, who come to market, and afford great amusement for the *cits*. They are mostly very simple, but very honest, and for my part, I am very well pleased with them.

SPRINGFIELD.

Springfield lies 20 miles south from Northampton, on the Connecticut river. The road leads down the river, principally on its banks through one of the finest countries in the Union. The river, wide and smooth, was hardly out of sight, and added much to the pleasure of seeing a country, to me, entirely new. We also passed near Mount Holyoke, and several other steeps, of which, I knew not the name.

My fellow passengers were one judge Hooker and his wife, and a lady of New-Haven. The latter was a very intelligent and pleasant companion. But the judge—I had taken the stage alone, at Lyman's, and drove up to another tavern, when lo! this Mr. Judge and his wife, walked up and stepped into the stage; as rank missionaries as any in New-England. You cannot either walk or ride, without meeting these black coats. "What, more missionaries!" I said, as he and Mrs. Judge got into the stage; "keep away from me—sit by yourselves, if you do not wish to see the top of the stage blow off. I see you have plenty of brimstone, and I have plenty of charcoal and nitre, and if we come in contact, we will be sure to have an explosion." It is impossible to portray the surprise of those orthodox, (I call them all missionaries) upon meeting with a person of independence. This is one fault I have to find with all the Atlantic states; but New-England particularly, has been priest-rid and brow-beat by them so long, that although the better sort have now shaken off the yoke, they cannot rid themselves, at once, of that false homage, they once paid to the clergy: Whereas, we of the western states, who never were under clerical bondage, (nor, I hope, never will) are strangers to this misapplied homage. We honor no man, but for merit only. So these people, when they meet me, which is pretty often, (they are increasing) they are struck dumb. He and his wife, very prudently, took the farthest seat, facing me. While I was leaning out of the coach win-

dow, taking my friends (the Bostonians) by the hand, Mr. Judge was doing the same thing on the opposite side; and as he did so, I heard him say, "who is this?" What answer his friend made I did not hear; it may easily be guessed. But, H. said, "I must be mum then." He was about sixty years of age, wrinkled and quaint, with a ghastly grin. His wife was just such another, though she kept her bonnet over her face.

He had, no doubt, been to Northampton with a bag of money, to set up a press, or to pay those that were already set up. He might have been farther than Northampton, for ought I know; but he is the very sort—old staid tried men of prudent years. Young men cannot be trusted with money bags. Let this be as it may, I gave him plenty of grape, the whole way. I'll answer for it, he never travels in a coach with me again. Oh! how his mouth watered for my blood; he fairly smacked his lips at the thoughts of it. Every now and then, after laughing my very soul out, at his long face, I would ask him, "how long it was since he hung a witch?" He was one of those right old witch-hangers, and looked as tough as a raw cowhide.

Upon arriving at Springfield, we sat him and his lady down at their residence.

Having some business with the Messrs. Ames, I stopt for the night in Springfield, and my friend of New-Haven, went on. After taking refreshment, and calling on a few friends, adjacent to the tavern, I went into the printing office, to see my friend Mr. Tannent, a mason; and as this fraternity entirely supported me in my first tour through the States, I never fail to call, and press the hand that fed me. No one knew of their bounty, it was done with so much delicacy, and so secretly.—These men do not sound a trumpet, when they do alms; their right hand does not know what the left hand does.

But, as I drew near the printing office, who should I meet, coming out of it, but my friend, Judge Hooker; I saluted him very friendly, of course, and asked him,

"if he had ordered my arrest, and what death he intended to adjudge me?" and guess the reply this old savage made. "If I was to do it, I could get enough to join me." Are such men as these to be mistaken? "It is not your goodness that keeps you from it," I replied. I am convinced from his looks, and what the ruffian editor said afterwards, (not Tannent, he is only the proprietor of the paper) and whom he had just been to see, that it would have done him more good to have murdered me, than to have sat down to his dinner, when hungry; and he is one of the *Bible* men, and his brother savage, the editor, is another Bible man; but I have mentioned him elsewhere. This is spreading the gospel.

Springfield, since I mentioned it in my Sketches, has become a nest of missionaries, and yet people say they are decreasing—no such thing—they are obliged, to be sure, to fly from the intelligent parts of the state; but while they get money at the rate they do, they will find unprincipled men enough to join them.

I have in another place referred to the tavern kept here by one C——, a most dangerous man to travellers; he is a brother to the same mentioned in Albany, and both are alike dangerous to stop with. They are not the wooden nutmeg Yankees; they are a great deal worse, and other tavernkeepers ought to warn travellers to avoid their houses. His wife had died since I was there, and his house was turned into a brothel, where none but the greatest ruffians stop. As there was a stable kept there, I tried to get a hack, or some sort of a carriage, to go to the paper-mill, a mile distant, and after waiting half an hour, I had to go on foot, though there were spare carriages enough, I was told, standing in the stable. Next day, when I returned to take the stage, this robber asked, (and insisted upon it till I threatened him,) I think, seventy-five cents, for the carriage I never used; and a friend of mine informed me since, that the editor, another scape-gallows, said, "I left S—— without paying my bill;" he must have learned this in the Bible. He and the tavernkeeper are well matched; it is

a happy circumstance two towns are not spoiled with them.

From Springfield I took the opposite side of the Connecticut river from that I travelled on my first tour, my course to Middletown, still following the river, through Suffield and Hartford. Suffield I had never seen—Hartford often. The same beautiful appearance still presented—the river only widening as we go on. No one in the stage but one Jonathan and an awkward girl. We stopped at Suffield to change horses and breakfast, which gave me an opportunity to see an old friend, Mr. Gay, of Suffield. This gentleman was the first patron I received in the state of Connecticut. I had the pleasure of meeting with him at Hartford on my first tour through New-England. He is a tall young man, well formed, a perfect gentleman in his manners, and a most engaging aspect. He is, if I am not mistaken, a lawyer by profession. He called to see me, but my time was so short at Suffield, I had but little of his company.

SUFFIELD.

Suffield is a handsome post town on Connecticut river, seventeen miles from Hartford—contains twenty-six hundred and eighty inhabitants, and four houses for public worship—two for Baptists and two for Congregationalists. It stands on a level plain, immediately in view of the river. There is a mineral spring at Suffield, which draws a great deal of company in the summer season. The landlord, Warner, where we breakfasted, was an obliging worthy man, and as such deserves to be patronized.

After breakfasting, &c. we pursued our road to Hartford, still following the river.

HARTFORD.

Hartford, as well as Springfield, I described in my first book of travels. I found it, however, infested with mis-

sionaries, and my landlord, Morgan, more afraid of me than ever; but Morgan, (though his family is most abominably priest-rid,) keeps a very good house, fine chambers, and verp attentive servants, and a better table need not be seen. But one thing, which I should think requires the attention of government, since it is under its patronage, is the asylum for the deaf and dumb. The missionaries, (wherever schools and money are, there they are,) have crept into this school. The man who keeps it and his wife are missionaries of the true brimstone sort, true blue-law; and if I am not mistaken, most of the trustees are; and what benefit, or what purpose the donation of Congress is to the deaf and dumb, I cannot see, as no free scholars are taken at the school, and although the student pays a most shameful price for his board and tuition, yet they are asking for more money.* When I heard of this great donation, I thought it was to educate the pupils gratis. It is surprising that government does not see to its own business.

The President of the United States Branch Bank, one Parsons, and myself became friends, and by that means he escaped the Black Book. But Judge Peters—I did not see this famous Judge—probably a descendant of the fiery Judge Peters of yore—was probably on the scent of some witch.

I took my friends, Messrs. Goodin, Perkins, &c. by the hand, and called on my friend of the Times, when lo! he showed me the handsome puff of the Argus, of Pittsfield; I took the pen and sent him an Oliver. All the booksellers had been bought up by the missionaries, of course I was my own bookseller. I dare say I sold more than the whole of them together in the same time. I also called on my friends, the Chesters, and behold, they had become missionaryfied—oh sad! Telling Mrs. Chester how they slandered me in the papers—she replied, “per-

* The Deaf and Dumb Institutions, at Philadelphia and New-York, are better kept without any help from government. Whenever these black-coats get their noses into any place, the next thing is money.

haps it was my own fault;" see a woman's logic! Oh fie! It was cruel to ruin this fine family—they would ruin any family after this. The amiable old man, (that once was, I mean,) hid himself doubtless, as I saw him through the window, and the amiable Mrs. Chester denied him. That is the effects of missionaries—How despicably mean it makes man or woman!

ADVENTURES.

Having paid all my visits, I went down to the river to take the steam-boat to Middletown, but it was gone. A gentleman who, like myself, had been left behind, after some time, procured an old, rattling carryall, to convey ourselves and baggage to Middletown. He was a merry, middle aged German, from Philadelphia, a man of great humor, wit and sprightly manners. He and I, therefore, rattled away to Middletown, as merry as larks, laughing all the way at the old wagon, which made a horrid noise; it must have been made in the time of the blue-laws, from its ancient appearance. Finding who I was, every now and then he would say, "now, don't put me in the Black Book." He amused me all the way with lively anecdotes, and at the end of every one he would say, "now I beg you not to put me in the Black Book for telling this story; now you will be sure to put me in the Black Book." But added, "he would like to see the Black Book, for they say you are a good writer." As we rolled along in the old wagon, he would leave off talking at intervals, and read my travels, a copy of which I had with me, and when he came to the "sharp shooting," he would laugh, and say, "that is good, excellent." Having segars and tinder with him, he asked my liberty "to smoke." "To be sure," said I, "I smoke myself sometimes, so says the Literary Cadet, and it would not be safe to contradict him." He struck his fire in a twinkling, which redoubled his powers of mirth, and story-telling, finally, though sadly jolted, I do not know that I ever had a more pleasant ride, and I am sure that I never travelled with a

more pleasant companion. He was quite a gentleman, had been a great traveller, and spoke the English language well.

We passed through Weathersfield, the land of onions; it is literally a town of onions from end to end. Here we had to laugh again at the Jonathans, some were stalking with long strides, cautiously, through the onions; others were squatting in the midst of them. It was about the time of pulling onions; but some were fit to gather, others were not, and it appeared to be the business of those Jonathans to judge between the orthodox and the heretic onions. What they did with the heretics, we could not surmise; but doubtless the orthodox are to be sent to the Heathen, as large quantities are shipped annually. Nothing could look more ludicrous than those flop't-hat Jonathans, with their trowsers rolled up; Jonathan always takes care of his trowsers, and judiciously rolls them about halfway his leg; and savingly inclined, puts on his worst clothes, as he has to contend with every heretic onion, some of which, the seed ones, are as high as his head. He always wears his hat on one side of his head, and studiously keeps it on the opposite side to the road, with a view, it is said, of seeing the pretty girls as they pass by; the most of those Jonathans being orthodox, of course they are very fond of the ladies. Amongst those onion-gatherers, however, were found a few Moses, Aarons, Elihues, Aminadabs, and sundry holy orthodox names.

My friend and I had a merry time of it with these orthodox; they were strung along the road for miles.

A town, in New-England, means no town; it is meant for what we call a *township* in the western country; generally, however, it contains a village, or town, so called. These towns are not regularly laid off, as in other states; they are from three to six miles in extent, not exact as to shape; they are, however, very thickly settled along the roads.

FARMS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

Almost every farmer has his field of Indian corn, potatoes, rice, oats, onions, orchard, garden, meadow, and in some instances, clover. These fields are neat, square, small enclosures of about four acres each, and though they have an air of plenty and comfort, are nothing like the great farms of Pennsylvania; their clover fields are not a comparison for the rank clover fields of that state, neither is that sturdy appearance of force in the fields. Their harvests are by no means a matter of the like importance as in other states. A very few hands are necessary to secure the produce of their diminutive fields; two or three in the meadows, the like in the rye-fields, no wheat is visible. The laborer works at his ease, and upon the whole, they have more the appearance of boys at play than any thing else. Every farmer's neat, white, two-story house, with green venetian blinds, and a small portico over the door, stands in front of his farm, upon the street, as their roads are called. On one side of his house, on a line with the street, stands his orchard, his onion field, &c. extending to his next neighbor. On the other side, his garden, perhaps his meadow, which reaches to his neighbor on that side. His house uniformly stands about midway of his right and left boundary, and so of his next neighbor; this is the case on both sides of the street, from one town to another, which actually gives the road the appearance of a street. This, however, cannot, with so much truth, be applied to any of the states but Connecticut, the whole of which resembles a garden. Every farmer has his small wooden barn, under which name they include stables. Instead of having one large barn, sufficient to contain every thing he makes, he builds small ones over his farm, when his crop grows, so that instead of bringing the produce to the barn, he takes the barn to the produce. These barns are a burlesque on the name; no more like the great massy stone barns of Pennsylvania, than a chicken coop; they are small,

slightly constructed frames, or plank, rather. It is surprising, the country abounding with good stone, that it never comes into the head of these Jonathans to build stone barns. In Pennsylvania they have stone barns and wooden fences; in New-England they have wooden barns and stone fences. Every farmer has his neat painted chaise or carryall to travel in summer, but his glory, next his wife, is his beautiful sleigh, in which, shrouded in buffalo skins, he skims over the snow-covered ground in winter. No people in the Union are more gay or happy, baring the Dismals. Nothing of that sordidness, of which they are accused, and particularly those farmers. Their work is all accomplished in the summer; in the winter they have nothing to do but feed their stock and make fires, go to mill and go to frolicks, drink tea, eat pound cake, gingerbread, a pumpkin pie, and laugh and chat with the ladies. The whole winter is one round of pleasure with the Yankees, both young and old. The evening with them is only after dark;* it is a uniform practice, with the young people particularly, to make up parties, which dash away by sleigh-fulls, from four to ten in a sleigh, as soon as it is dark. Those in the populous towns and villages go from four to eight miles in the country. Those in the country, on the contrary, make for some populous village or town. In each case the parties repair to a tavern, and call for oyster-suppers, drink flip, have music, dance, sing, laugh, and tell stories, and after amusing themselves till they are tired, they return home.

It is said that the missionaries, or orthodox, are going to do away the practice of drinking *flip*; they view it as an unholy thing, and think it would be much better to give the money to them to spread the gospel. It is also hinted that, (though this is a great secret,) they are jealous of those gay young men, for monopolizing so great a portion of their exclusive property, the ladies. But Jonathan loves ladies too.

* In the western country, we call it night when twilight ceases.

This is the case all winter; every horse carrying a dozen of bells at least, and every bell ringing. But, to use one of my friend Noah's expressions, the amusing part of the story is yet to come:—Most of those Yankees just mentioned, are people of education, people of taste; the young men can perform on the flute and most other instruments, write poetry, and sing well. But the real raw Jonathan, the genuine oxdriver, is amusing; these generally go by twos, come into a room sideways, look shy, and wear their hats out-doors and in. Now and then a couple of these awkward fellows will lay their heads together, and knock up a spree, and as no fun can go on without ladies, they collect a few of their next neighbor's daughters, and hie to a tavern. The landlord, seeing they are rough looking young men, shows them into the bar-room; the females he takes to another room. These Jonathans, being chilled with cold, draw up close to the stove, one on each side. Here they sit drooping their heads, now and then looking at each other across the stove, as much as to say, what next, though neither speaks a word. After a long time spent in figiting from side to side, now presenting one side and then the other to the stove, they begin to gape, stretch, and hem, alternately looking toward the bar and each other, as though each wished the other to make the first motion. At length, one observes, "well darn me if I didn't set out upon a frolic, and I'll have one; landlord, give us a *half* pint of cider; its darnation cold." this is drank between them, and they continue to sit (hats on) another half hour, and toast themselves—when the other says, "well darn me if I didn't set out to have fun, and I will have it; landlord, give us another *half* pint of cider." But enough of these; I dislike them, because they had not the heart to treat the ladies.

WEATHERSFIELD.

Weathersfield village is about four miles south of Hartford, upon a rich level plain, on the bank of Connecticut river. It is a handsome, rural looking town, a mile in length; the streets shaded with great overgrown elms, whose clustering branches almost conceal the stately ancient houses. The handsomest elms in New-England, grow at Weathersfield. It has two churches, and about 300 houses. The whole country, from Northampton to this place, is one continuation of rich river-bottom land, and thriving towns, and is decidedly the garden of New-England.

But Weathersfield alone is famous, not only for its onions, but for a conference held in it during the revolution, by General Washington, Rochambeau, and several other officers of distinction.

But my friend and the Jonathans—We were amused with them and their bunches of onions, quite through the town several miles. As we drew near Middletown, I told my fellow traveller, who was bound to New-Haven, to inform my friends in that place, I was well, and would soon be with them. In the course of the conversation, I said something of my boarding house, Mrs. Bishop's tavern, when the driver hearing this, turned his head suddenly, first over one shoulder and then over the other, to look at me. "Oh, is it you," said he, "I'll be darned if I would a drove, if I had known who you was." He had boarded at the same house at the time I did—was a great, rough, red faced drunkard, and used to annoy me with his loud talking and horse laughs, until the bar-keeper, Mr. Bishop, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Bishop, had to drive him away.

MIDDLETOWN CITY.

Middletown is another beautiful town, on the bank of the Connecticut river. It contains 6,500 inhabitants, two churches, a court-house, a naval office, and a military school, kept by Capt. P——. It is an incorporated city, is a port of entry, and has a custom house. Middletown has a gradual ascent from the river back to a considerable eminence, and like most of the New-England towns, is shaded by lofty elms planted throughout the streets.

This, like all the towns in New-England, is divided on the subject of religion—here are the liberal and the orthodox again. The liberal, or enlightened people, throughout New-England, are the Episcopalians, Universalists, Unitarians, and the Roman Catholics, wherever they be found. Of these last, however, there are but few in New-England. The Baptists I know nothing about; I believe there are a number in New-England, but so far, none of them have ever fell in my way, and but few of the Methodists; those I have seen of the latter, were very clever men. But as for the orthodox, though I sometimes call on them to get a view of their manners for literary purposes, unless it be where they are masons, I would just as soon visit a lion's den. There is, however, a large proportion of very genteel and enlightened people in Middletown, and much taste and fashion. Their ladies are particularly handsome—tall, elegant women; of all females in New-England, they are the best formed.

Middletown is the residence of some of the most distinguished men in Connecticut—the Hon. S. Dana, formerly member of Congress, the Hon. Judge Hosmer, Messrs. T. Mather, E. & T. Hubbard, Rev Noble, and many others. I had not the pleasure of seeing Judge Hosmer, he being on the circuit attending his official duties. His family, however, received me very politely, and regretted the absence of the Judge. His family alone, for hospitality and elegant manners, would be sufficient to establish the reputation of any place.

But now comes the black side of the book. Though I found many deserving people in the town, I also found some of the last of the creation; at the head of these stands the Puppy-skin Parson Priest, or what you please, the others were Nehemiah, (another orthodox name,) H. S. M——r, and the Rev. G——r. But the Puppy-skin PARSON—he owes this nick-name from his wearing shoes or boots, no matter which, made of puppy skin. Let his shoes be made of what they will, the name fits him well. He is one of your right red hot missionaries, and as they steal like thieves into all our seminaries, this Mr. Puppy-skin is chaplain, (so it is said,) to the famous Partridge's academy, a good specimen of the principal, by the by. But to the Puppy-skin—he is little, low, lean and lank, lantern jawed, long narrow face, with bigotry and fanaticism marked on every line of it: his eyes are a venomous black; but his complexion is hard to describe, being a combination of black, white, green, and yellow, but the black preponderates. His countenance sets my pen at defiance. He is quite a shrimp in size; not taller than a well grown boy of fifteen, and of VERY, very slender, *delicate* make; he always wears his hat, which is white, and generally turns his back to the company. If you see such a man (or rather an apology for one) it is the Puppy-skin Parson. C—— P—— hit upon it when he got such an assistant, as I understand he is. This academy is one of the greatest impositions upon the public in the country, excepting always one.

Upon the evening of my arrival, I walked up to see the cadets parade, and to look at the buildings. The cadets were, however, dismissed just as I arrived, and meeting them as I passed in at the gate, one of them pointed out C—— P——. He was walking slowly towards me, and I stood still till he came up. I expressed some regret at my disappointment. He made no reply on the subject, though he chatted as we walked on, upon the prospect of the river, &c. He walked in the same direction with me some distance, and upon parting, I observed, I should call between 8 and 9 o'clock in the

morning. Instead of saying, "I will be glad to see you," or any thing common to a gentleman, he was silent.

A man *may* be never the worse for want of politeness; but no man is fit to teach gentlemen's sons, or such youths as are intended for gentlemen, without politeness. The intention—the principle of education, is to convert us from a savage to a civilized state—from ignorance to knowledge; if this is not the *object* of all seminaries of learning, what is their object? Is it to make men clowns? No such thing. All people are clowns who are ignorant; none but the learned and well educated are gentlemen—I mean as to manners. A clown may be an honest man, and a genteel man may be a rogue; but this does not destroy the principle. No argument is necessary to prove that the intention of schools is to perfect human nature, and make man a social being, not a gloomy savage. Politeness unites men, and is the bond that binds society together, and is the foundation of his happiness. That respect which wins the esteem of enlightened and virtuous men, is only found amongst the polite and refined; and that man who refuses to pay respect to others, forfeits his title to respect from them.

But to the case. It is impossible for a man to teach others what he does not understand himself; and though such a thing might happen once out of nine hundred and ninety chances, that a man may possess learning and still be a beast in his manners, yet he, of all others, is the last man to be placed at the head of important seminaries—not that politeness is a thing to be learned, though it is the result of learning. By studying history, the progress of society and fine writing, we naturally imbibe the sentiments and virtues, and reject the errors of preceding generations; but at the same time, living example has a powerful influence upon the mind, and gives tone to the manners. For this reason, none but men of refined manners ought to be placed at the head of all literary institutions, from the well known maxim, that example has more force than precept. But this C—— P—— is one of the most consummate clowns that ever undertook to

keep a school. He is not only clownish in his manners, but has something morose and savage in his countenance; and if he is a man of learning, he is the only one who does not show some trace of it in his looks and deportment.

But it will be said, this academy is a military institution, and a man of rough manners is as well calculated to give instructions in the art of war as the finest belles lettres scholar. Not so—Learning of all sorts is professed to be taught here. It is called “The American Literary, Scientific and Military Academy,” and is as complete a take-in as the missionary, or any other delusion; it is a right down hoax.

The next morning, I walked up to the buildings, which occupies one of the most delightful spots in the State of Connecticut. It being school hours, I expected to find the principal at his post, and receive from him every information I wished to obtain, on the subject of the school; but upon inquiring for him, I was told, he had not arrived. Expecting him every moment, I requested the boys to show me to his room, which they did; but by this time, I learned enough to satisfy me. The halls and stairs were knee-deep in dirt, and the boys instead of being at their studies, were romping and squeeling all through the rooms, up and down stairs, nothing but loud talking and horse laughs. Meantime, I wound my way through the dirt, which though not exactly up to my knees, was the filthiest house I ever was in, except Rosy Demcy’s. Not a tutor in, no one to keep the peace, or restore order; big and little, old and young, (except one youth, I think of Baltimore) was all uproar and confusion. The youth I mentioned, came in and set down with me in the room; and whilst I amused myself looking at the prospect, through the window, a number of cadets would open the door, run in and out, with the utmost rudeness, laughing and tittering. I bore it all patiently, determined to see them out. Not satisfied with this interruption, a number of the smaller cadets collected all the trumpets and horns about the place, and began to blow first outside of the

door, but finding that did not give annoyance enough, they opened the door, and putting the mouths of the instruments inside of the door, continued blowing; from this they came nearer, till they came close up to my car. The youth who was seated with me, succeeded in forcing them out of the room, but they procured a reinforcement, and returning, finally became master of the room. Finding it impossible to stay longer in the building, I was about quitting it in despair of seeing either principal or assistants. I was pursued by a mob of the cadets, to the bottom of the stairs, when I was met by one of the assistant-teachers. He appeared much confused at the rencountre, and found the greatest difficulty in forcing the cadets to their rooms. It was now, as the youth informed me, long passed the hour of recitation, and no principal in the academy. The gentleman, whose name was Horton, appeared much concerned at the conduct of the cadets, which I communicated without reserve. I told him, people did not send their sons to him to learn to be blackguards and ruffians; if that was all they learned, the parents had much better keep them at home, and save their money. He admitted the truth of the remark, and endeavored to excuse the thing as much as possible. He took me, at my request, through some parts of the building, all corresponding with what I had seen; independently of the rudeness and vulgarity contracted at the academy, the cadets run the risk of their lives, from the danger of contagion, arising from the filth of the place. It is said of this C—— P——, that he is such a penurious wretch, that he would not advance as much money as would scour a room, if the whole building was to rot down. He is very unpopular in the town, and very deservedly so, no doubt. He is said to be the greatest miser in the world, a character that is always despised. He dresses like a sweep, from pure love of money, which he is making off of the infatuated people, equal to coining. He has upwards of 200 scholars, from all parts of the Union, and even the West Indies! Nothing but that unaccountable propensity in man for novelty,

could ever have thought of patronizing a man of such appearance. He is, I am told, accumulating vast sums of money, in this way, and not contented with one, it seems, he is enabled to establish another academy in one of the adjoining states. I was astonished, after viewing the school, to find a gentleman, just arrived from Baltimore, with his son, to the school. I asked, "what motive induced him to bring his son there?" "Why, the reputation of the place," he replied. "But, sir, why do you depend on report in a matter of so much importance? Why do you not go and view the school—the condition of the building—teachers? judge for yourself; why do you trust to report?" He seemed just to awake, but added, "what every body, or most people says, must be true." "But sir, you must admit, that the greatest part of mankind are not judges." He seemed to signify, that if he had known as much as he did then, he would not have come. In fact, I should very likely have done, as the Baltimorian, or any other man did, altogether from report, nothing rung like C——P——'s academy; and before I saw it, and learned the man's character, I was really partial to the institution. I saw, by looking over the catalogue, it had a great number of professors, and amongst other things, a professor of Belles Lettres!—No one would guess in an age, who was the professor of this polite science, even the Puppy-skin parson! After this, no one will wonder at the state of improvement in the academy. The Rev. Mr. Noble and Mr. Horton were all that I saw fit to be entrusted with the business of instructing youths; and these, I suspect, receive no equivalent, as he is such a miser, he would not open his heart sufficiently, to reward a man of taste or talent. This Mr. Horton—I was surprised to find a man of his appearance, connected with such a man of C. P's low manners. He was an amiable man, of elevated mind, liberal feeling, and quite a gentleman in his manners; much better qualified than the principal (if I were to judge) to conduct an academy; but he would not please the people; a man of modest merit is never popular; the knave, the swindler,

the man of impudence and brass, is the man for the people.

Middletown city owns more shipping, than any port on Connecticut river, which is navigable to this place for vessels drawing 10 feet water. Here the traveller takes leave of this beautiful river, it turning from the great road to Long Island Sound. At Middletown, however, it puts on all its glory, as to scenery. From an eminence lying back of the city, you have the handsomest prospect on the river, which with its rich farms and green hills, is visible for several miles. Middletown owns several extensive manufactories.

At Middletown, I met with Lawrence Lewis, Esq. a relation of general Washington's. Mr. Lewis is one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the age. He is a middle aged man, of good size, and very engaging manners. From this gentleman, I received those marks of respect and distinction, which none but gentlemen know how to bestow. His politeness to me, a total stranger to him, does much honor to him; and which enumerating my friends, and those to whom I am much indebted, I am not to forget Mr. Lyman, a bookseller, a most amiable man, worthy of the patronage of every liberal man; he is amongst the meritorious few who are above being bribed by British gold; and by the way, my landlady, Mrs. Swattle, the tavernkeeper, must come in for a share of praise; she keeps a delightful house; her rooms and parlors are sweetly shaded from the sun, by lofty elms; her table is good, and her domestics attentive. I must say this for Connecticut, that take it throughout, it excels in good taverns. The chamber-maids and waiting-maids, are perfect ladies; the charges low; the tables good; the rooms neat, and the most assiduous attention. I do not know a greater luxury, than to stop at a Connecticut tavern, particularly, if you are fatigued. The females, take them through the state, are more pleasant and better informed, than the females of Massachusetts. Women mostly wait on travellers in New-England, also in New-York.

Middletown is the birth place of the naval hero, Macdonough; and his remains at this time, are interred in the town. Whilst I am detailing incidents connected with Middletown. Shortly after I left there, a scurrilous article, levelled at me, appeared in the Middlesex Gazette. I paid very little attention to it, knowing whence it came, viz: the missionaries, as they are the only people who ever slandered me in the papers; but I laid it up for them, and they will know hereafter, whom they have to deal with; they will never repent it but once, and that will be during their existence.*

RETURN TO NEW-HAVEN.

From Middletown I hastened to my favorite city, New-Haven, only ten miles distant. I had spent two winters in New-Haven, and on many accounts, it was endeared to me above every other place in New England. My heart beat with pleasure at the sight of its lofty steeples, and the sound of the well known college bell. If there be true pleasure on earth, it is found upon meeting with those we love, after a long absence. I had been absent from New-Haven five months; and the very few days I stole from my tour to visit my friends was spent in unalloyed pleasure. To be beloved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds is the greatest happiness the world can bestow.

During my absence, professor Goodrich had returned from Europe, from a tour of some years undertaken, for the restoration of his health. Rev. Chauncey Goodrich is a very young interesting man, a light genteel figure, and handsome delicate features. His mild black eye, mo-

*Since this work went to press, I received one of the Middlesex Gazettes, with a very handsome apology. But I beg leave to assure the Editor, I blamed no one for the piece, but the puppy-skin Parson. My friend of the Middlesex Gazette, will permit me to thank him, for his very prompt resentment of the injury I received in Burlington.

dest countenance and easy manners, is very engaging. He has, at much labor and expense, procured several valuable paintings, designed, as well as I recollect, as a present for Yale College. One of those paintings represents the city of Rome, as it now is. I am always sorry when obliged to notice paintings, as I am not qualified to judge of their merit. Rome, from the representation, appears to be very extensive, and many of the celebrated ancient monuments, are still visible, some entire and some partly extinct. Trojan's pillar, the Pantheon and Amphitheatre of Vespasian, are distinguished in the piece. The church of St. Peter, however, is the principal object in the picture; it is very interesting, and the view clear and satisfactory. Besides the great painting of the city, he has two paintings of the church of St. Peter, one representing the exterior, and the other, the interior, from which it appears to be very superb. Mr. G. informed me, he was present, when the Pope celebrated high mass, and was the only foreigner present, who refused to kneel to the Pope.

Upon taking leave of Mr. G. I called on Mr. Kingsly mentioned in my first tour. He received me with a smile and said, he understood I was writing another book of travels, and added, he was glad to hear it, and though he expected to get a share of it; he hoped I would lash the people well, and expressed his entire pleasure at the keenness of my pen. "Nothing like it," said Mr. K. "we want some one to tell us of our faults in the plain language you do." He showed me a very beautiful boy from New-Orleans, sent to his care, to be educated at Yale College. It will be recollected, that I did not speak very favorably of Mr. Kingsly, in my first book of travels. I asked him "how we happened not to hit it in our first interview?" he laughed and said, "he could not tell, he wanted to subscribe for my book, but I would not let him." Very like my towering pride. I do not know, that I am bound to say any better things of him now, as he would not buy my book, the second publication. But I had the most amusement at my friend Doctor N. Smith's,

Telling the medical students, I would lash them and the theological students well in my Black Book; I could not forbear smiling at their chagrin. After trying in vain to dissuade me from my purpose, one of them fetching a deep sigh, said "If you will put us in the Black Book, Mrs. R. I hope—I ask it as a favor, not to put us with the theological students." He said this with so much pathos, that it pierced me to the heart. My Sketch of New-Haven, in my first journey, for want of room and time, was very brief and imperfect, for instance, I say the plain occupied by New Haven, and which is surrounded by a lofty amphitheatre of perpendicular hills, "is three miles in circumference;" this plain is 50 miles in circumference. I did mention the regicides Goff and Whalley, but that was all. It appears there were three of those regicides; the name of the third I do not recollect. They lie in the middle brick church-yard, in the rear of the church, and within a very few feet of it. Goff was a major general in Cromwell's army; Whalley was a lieutenant general. Their very names are terrifying, and denote something hideous and bloody. These men, it is well known, were concealed and protected in New-Haven. They were brought to Boston, from England, by one captain Gooking; having fled from England, to avoid the vengeance of Charles II. From Boston they went to Cambridge; and in both places, were treated with respect.

In a short time, however, word came, they were all three condemned as traitors, and the governor of Massachusetts, was about to have them arrested; when being apprised of it privately by their friends, they escaped to Connecticut, and taking their route by Hartford, they arrived at New-Haven about eight months after they landed in America. They were received and sheltered in New-Haven, by a Mr. Davenport; and were treated with great respect by most of the people of New-Haven. They were considered (says the historian) as men of unfeigned piety and religion; but the governor of Massachusetts sending messengers to demand the judges, as they

were called; they betook themselves to a cave near New-Haven; which still goes by the name of the "Judges' Cave." In this cave they were perfectly secure, and the messengers after searching several days in the town and neighborhood, returned as they came. Thus the regicides escaped and lived many years afterwards. Meantime they often shifted their quarters, and finally took up their abode in Hadly, where they died in peace.

The cave in which they took refuge, is under one of those rocks which enclose New-Haven, called the West Rock, to distinguish it from another called the East Rock. On the top of the rock, the following sentence was found engraved:—"Opposition to Tyrants is obedience to God." Thus we see, what idea those bigots had of the christian religion; opposition to tyrants, may be resolved into personal safety; but how they could reconcile *murder* into obedience to God, who says, "thou shalt not kill," is a paradox.

My pursuits once more forced me to part with my friends, and after enterchanging every token of the most cordial feeling and friendship on both sides, I took leave of New-Haven and its classic halls, taking my route to Providence, through Middletown, Hebron, and Windham.*

I merely stopped at Middletown, to take in my baggage and salute my friends. Being told, I should pass through Middletown, on my destined route, I left my baggage there, till I returned from New-Haven; and—to my inexpressible pleasure, saw my favorite Parson, the Puppy-skin; telling him the best of friends must part; I bid adieu to him and Middletown. I hope the ladies will take care of the sweet little Puppy, particularly as they are fond of lap-dogs and missionaries.

We crossed the river at Middletown, and took a south-east course. There was but one passenger in the stage, the most frightful monster in human shape, not deformed,

*I ought to have noticed my merry fellow traveller, whom I had the pleasure to meet at New-Haven, and again was solicited not to put him in the Black Book.

and though well dressed, was very illiterate. This man was evidently a pirate! not that he had a more ferocious look, than some gentlemen I could name; but there was something singular in him throughout; he was stout, his face was rough and coarse, his countenance was criminal, so much so, that he could not look me in the face, though he fastened his eyes upon me without ceasing, the moment I withdrew mine from his; from this and corresponding circumstances, I shall ever remain in the opinion, that I was in the company of a pirate. His clothes were fine, and just put on, and it evidently appeared to be the first time he ever was dressed, or in company; but it was his eye that stamped his character; it was like nothing human; it was a large, fierce, greenish grey, of the effect of which, he appeared conscious himself, as he studiously endeavored to conceal them under his hat. It was like the cat and the mouse; he watched me as though he was looking for a good place to give me a stab, and I watched him as narrowly. He would steal his eyes slowly up from under his hat, and when he found I was looking at him, he would drop them as quick as lightning. No one knew him either on the road, or at Providence, where he was bound. He did not get in the coach at Middletown, we took him in over the river, where there is a tavern, a post office, and a small village.

I often addressed him in the course of the day, with common place remarks, but he was averse to conversation, and spoke in a low Irish accent.

Upon leaving Middletown, we have a grand display of New-England scenery. Middletown heights is seen to great advantage, as we pursue our way, which for some distance hangs upon the river. The land is good, and cattle large and sleek; but we soon leave the river, and pass over a hilly rough country, though well watered, and affords most charming views.

HEBRON.

We dined at Hebron, where I was visited by the lieutenant governor, Dr. Peters, a most excellent man. Hebron is a very handsome thriving village; but as we only stopped to dine, I can say nothing further respecting it. I had dinner ordered for myself, in a private room, but happening to walk into the dining room, I found the family seated at a very good dinner, upon which, I seated myself with them, and ordering a cup of tea, made a delicious meal. Returning to the parlor, I found my fellow passenger stalking over the floor, like something lost. I asked him "if he did not want his dinner?" "Yis mem," said he, but where can I get it." It was now within a few minutes of the time we were to set off, and this man had not the sense to call for his dinner. I told him there was victuals on the table, to go in and get his dinner, and if he did not make haste, he would not have time to dine. It was not till after I got up to show him the way, that the awkward creature could find the way to the dining room.

WINDHAM.

After leaving Hebron, the next village worth notice is the celebrated Windham.

Windham is noticed in history, for a famous battle of frogs, which took place in it, in the time of the revolution, and on this account it is often called Frog-Town. My landlady of New-Haven, Mrs. Bishop, was a native of Windham; and I had the history of the battle, not only from her, but several others. The battle took place in a pond, on the edge of Windham, in the night. It appears that there was at the time mentioned, another pond, some distance from the first, perhaps a mile. This last was drained, and the frogs (of which it must have contained

a vast number) finding they were in a fair way to perish, set off in a body, to the pond, at Windham; but the frogs of Windham, being good sound orthodox, not only refused the rights of hospitality to these heretical frogs, but undertook to chastise them for their impudence. The heretics saw it could only be death, determined to try their strength with the legal proprietors, and force was met by force. The battle raged all night, and was renewed the ensuing night, but which gained the victory, or whether they made a draw-battle of it or not, was never ascertained. Numbers, however, were slain on both sides. The battle began about ten o'clock at night, and is described as follows:—"As the citizens were about retiring to bed, they were alarmed by a most terrifying noise, something like the yelling of Indians, and sometimes resembling that of wolves. Every one was struck with fear, and as the country had been for some time at peace with the Indians, it was unaccountable. The noise increased, the women flew to their children, the men to their guns, expecting an attack every moment, but from what power, they could not imagine. The noise still increased, and the people ran about in distraction, expecting to be massacred every moment, but by what, they could not devise. Some thought it was Indians, some said it was the British; others thought it was the end of the world; others again thought it could be nothing less than a visit from the fiends of the nether regions. At length finding the dreadful enemy made no approach, some of the men who took care to be well armed, plucked up courage enough to go and reconnoitre; and being by degrees led to the pond, ascertained the cause of their alarm.

Windham is a beautiful village, partly on a vale, and partly on a hill which is a perfect level. It is the residence of the Hon. John Baldwin, representative in congress; but as the stage would, or could not stop but a few minutes, I just saw and spoke to him. He has the handsomest situation on the road. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Baldwin at Washington, during the session of

Congress; he is quite a gentlemanly man, easy and familiar in his manners.

Upon leaving the tavern, we ascended the elevated part of the village; upon which stands the mansion house of Mrs. Bishop's family, and where she lived at the time of the famous battle. By the way, this Mrs. Bishop, a most amiable woman, appertains to the Fitch family, one of the most ancient and respectable in Connecticut. Her uncle was a liberal donor to Yale College, and was also one of its professors.

The far-famed pond is within a short distance from this part of the town, on the road side. The driver stopped the coach some time, till I surveyed the place, where even frogs fought for liberty. The pond is quite small, covering (as near as I could see for the fence, which was between it and me) about an acre of ground. I neither heard nor saw a single frog, and from their stillness, concluded the missionaries had been amongst them.

New-England appears to have been famous for frogs, particularly about the time of the revolution. It is credibly asserted of frogs, that in dry seasons, when the ponds in which they abide become dry, they will migrate several miles to seek other ponds. It appears that several instances of these migrations took place in the time of the war, which gave rise to many ludicrous stories, purporting to represent engagements between the British and the Americans. On these occasions Jonathan would run home in a fright, and report an engagement—"Can not be possible." "Yes but it is though, for I heard the British say 'Cut down the rebels! cut down the rebels!' as plain as they could speak." Such was the contrariety of notes, that they were even said to sing Yankee Doodle.

SILK IN NEW-ENGLAND.

Many of the people in this part of Connecticut are engaged in the culture of silk. In the course of the day we passed many plantations of mulberry trees. The spinning time was over, and the trees were almost divested of their leaves. I saw a great deal of the silk hanging on the fences, as if to dry; it consisted of small hanks, of a bright yellow, and if I am not mistaken, white. There is a town, Enfield, if I mistake not, where the citizens pursue nothing else. I once saw a large trunk full of beautiful sewing silk, manufactured there. It was superior to any imported; as to texture, I never saw any so strong, round, or smooth. It consisted of every color, which appeared equal to, if not superior, to any imported. The gentleman, however, to whom it belonged, said that he could not sell it at cost, owing to the cheapness of imported silk.

On this day, too, I for the first time saw domestic bees in the atlantic country. I ought to have mentioned taking in some passengers at Windham, two very fine women indeed, one of them a married lady, stopped, however, before night, and would make me rest a while at her house. The scenery throughout the whole way was unspeakably handsome, always some handsome farm, swelling hill, rolling stream, or white steeple in view. You are hardly ever out of sight of white steeples, in the New-England states; and so sure as you see a steeple, you are sure to find a grogshop, or tavern, standing near it. It is matter of great amusement to see the eyes of the passengers in the coaches, how they sparkle when they are drawing near one of those steeples. In New-England, it is church and gin; in New-York, it is church and wine; in Pennsylvania, church and state: every soul of them is for blending the church with something, though they cannot agree in opinion. I asked a passenger one day, "why they built the taverns so near the churches?" He answered "because the *minister* always gets dry a

preaching, and wants a drink as soon as he is done." This man must have been a wag, for surely parsons do not drink.

PROVIDENCE.

About 10 o'clock we arrived at Providence, and the taverns were so full, that it was with great difficulty I got in at the Franklin House. They were all in bed but the barkeeper, and he, a very obliging young man, brought a bed into the parlour, where I sat, and made it himself, upon the floor. I was forcibly struck by the kindness and hospitality of this young man, he must be something uncommon; not one in a thousand would have done what he did, for of all people, (when they have a good run,) unless you meet with a real gentleman, tavernkeepers have the least feeling. But in justice to Providence, all the taverns in the place are well kept; I have been at them all, and all have obliging landlords, and the charges are low, about one-third per day less than any tavern south of New-York. The gentleman who keeps the Franklin is named *Hodges*.

What became of the pirate, and a great many others we had taken up I cannot tell. One little, genteel girl, I pittied her, but the driver had the goodness to go with her to some friend, with whom she had come to abide.

It is my delight and my pride, (and appears to be the delight of my friends,) to separate the chaff from the wheat—to expose meanness, and hold up noble actions. But some say, "who made you a judge, coming out of the woods, amongst people of refinement—reared amongst Indians, wolves, and bears, you have a great deal of assurance:" To which I answer, just because it suits my humor; and by the way, I see many things in this refined country that would be none the worse of a little amending. But before I proceed farther, I must advert to a few of those saucy Yankees, my old acquaintances;

the editor of the Literary Cadet, and all the editors; the more I scold them the better they like me. The saucy rogues, they almost tore me to pieces, out of pure joy to see me, and I must say, I was somewhat pleased myself. But the Literary Cadet—I shall not forget his impudence in letting the cat out, about the pipe; it has now got abroad, and my fortune is ruined beyond redemption. These literary people, whether cadets or not, are always doing one piece of mischief or another. But I shall Black-book them all.

It was two years nearly since I was in Providence, and found it improved for the time more than any town except New-York. A number of fine buildings had been erected in a superior style of taste and elegance, particularly near the market. Those buildings, of singular beauty, must attract the admiration of every stranger. They were then engaged in building an arcade, which it appears is to rival that of New-York. After seeing most of the towns in the United States, upon a second view of Providence, I must say, it is the handsomest city; it ought to be. Though, like most of the New-England towns, they stick to their *select* men. I cannot bear the name, there is so much indigo in it, and savors so much of sour bigotry—I abhor the name. Notwithstanding they have the example of Boston before their eyes, they stick to their *select* men. But as it is, Providence is increasing fast, and is a very handsome town. The streets are always clean and neat, without any trouble to the citizens. It is decidedly the neatest town in the Union that I have seen. It would be difficult in many of the streets to soil a cambric handkerchief. This neatness is owing to the nature of its situation, which lies descending to the river on both sides; the rains, therefore, wash the streets and carry the filth into the river.

I found all my friends well except Mrs. Spencer, who was gone to receive her reward. I missed her much. She was my landlady when I first visited Providence—a most deserving woman. His Excellency Governor

Fenner I was proud to see, and his beautiful situation; Judge Martin, Mr. Brown, &c. &c. None of these, however, seemed to feel the same pleasure evinced by the editors in toto. I do not recollect a missionary editor in the place. I hope I shall ever be grateful for the distinction, which is no small one, to share alike the confidence and esteem of two powerful and respectable parties, is the greatest honor to which any citizen could aspire.

On this visit I formed several new acquaintances, particularly Mr. Moses Brown, the venerable patriarch of the Friends in Rhode Island; the Rev. Wayland, president of Brown College, and Col. J. B. Wood. Mr. Brown is 88 years of age, a man of considerable wealth, and most excellent character. In his long life, not a single blot has stained his reputation. He remembers since there were but three houses on the east side of the bridge. He informed me that Roger Williams persecuted the Quakers with great bitterness and rancor. Upon my expressing much surprise at this (as Williams himself was compelled to fly for his life from persecuting christians, so called,) he took down a book and showed me the facts as they were recorded in the book; I think it was called "Crosbee's History of Babblers," a very good name for all such blood-spilling priests. Is it not astonishing that, give a *christian* priest power, and he immediately begins the work of death. If there is a hell, there will be more of those clerical butchers in it than highway-men, and yet they have the impudence to aim at power again. No, Mr. Priests, any people but you, a Turk, an Algerine; one might stand some chance for their lives under them. This Roger Williams, from all accounts, would have murdered every Quaker in America, if he could have got hold of them. Those who fled to him for safety he banished; and it was those who settled Newport, viz. William Harris, John Smith, Joshua Verin, Francis Weeks, a young lady, a lad of Richard Waterman's, and one other. These having fled for their lives from the persecutions of other New-Eng-

land towns, came to seek refuge of Roger Williams, and he refusing to give them shelter, they wandered about in the woods, suffering innumerable hardships, and at length escaped to Rhode Island Proper, the same where Newport now is.

Mr. Brown still retains all his faculties, and is a man of great information. He has one of the handsomest situations in the town, though like Judge Fenner's, it lies on the edge of the town, and consists of a valuable farm and a large elegant house. His wife is dead. He had no person in the house with him, but a Miss Harris, a grand daughter of his. He was quite active, and walks or rides to town almost every day. He is a low man, and dresses in the Quaker style. He has the most open, benevolent, countenance in the world.

He was sitting at a table reading, when I entered his room, his hoary head, his plain dress, and his mild aspect, was deeply interesting. How much more like a christian he looked than those ferocious fanatics who have nothing but the gospel in their mouth? He had a very fierce looking protuberance on the end of his nose, which he told me he was afraid was a cancer, and for his sake I feared so too. He appeared to be very fond of the young lady, Miss Harris, and she seemed equally fond of him. He had a great library, and papers and books were strewn on a small table which sat not in the middle of the floor as is common, but against the wall. Miss Harris is always with him in the room, and knows where to find every book and paper, when asked for. But I observed that if he was in haste for a book, he got up and walked to the case quite brisk, and got the book himself. Miss Harris was a middle sized young lady, exceedingly plain in her dress; sweetness, modesty, and smiles were her only ornaments. Mr. Brown has a large beautiful grass plat before his door, and his house is handsomely shaded; I could have spent a week listening to his interesting conversation, whereas I only spent about thirty minutes. Such is Moses Brown, the pride of Providence. Every stranger who stops any time in Provi-

dence, upon inquiring for interesting objects, the citizens never fail to mention Moses Brown as the first object. I heard of him on my first visit to Providence, but was at that time unable to see him. Upon taking leave of him, I called on P. W., but I found a great difference. P. W. is a great long sloony, with a gloomy countenance, an orthodox I'll venture, from the crown of his head to the soal of his foot. Since I was at Providence, they have mended the College windows, to prevent the students from poking out their heads to look at strangers; drove off the President and elected a new one. But I by no means admire their choice. If ever Brown College flourishes under such a gloomy fanatic, I am mistaken. Give me Yale College yet, before all the Brown or *Black* Colleges in the country; I am astonished at the trustees, who either wish their College to flourish, or they do not; if they do, why do they not place men at the head of it that look like men, instead of these frightful Don Dismals, who look as though they were just going to give up the ghost. Common sense ought to point out to the most ignorant, that any man who has no more sense than to think religion consists in a long face and gloomy countenance, has not sense enough to teach youth; if they look at him I am certain it would frighten every idea out of their heads. It is impossible to blind people any longer, even a boy must see at a glance, that this man is either a fool or a hypocrite.

This is one reason why society improves so slow. The practice of putting those hypocritical men at the head of literary institutions, defeats the object they have in view. The excuse is, that young men being by nature inclined to immorality, they will take a bias from a good moral christian, and so they would. But are these monkish looking men christians? They have the least of it of any professional men in our country. A christian is cheerful; they are gloomy; a christian is sociable, open and candid, they are morose, contracted and deceitful; a christian is kind and charitable, they are cruel and unfeeling; they have an outward show of religion, a christian has

the inward principle and proves it by his actions; he is generous and charitable to the distressed of his species. If the student therefore imitates these priests at all, he will be more ignorant and a worse man than if he had never went to college. I cannot see why a good sound staid lawyer cannot be preferred to those squash-headed parsons who have neither heart nor soul. Our judges, whom it is clear, are men of the first dignity, probity, and honour in the country, are taken from the lawyers. A judge has the highest trust of any set of men in our country, and yet there never was an instance of one being taken from the clergy. But we want priests to teach our children piety, honour, and virtue; then you choose the last men in the world to effect your purpose. Make your son learned in the first place, enlarge the powers of his mind, his thinking powers, keep priests from him till you have stowed his mind with knowledge, and by this means enable him to think for himself. When his rational powers are fully developed, he will see what is his good; his path enlightened by science, becomes plain, and he pursues it with pleasure; he can then see virtue and vice in their true colors, and will avoid the one and pursue the other. Knowledge is happiness; ignorance is misery; learning is liberty; ignorance is slavery.

Upon going into the corner house facing the market, one day, where I had left some books, I was suddenly struck by the appearance of a fine looking portly man, whom it appears was the proprietor of the shop, and whom I did not see when I stepped in the previous day to lay the books on the counter, till I took a short walk. He accosted me in the language of a gentleman, asked if this was Mrs. R., &c. &c., and taking out his pocket-book Samaritan-like bought two of my books. Of all the virtues none stands so high as charity, the man or the woman who possesses it, is the most enviable character on earth. With what admiration do we view a man when in the act of extending relief to distress; nor will such a man ever want an "earthly friend, for he ever has a heavenly one." This gentleman is stout, middle aged, fair

complexion, and full round face; but his countenance—in his countenance kind charity holds her sway; I would go fifty miles to see such a man; his name is J. B. Wood. I have found many kind men, many benevolent, many charitable, and many gentlemen, in fact, I believe there is little goodness or badness going but I have seen; but Mr. B. is like no one but himself.

I sought my friends, the masons, who gave me bread when I was an hungered, and a stranger in Providence. I sought them up and down, but could not find them, which grieved me sore. I pressed the hands, however, of N. Green, N. Secal, J. Miller, and L. Tillinghurst, Esqrs. who were equally kind, also Mr. Peabody. I did not like my friend Pickering's reception at all, I believe there is something in names, I found an unhandsome reception from one of the same name since. Mr. P. did take the book, but he did not do it with that prompt cordiality common to a gentleman and a christian. I found an amiable man likewise in Mr. Thomas R——s; but General C***** is the greatest brute in Providence, a missionary, no doubt. I found a few other jib-nosed, safe-fron faced things, not worth noticing. Upon the whole, Providence contains many most excellent people, sociable, friendly, and an unaffected gentility in their manners. In their appearance they differ visibly from those of Connecticut or Boston; their faces are fuller, their eyes are larger and darker, and their countenance more staid and determined. The countenance of the former are more flexible. Providence is a perfect thorough-fare of strangers, all who travel either for business or pleasure from north to south, must necessarily pass through this place. Attracted by the beauty of the place, and the cheapness of living, and the engaging manners of the people; the taverns are crowded during the summer months. It has a large capital, and does much business. Some of the most wealthy and enterprising merchants in New-England have their residence in Providence. At Providence, I saw, for the first time, a Chinese; a young man about twenty years of age; he attended on the table in the ca-

capacity of a servant, and seemed to perform his duty with the same skill and dispatch as other servants do. He was in appearance much like an Indian, though not so handsomely shaped; his face was uncommonly broad and blockish, his forehead narrow and angled, his color was about that of a bright mulatto, his countenance sullen and ill-natured; of all people they must be the most suspicious, and (if they resemble him) the least discerning. Taking my candle in my hand one night, and going through the kitchen to speak to some of the stage drivers, this servant got between me and the door, and asked, "where you go dat candlestick, (it was silver) who ar you;" and taking the candlestick out of my hand, gave me an old *tin* one, and the moment I was out of the door he fastened it, and no entreaty could induce him to open it, which put me to a great deal of trouble to go round to the front door. It is quite probable he did not know I had put up there, but it was characteristic. He appeared, however, much mortified next day, when he found me at the table, and was very attentive. Providence is the residence of the Hon. N. R. Knight, a Senator in Congress for the state. Mr. Knight lives in very elegant style, and ranks amongst the first gentlemen in New England.

VISIT TO NEWPORT, R. I.

Having been twice in Rhode Island without seeing the capitol of the state, (Newport,) I took a jaunt to that place by land, the better to see the country. You can go either by land or by water.

I took the coach in high spirits, being told I should see the Eden of America. Newport lies south of Providence, thirty miles distant from Rhode Island, which gives name to the state. The island is fifteen miles in length, and averages three and an half miles in width. Upon leaving Providence, the land is flat and as even as a house floor.

It is of middling soil, and the farms and dwellings nothing extraordinary between Providence and the island. The scenery; however, has interest enough to compensate the traveller; the prospect though not varied, is very extensive; but this was not new to me, having seen it two years since as I sailed down Providence river. Fifteen miles from Providence we pass the town of Bristol, pleasantly situated; has considerable trade, and contains a population of 3,200 inhabitants. The celebrated king Philip lived at this place. At length the stage sat us down on the bank of a considerable river which bounds the island. A tavern and ferry is kept at this place, but no ferrymen was to be found, which proves that the laws of the state (if there be any) are little regarded. We found an ordinary man (the steersman) at the boat when we arrived, he wanted both legs; and when I reproached him for his want of promptness and attention to strangers, he talked as impudent as though he had twenty legs. He had lost his legs, he said, by the frost. I found this place the hottest of any part of the northern states, and being nearly overcome by the heat, while waiting for the ferrymen, a gentleman who was crossing the river with us, very politely offered me his chaise to sit in till they arrived. This river is part of the sea which flows up from Naraganset bay, and forms the island. When at length we arrived on the opposite shore, we found no person to carry our baggage to the tavern, (which was some distance from the river) at which place another coach stood ready to convey us to Newport. Every man, therefore, (and woman too) must shoulder his own baggage. The gentleman whose politeness is already mentioned, put my trunk in his chaise and carried it to the tavern. The passengers who came with me from Providence, being neither more nor less than your rough Jonathans, and one or two women, no better polished than themselves.

At this tavern we dine, that is, all who wish to do so. None however took dinner but myself, and no person would guess in a month the amount of my bill, and an excellent dinner it was, twelve and an half cents! The ta-

vern-keeper is a Quaker, though it was his wife who furnished the dinner, he being absent; she was a very amiable woman, young and handsome.

After leaving the tavern, the air became more pleasant, the breeze from the ocean being sensibly felt. As we drive on to Newport, we have the bay on our right and left, however, not always in sight. Upon the whole, I was rather disappointed in the appearance of this far-famed island. It is certainly very fertile, but the farms were neither large nor neat, the flatness of the land, and the absence of timber, gives it a sameness which did not particularly interest me. Had I not heard the island so generally extolled, I would doubtless have been better pleased. Its beauty consists in its uniform evenness, and the water which surrounds it. I saw some fine meadows, orchards, and gardens, but the houses were not remarkable. It is said 40,000 sheep are reared annually on the island, besides vast numbers of horses and cattle. Here, for the first time, I saw green houses, that is, houses painted green. Those recently painted, look very handsome; those which were not, looked shocking, being disfigured with white spots and stripes from the rain.

It appears that the British, when in possession of Newport in the revolutionary war, cut down all the timber on the island for fuel. The citizens, however, have planted a number of trees around their houses which serves as an ornament, as well as a protection from the heat of the sun.

Within a few miles of Newport, the driver, it appeared, had a stopping place—a vulgar looking tippling house, which seemed to be filled with rough, ill-looking people. The other passengers got out of the stage, I refused, which gave great offence to the driver, as he was in the habit of bringing custom to the house no doubt, and to be revenged, because I would not get out doubtless, and drink with the ruffians, he kept me waiting fully half an hour, and was very insolent. When he saw his own time, he came out with the passengers, and we proceeded to Newport; as we drew near the town we saw a very

splendid mansion, and the remains of a fortification erected by the British in the time of the revolution. About an hour before sunset we arrived at Newport, at Mr. Townsend's tavern where I was recommended. The gentleman was absent, but Mrs. Townsend, with great promptness and dispatch, had a cup of tea and other refreshments prepared for me upon my arrival, being almost exhausted from the heat of the day.

NEWPORT.

Newport is a very handsome town, in Naraganset bay. It rises gradually up from the shore, and shows to great advantage from the water; but the view from the highest part of the town is strikingly grand. It contains a state-house, a female academy, eleven churches, a public library, and 7,300 inhabitants. It is said to have the finest air, the finest harbor, and the finest fish in the world. A great number of gentlemen from the south, with their families, spend their summers at Newport, in preference to the springs or any part of the Union. It is a perfect rendezvous of taste and fashion during the summer months, and boarding houses are regularly prepared here as at the watering places to receive company. It has however very little trade, and does little business, being eclipsed by Providence. This, once the greatest commercial town in the United States, lost the whole of its trade in the revolution. Its fine paved streets are in many places over-grown with grass, and the state-house, a noble building, looks as though it were never pressed by human foot. This is never used, but during the sessions of the legislature; the beautiful square in front of it is grown up with grass and weeds, and the whole has the appearance of being deserted. I was told the library was valuable, but unfortunately the librarian was absent with the key, and I could neither see the books nor the catalogue. The building in which it is contained, is large and splendid.

Newport, notwithstanding all its misfortunes, is the seat of much taste and refinement, many of the first gentlemen in the state have their residence in Newport, and though they have not even the shadow of a police, and scarcely any trade, they maintain the appearance of much wealth and very interesting society. The citizens are affable in their manners, kind and hospitable to strangers, as any town in New England. The Hon. Dutee Pearce, Representative to Congress, resides in Newport, a most amiable and gentlemanly man. Mr. P. is of a middling stature, of young appearance, and good figure; his face is round and full, his complexion dark, and his features manly and striking, his countenance at once noble and benevolent, is peculiarly attractive, but the charity of his full soft black eye takes you captive, honey drops from his tongue, and grace mark his every gesture; such is Mr. Pearce of Newport. This town is the soil of human excellence. Besides Mr. P., the Hon. Thomas Pitman, Hon. W. C. Gibbs, Hon. Charles Collins, Hon. Christian, General Champlin, Colonel C. M. Thurston, Colonel A. Monroe, and many others, are gentlemen distinguished for learning and politeness. But of all the citizens of Newport, I was most sensibly struck by the appearance and manners of the Brigadier General of the state, who likewise honors Newport with his residence. This is neither more nor less than General Newton, the Chesterfield, as well as the Brigadier General of *all* Rhode Island. It is lucky for posterity that heaven directed my steps to Newport, otherwise in all probability it would have been deprived even of the name of this renowned General; but fortunately for him and future generations, fate decreed it otherwise, and alike with other great men, he goes down to posterity with all his blushing honors thick upon him.

Being told, I must not fail to pay my respects to Gen. N——, whom it appears is a wholesale and retail merchant, and does business upon a *large* scale; and being withal, partial to officers, for the sake of my husband, who happened to be one, not, however, so distinguished

as our hero of Newport. Upon going into his store, I enquired for the gentleman—asked if he was in—being answered in the affirmative, I looked round, expecting to see some tall elegant personage, of course; seeing no person but the clerk, of whom I had enquired, and some ladies, who were shopping; I asked the clerk to point him out to me. “There he is,” said the clerk, pointing to a small animal, who was squatting close under one of the bottom shelves of the store. I saw the thing upon my entrance, but thinking it was a babboon, probably tied there for the general’s amusement, I never thought of saluting it. Upon this, I turned round to look at it again, and suspecting the clerk, I asked, “if he was the brigadier?” it grinned at me, and replied “it was.” I instantly quit the store, thinking my friends had just sent me there to afford a laugh, which proved to be the case. But his person; he is in height not quite so tall as the Puppy-skin Parson; about five feet, I should think, and about the size of a full grown raccoon, which he resembles in phiz. His appointment does honor to the state, and proves the judiciousness of the choice, for they are certain never to lose him in battle, as it would require the best Kentucky rifleman to hit him at a hundred yards distance. But what general N. lacks in size, is made up in soul and spirit; the very pink of gallantry, the ladies after this must ever admire him while living and worship at his shrine when dead. I have understood since, that the general was deeply smitten with my charms, a case that often happens. It ought to have been observed, that his aid lives within a few doors of him, and eeks him out in any little emergency. It appears they laid their heads together, that same evening, to do honor to so distinguished a visitor, and the result was a most charming *serenade*. I certainly felt flattered, though I have understood since, that some of the connoisseurs undertook to criticise upon his music, and that he has ever since gone by the name of the *Tin-pan* general.

At Newport, I was once more gratified with a view of another beach, much more interesting than that

at Old Point. It was over a mile in length, and affords an extensive view of the ocean. This beach is admired by all who visit Newport. Near Newport, there is a great natural curiosity, called Purgatory. It is a large cavity in a high ledge of rocks, twelve feet in diameter at top, and forty feet deep to the water. Being worn out with fatigue, I did not visit Purgatory, which was said to be three or four miles off. Another curiosity is found in the town of Newport, called the *Mill*; and although it is evidently the work of man, no one now living can give any account of it. It consists of rough stone, built on arches, about fifteen feet, perhaps more, in height, of a circular figure, about ten feet in diameter. It stands on the highest part of the town, and appears to have been built without mortar. It was found there when Newport was first settled; some suppose it was built by Indians, and others think by the French of Canada.

There is a lace factory at Newport, which employs a great number of females. The lace is wove at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and brought to Newport, by the proprietors, and there, the females are engaged to flower it. Though I ought to be sparing of my opinion in matters of which I cannot be said to be a judge, I should say the work is tastefully and skillfully done. It consists of veils, caps, handkerchiefs, &c. which look rich and beautiful.

I was told, there was a flourishing academy for young ladies, and also one for boys, in the town, but I did not visit either.

There were a number of distinguished strangers in Newport, when I called; and amongst others, major general W. Scott, and a general he is; he completely out-generalled me. I called at his boarding-house, to get a sight of so renowned an officer, and at the same time, pay to him my respects. I sent up my card, and received for answer, that he was particularly engaged, but would see me next morning after breakfast. Next morning I called, when lo! the general was gone, and left no apology! he must be another Chesterfield. Perhaps he and

the brigadier had been recently taking lessons from the *Pink*. But of all the amusing sights, a parcel of stage actors, who boarded at the same house, with myself, were the most so; one of them, however, was quite a genteel man. They were all from New-York, as I was told, and played "high life below stairs," to perfection. The principal was an Englishman and his wife. These made a great appearance, and were taken for lord and lady somebody, when they arrived. At length, however, it was discovered they were play-actors, from New-York. But the airs—I thought I had seen affectation before. The lady would take her seat at the breakfast table, in a sort of negligent loll, with her side almost foremost; thus she would sit, till the gentleman, between scolding, cursing, getting up, and getting down, and running after the servant, prepared something for her and himself to eat. This took up so much time, that generally every one was done breakfast. But his trouble and vexation did not end here; sometimes the coffee would be too cold, sometimes too hot, too strong, or too something. The boy would be sent back, to put this to rights, and would stay so long, that the gentleman would first call, and then get up and go after him, cursing him all the way; meantime, the lady, dressed in the extreme, would sometimes lay her head on one shoulder, and sometimes on the other, in the most soft and languishing attitudes. When all things were ready, she would sip about a tea-spoonful of coffee, and sometimes, though seldom, put a small crumb of bread in her mouth. I heard of a lady once, who cut a pea in half; this must have been the lady. It would sometimes happen, that the *heggs* were too ard. All the English, it appears, are fond of *heggs*. They were middle aged people, and not unhandsome; the lady, particularly, was a fine figure, very fine features, and a pretty countenance, but her face had a crust of red upon it. Any one may take a lesson from this incident; upon good breeding, just act in opposition to the conduct of this man, if you wish to be thought a gentleman; none but low raised people, put on those airs.

Having mentioned my landlord, Mr. Townsend, it remains to say, what I never fail to say, of every tavern-keeper; that is, whether he be worthy or not, of public patronage. This becomes a triple duty—I owe it to the man, himself; I owe it to the public and to my own reputation; as so great a part of the comfort and happiness of travellers, depend on the public houses. Not only duty, but justice, therefore, requires it of me, to speak of those men, agreeably to their merit. Mr. Townsend, of Newport, is not only a good tavernkeeper, but a very amiable man, and highly deserving of public patronage; and no better woman breathes, than Mrs. Townsend.

RETURN TO PROVIDENCE.

Having satisfied myself with every thing in and about Newport, I took the steamboat to Providence, and who should be my fellow passenger, but colonel Wood, of Providence. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter; which last, a most accomplished young lady, had just completed her education, at the academy, at Newport. She appeared at once, to possess all the genuine warm-heartedness of her father, and resembled him in her manners; which is saying as much as can be said in her favor. She was of good size and figure, and all sweetness in her manners. Mrs. W. was also one of the first females. After dining, and taking leave of my friends, I took the advantage of the coolness of the afternoon to visit Pawtucket.

PAWTUCKET

A small manufacturing village, near Providence, where I intended to spend the night, and proceed on to Boston, next day.

In my first journey through the United States, I paid about an hour's visit to this celebrated village, but found the proprietors unwilling to give me any information on the subject. This is the case still; after every descent attempt to come at the amount of capital, or quantity of cotton manufactured, I gave it up. Several large manufacturing buildings have been erected, since my first visit, one in particular, by a Mr. Green, one of the proprietors. This building is strongly fortified, as if the proprietor feared an invasion; this is on the Massachusetts side, the river Pawtucket, being the line between the two states. It appears, the proprietors are disputing about the right to the falls, and have appealed to the laws of their country, to decide the right. The story is a very long one, and amounts to this simply, this Green, it appears, took the advantage of the original proprietors, in fact, if not in law, and taking the water out of the river, by going higher up, on the opposite side of the original owners, and drew off so much of the water, that the old proprietors were injured. This created a lawsuit between the parties, which is, as I was told, not yet determined. I saw a long and learned opinion of judge Story's on the subject, which I did not read.

These factories are well known to be at the falls of Pawtucket, a very singular curiosity. The rock over which it falls, being evidently worn away, for some distance; the force of the water is such, that it wears the rock on which it pours, into furrows, and deep circular holes; The whole exhibiting the appearance of a perfect honey-comb. The rock runs across the river, in a very uneven, zigzag line, fifty feet in height.

Upon retiring to my room, or chamber rather, up stairs, (no such thing as chambers on the first story in New-England,) I took a chair fronting the Main street, and for the benefit of the air, near the window. The servant raised the sash—placed a glass of water near me—my books, papers, pen, ink, &c. and withdrew to bring my tea—one of the greatest, (some would say flip, sling, wine, &c.) luxuries on a summer's evening. It is

indeed always a luxury when a person is fatigued. But on the evening of a warm day, after undergoing the fatigue which so often falls to my share, after paying and receiving all your visits, to sit aloft in a large room, (a small room I cannot endure,) your table, your newspapers, &c. &c. your toast and tea, drawn close to a window—a mountain, a river, a street, or some novelty to engage your eye, as you sip your tea—is one of the greatest luxuries the world can bestow. This evening I was blest with the whole, and not a wish ungratified. The Pawtucket was before me, winding through steep hills of the richest green; a street was under my window, the factories, the oxen, horses, old women, boys, and factory girls—it was charming—delightful. As I sat in the full enjoyment of every earthly blessing, I observed a man standing in a shop door, looking earnestly at me. He was on the opposite side of the street; a thick, chubby Yankee, without coat or hat—sleeves rolled up, and a segar stuck in his mouth. After ascertaining in his own mind, as he seemed to do, the identity of my person, he was immediately seized with the figits. He turned round two or three times, in the first place, rubbing his arms, and now pulling his sleeves down, and now pulling them up; at length, after going into the shop and bringing out two or three shopkeepers, and pointing me out to them, he ran up street, stopping at every door, telling the news and pointing to my window. In a moment, every door was crowded, the street, every boy and factory girl had a good view of me. The hero of the farce, the chubby fellow, seemed almost beside himself, (no doubt he is to receive a premium for the discovery,) he continued to run about in an extacy. After gratifying the citizens, as I thought, sufficiently with a sight of my person, I drew back out of sight, but continued to amuse myself with passing objects nevertheless. The first thing was an old man, with very long legs, and rode on an old, gaunt, long-sided horse. The old man looked dry, hard and thin as a side of soal-leather, and his horse looked as though he had fared

equally hard. The saddle and bridle was all of a piece, all had seen hard times. He alighted from his Rozinante, and the bridle over the head of a barrel, in front of a dry-good store, and untying a wallet from behind his saddle, walked into the store—very probably a customer. The next object that particularly struck me, was a greasy cook in a blue calico gown and an old greasy calash on her head; she was stout and strong, and though a cook, has as good a claim to a place in my book as a *King*. Cooks are useful people, and have rights as well as other people; and to come to the point at once, are a class of people to whom we are as much indebted as to senators and statesmen—very probable the toast and tea, upon which I was then regaling, was prepared by this same cook. I wish I knew her name, and her story, I would launch out in praise of one cook at least. The factory bell now rung, and shoals of factory girls poured out of the buildings. These girls have a very awkward appearance, and a vacancy of countenance that betokens great ignorance. Finding nothing more amusing, I ordered a candle and betook myself to writing.

JOURNEY TO BOSTON.

Next day, as the stage came by from Providence, I bid adieu to Pawtucket, and pursued my journey. The landlord at Pawtucket, is another fine tavernkeeper; a very worthy man, and keeps an excellent house; but I do not recollect his name *

And who should I find in the coach but my friend, Col. Wood, of Providence, again. This was a perfect treat. To travel to Boston with such an amiable man, almost reconciled me to a missonary who was passen-

* I was close upon the heels of Gen. W. Scott at this place, but he escaped me.

ger in the coach. I would think these black-coats outnumber the heathen. The missionary had a hard time of it, as may be supposed; every now and then the amiable W. would beg for him. I would then accuse him of coalition: "Oh no, Mrs. R., but I have one little corner of my heart always filled with charity." We had a very unpleasant ride, from the heat of the day, and the dust nearly stifled us.

BOSTON.

I parted with my friend at Boston; he stopped at the Marlborough, and I went to my old place, No. 14, Brattle street, the noisiest street in the United States. More coaches pass through Brattle street in a day, than any ten streets, except Market street, in Albany, that can be numbered; and such is the nature of the pavement, and the height of the houses, that it is one continued peal of thunder. I am told that there is scarcely a set of sound brains in Brattle street. In the first place, there are two hourly to Charleston, three to Salem, and three returning. Then there is Quinsey, Plymouth, and more than I can count, though I have counted them often enough.

I found my landlady, Mrs. Dagget, well, also Mrs. Homes; both hopeful converts of Dr. Beecher's. Well done for the Doctor, he is successful amongst the women. I found a few more hopeful converts, these women too! Oh, shame on my sex! I would rather be any thing than a woman on these terms. Little John, that used to be, was almost grown to be a man, the only person, and Mrs. Adams, the cook, who appeared glad in reality to see me; for women who love priests, love no one else. I was quite delighted to find my friend, Mrs. Adams, still at Mrs. Dagget's; and though in the capacity of a cook, was a very amiable, kind and accomplished female.

She always had something ready for me, come when I would. May heaven reward her and all such.

It will readily be guessed, I lost no time in paying my respects to my friends, and with a beating heart, I sought the well known office of A. A. Dame, my first friend, (I speak of the masons,) in Boston. This man, the worthiest of the worthy, is a lawyer by profession, a young man of pleasing manners, and the best heart in the world. He is a mason. His face is round, complexion fair, his eye a soft blue; but in his countenance, a magic sweetness reigns. His language soft and winning—his actions what his looks bespeak, a friend, a brother, he was all, and more to me; he is the man who feels another's woe. But enough—"conscious virtue is its own reward." But Boston abound with such men, though *my* Dame, as I call him, and Mr. Sparks, were the first I found in the city.

I spent several days in calling on my friends, and was much gratified to find them all well, and what was still better, a cordial welcome, with only one exception, at the custom house.

After leaving Mr. Dame, the next person I called on was the Rev. Jared Sparks; the day was warm, and I found Mr. S. in dishabille, reposing on a sofa. He had just finished arranging Gen. Washington's papers, and selecting such as were most suitable to publish. The General's papers nearly filled the room. It is hardly possible to conceive the bulk of the papers, or the quantity of writing which must have been done by one man. One whole side of a large room, which had been purposely fitted up with shelves for the intention, was filled from the top to the bottom. The greatest part by far, consisted of large books, into which many of his letters were copied in his own handwriting. Throughout the whole of his letters, public and private, his accounts, journals and diaries, the most minute exactness was observed. I looked at a number of his letters, and particularly his diaries. In these last, it was surprising, as well as gratifying, to see almost on every page so much in alms, mostly small sums, though there were many in-

stances of large donations. His writing is remarkably plain, and his style, (though being no judge, I ought not to give an opinion,) is plain, clear, neat and comprehensive. He has kept an account of every cent or shilling expended from his youth up, and also a journal. The quantity of matter, therefore, from his long and busy life, may be supposed to be voluminous. They would form a vast library of themselves, and would cost a large sum to print them. Mr. Sparks did tell me how many volumes he was going to publish, and the size, but I do not recollect. He has doubtless selected the part most interesting, and a better judge could not have been employed. From the ability and literary talents of Mr. Sparks, we may expect to see those interesting papers exhibited to the public in a style which must ensure success.

Mr. Sparks informed me he was going to Europe to obtain subscriptions for the work—success and happiness attend him; both the subject and the man deserves the confidence, esteem and patronage of the world.

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Sparks did not fail to compliment me on my health, enterprize and success since we first met. I asked him, in my turn, why he overlooked my works in his North American, which he did: "Ah," said he, with one of those soft smiles peculiar to him, "you know, Mrs. R., I was afraid of you." He is the last man, however, that ought to fear me.

Every one remembers the attack of Mr. Hill, the editor of the Lyceum, upon my Tennesseean, and very probably they recollect my reply. Shortly after my arrival, a friend of his and mine suggested the idea of an interview between us. "You will be pleased with Mr. Hill," said my friend, "he is exactly a man after your own heart, he is one of the best hearted men in the world." I certainly did intend to call on Mr. Hill, in any event an admirer of literary men or women, it is equally our duty, and ought to be our pleasure, to pay to them the highest respect. Accordingly I called on Mr. Hill, fully intending to be pleased with him, from

the information I received from my friend. The instant he discovered who I was, he flew to meet me with a smile, and in a moment of time we were as great friends as Damon and Pythias, bating the trial to which *their* friendship was put. Our pleasure was mutual and extravagant, and the interview more than confirmed the report of my friend; Mr. H. being one of the finest men in the world. He is a small man, and appears to consist wholly of soul and spirits. His figure is good, his face round, and of a delicate fair, his features are regular, with a full blue eye; his forehead is high, square, and smooth; his countenance is mildness and innocence itself, but genius flashes in his eye; his address is peculiar, he has an involuntary motion of the head inimitable, which gives the happiest felicity of insuring attention, this is an elevation of chin, and an inclination of the head back, this is done with ineffable grace. He has the most alluring countenance of any earthly being. His voice is varied and fine, but his excellence lies in his mind, deep, pure, and chaste; he is the best belles-lettres scholar of his age, perhaps in the Union, being very young to have cultivated fine writing to such an extent as he evidently has. The saucy Yankee, he has had the presumption to criticise upon my friend Rev. Sparks. I was the first, I believe, who informed Mr. S. of the matter, he laughed and said, "no doubt but he deserved it, it was the best thing that could have happened to him, it would be the means of making him more attentive hereafter."

Mr. H. is a young gentleman of great wealth, and merely writes for the amusement it affords him.

From the manner in which he was first mentioned to me, I was led to believe him quite the opposite to what I found him. I expected to have seen a most detestable fop instead of

"Simplicity in attic vest,
 "And innocence with candid breast:
 "And clear undaunted eye,
 "A vista to the sky."

Mr. Hill was dressed in the most negligent manner, even without a coat. He has the most animating countenance I ever beheld, when speaking his eyes fairly dance in his head. Such is Mr. Hill, the editor of the *Lyceum*.

I was now in the midst of my friends, the editors in Congress-street. Congress-street ought to be called Editor-street. Here is the *Lyceum*, the *Statesman*, the *Boston Commercial*, the *Sentinel*, *Zion's Herald*, the *Palladium*, and the *Daily*. On the opposite side toward the Exchange is my friend the *Patriot*. However, these may pull wigs upon politics, they are staunch friends of mine. Well I knew where to find them, the course on the pavement was as familiar to me, as though I had never been out of the city. All the same kind friends, the same cordial welcome, and the same warm pressure of the hand. The *Commercial* was the only exception. The *Commercial* had lost its able editor, Colonel Knapp, and is now in the hands of a "Missionary General." This man, agreeably to his calling, within a few days of my arrival in the city, not only slandered me in his paper, but published a falsehood upon my friend Flint of the *Western Review*. I went to his office with a view of drawing his picture, but my gentleman took care not to show his face. Finding no one in the office, but a great awkward clown; I asked him, "where the editor was?" "I am the editor," said the booby, "what you? such a great beef-headed fellow as you editor of a paper," saying this, I turned round and ran down stairs. He was one of your right down flat-footed ox-drivers. Next morning, with the exception of a falsehood, (is it not disgraceful to man, that these religious editors so called, cannot tell truth,) the best thing appeared in his paper; he said, "I came into the office, and looked round with ineffable contempt, I cursed them all, and run down stairs with the agility of a cat." The latter is probably true, the first is not. Was it not for the falsehood, I would have given him credit for his wit, but show me a Missionary who will not lie, and I will show you a wonder;

and as to the General,* I have to remark, which I intend for the whole Missionary Editorial corps, that the man or beast rather, who slanders a female, unites the meanness of a coward, the baseness of a traitor, and the cruelty of a savage in his character, and has no more title or part in any thing that is christian, than the most ferocious wild beast. Every man who is not a Missionary will join me in this opinion. They *will* not let me alone, they may take their deserts.

My friend, Mr. Green, was glad (or appeared so) to see me; I owe that young man much; but his brother (a white headed Yankee) was saucy to me, I dare say, Mr. N. G. will give him a castigation for it. Messrs. B. and R. of the Palladium, are very amiable men, and our pleasure at meeting once more was mutual. Next is Major Russell of the Sentinel, a good-natured gentleman of 60; he is always very busy reading French papers, and can hardly take time to shake hands. He sits in a straight and narrow way, which he and his papers nearly fills up. I am always doubly pleased to see him, having the honor of being connected with his family. My next friend is, the Zion's Herald. The editor, Mr. Sears, is a most amiable man, at once a gentleman and a christian. He is of the Methodist persuasion. Mr. Hale, the editor of the Daily, is the last in the row; he will ever be dear to me, as the first editor that mentioned my name in Boston.

Stepping across the street to pay my respects to the Patriot. I never fail to call on a young man by the name of Heirsy, proprietor of a hat-store; the associations which the sight of this young man always awakens in my bosom, will never allow me to pass by his door without calling. On my first visit to Boston, this young man, and a Mr. Harring were my fellow-travellers from Albany to Springfield. Having business at Springfield, I parted with them there, they pursuing their route to Boston, of which they were citizens. It was from those young

* I am unfortunate latterly amongst the Generals.

men I learned to divest myself of the most deep-rooted prejudice against Boston. Mr. Harring particularly astonished me, when he said, "if I liked his manners, I would like Boston, that they were equally as liberal in their manners." At this moment my prejudice took its flight forever. The Messrs. *Fairbanks* met me next.

There are many amiable men in Boston, more polished, more generous, or more enlightened men can be found no where in our country; but nature has lavished her favors with a bountiful hand on this family. I met with two of them shortly after my *first* visit to Boston, and had they been presented with a draft, they would not have honored it with more promptness. Alike sensible, they were doing an act of beneficence at least, without asking a word, or making any inquiry, such as, "where did you come from? how came you in distress? give an account of yourself? like the black coats, who always remind me of the man who waited for a person who had fallen into a ditch, to tell how he fell in, before he would help him out. Instead of asking what work it was, or what the intention, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, they said, "to be sure, Madam," and put their signatures to the paper. This promptness however, is peculiar to Boston. At the same time I went to a black coat, he gave me nothing but a bundle of tracts, but I could not *eat* tracts, and threw them on the floor.

But to return in my numerous calls, I waited on my friends at the Custom-house, Mr. Gerry, Messrs. Dearborn, Harris, and Rowson, and a great number of clerks, all gave me a polite reception, and a hearty welcome, but Mr. H. H., he ran away and hid himself, for the sake of Boston I was sorry for this. He is the second Yankee who ever run from me. By the way, Mr. Rowson is the husband of the authoress of the celebrated novel, "Charlotte Temple." This lady, whom it is said, was the actual Charlotte, is recently dead, and is represented to have been at once the most accomplished and most amiable female in Boston, and aided greatly by her talents and example in diffusing knowledge and charity to all

around her. She, for a long time, kept one of the first seminaries ever kept in Massachusetts for the instruction of young ladies, and is said to have been one of the most benevolent women in the world; and from all accounts, did more good in her day than any of her sex: Visiting the sick, relieving the widow, the friendless orphan, and instructing the ignorant was her daily pleasure and her pride. I saw several young men, who informed me, she had taken them from indigence, and fed and clothed them, and educated them at her own expense.

Mr. Rowson himself, is a very amiable man, and very charitable. He seems to be about sixty years of age, and (as well as his wife) is much respected in Boston.

Showing a signature to a gentlemen whom neither myself or my agent could decypher, he informed me, it was T. G. Joy. I immediately went to his house, and whom should find there but a lady, Mr. Joy's sister, whom I had walked many a weary step to find. This heavenly female, when I was a stranger in Boston, relieved me in the most delicate manner. I did not apply to her for relief. I applied to none but Masons, nor would I receive the subscription money for my books, lest some accident might happen, and the people might be defrauded or lose their money. But this lady who lives with her brother, he not being in, took the paper and subscribed for him with great cheerfulness. I bid her adieu, and had proceeded some few steps from the door, when she followed me, and put a bank note in my reticule; I objected, but she insisted, and from that day to the present, I could neither find her or tell her name. The J being written like a T, I never could find the person, and receiving numerous signatures in a day, I could not tell which name she put down. It appears, however, that one of my agents found her when the Travels came out, to whom she paid the money again. I was truly distressed at this, as I was at that time above want, it cut me to the heart to think I had appeared to her in a character, which of all others I detest, and would have been the last person who would have been guilty of such meanness. Happily, though I

sought her long, and longed to see one to whom I owed such great obligations. I did not know that my agent had received the money for the books, until the moment I had it in my power to apologise; but all did not save me from the pangs of wretchedness, upon the conviction of having, for a moment, appeared in the light of a base swindler, in the eyes of so much goodness. Miss Joy and her brother, who was now present, saw my distress, and was sensible of my innocence. I presented them with a book, a very poor remuneration for their unparalleled kindness. Mr. Joy and his sister, I believe, are both single—live in the same house, and are alike amiable. They appear to be people of great wealth, and if I mistake not, are *both* literary characters.

The Miss Inches were absent, which I greatly regretted, they being amongst the first females of the city, and ladies to whom I was much indebted.

I was also disappointed in the pleasure of meeting another female, whom I hold in the highest esteem, Mrs. Abigail Ray. I became acquainted with her on my second visit to Boston, which was so short, that I noticed none of the particulars. It appears that this Mrs. R. in the goodness of her heart, sold a great many of my books (the Sketches) herself, without ever having seen me,* but understanding I had no other dependence, she recommended the work first, and then sold it to her friends. Such actions deserve to be engraven on marble, instead of being recorded on frail paper. The Tennessean had arrived in Boston some weeks before I did, and the moment she heard of my arrival, she called to see me; this was highly gratifying, particularly as I had heard of her kindness. We had a long chat, of course, and I had a number of questions to answer respecting my country, education, and childhood. Having to her apparent astonishment, understood that I was reared in the woods, without the benefit of schools or society, she surveyed me earnestly, for some time, and asked "if any more such

*We had met in the street once, but that was all.

flowers grew there?" This was the highest compliment I remember to have received. I was truly sorry, it was not in my power to find her on this visit. My friend, Mrs. Blake, had left this world for a better; she was amongst the first females in Boston, and will long be lamented by the poor. Mr. Bellows, rightly named, like Mr. H. refused to take the book, after subscribing for it. I mentioned the circumstance to some gentlemen, when they told me, he was the meanest man in the city, and that I must lay it on well. A few mornings afterwards, I met Mr. B. walking with some ladies, and told him, "I did not wonder at him, as he was said to be the meanest man in the city;" he turned it off with a laugh, and walked on quite unconcerned. But he and Mr. H. though mean, are not the *worst* men in Boston; general S***** near the Court-House, is a match for them. It appears that the generals cut a shabby figure in the Black Book. This gentleman, at the instance of some friend, I called on, upon my first visit to Boston; he gave me a most ungentelemanly, not to say brutal reception, using such language, as delicacy forbids me to repeat, but amongst other things said, "he would put me in the papers, and prevent my getting any subscribers." I told him, "he was too late;" at that time I had completed my subscription, and was about leaving the city. On this last visit, I paid my respects to the gentleman again, (being under great obligations to him) but found he had not improved his in his manners; he must be a Dublin bully, from name. But the police judge was the most amusing.

Stepping into the old Court-house, to see Wm. Knapp, esq. a most amiable young man, one of the clerks. This Mr. Judge at first, said something about my literary capacity, in a sort of missionary way; and at length ordered me to "pay more respect to the court." I told him "I merely called to see that he did his duty, that as I was putting matters to rights in Boston, as well as other places, I called to see what he was about," and quoted Shakespeare's "brief authority;" he grew outrageous, and said something about officers, and custody, and all that; but

the officers loved my little finger better than his whole body, he knew that well. After giving him a lesson on his duty, I left him. Next day, passing by the door, I looked in, and enquired "how the judge had behaved since?" they replied "very well, extremely so." Finding my presence unnecessary, I walked on, and amused myself with a little boy, who was singing "Yankee doo-dle," my favorite tune.* He was rather a shabby beau, but what he lacked in one thing, was amply compensated by another.

Boston has greatly improved, since my first visit; the new market-house which is said to be, and doubtless is, the handsomest and best architecture of any market-house, in the world. It is several hundred feet in length, built of beautiful white granite, and presents the most striking specimen of convenience, strength, beauty, and symmetry of any building extant. Its symmetry in particular, is certainly unrivalled, even by the Capitol of the United States. The Triemont theatre, has also been built since my first visit to Boston. It is, likewise, a very large and splendid building, though not quite finished. The theatre in Federal-street, has likewise been beautifully enlarged and repaired, since Keen's affair.

The black coat, doctor B. is in great trouble about the Triemont theatre; he wants the money himself. Since I have been here, a piece, supposed to be written by him, was printed, and poked under every citizen's door, in the dead of night. These clerical impostors, have not the sense to see they are defeating their own purpose; the more they attempt to control free and enlightened people in rational amusements, the more their treachery and tyrannical designs appear. The conduct of this man, or who ever it was, who stole those papers into gentlemen's houses, like a thief, has only tended to hasten the com-

*Many conjectures are formed, or rather many attempts have been made, to trace the history of this tune to the author. Yankee doodle was composed by doctor Shackburg, a surgeon in the British army, in the French war. It was made in ridicule of the Americans, who joined the army to fight the French, in 1755.

pletion of the theatre, and open the eyes of the people, to the dangerous encroachments of those priests, upon the rights of freemen. It is not strange, that none but those black coats, have the impudence to meddle with people's amusements. If the doctor could have got hold of the money, which erected this theatre, he could have educated a few more pious young men for the *polls*. It is a pity the people will not give him money enough, at once, to raise an army, to cut their own throats. But this Mr. Priest is in the wrong place, the people of Boston are too enlightened to be governed by priests. It is the last place in the Union for their purpose. Such was the indignation of the people, at the impudence of this fellow, that they came very near mobbing his house; and if he continues to seduce the ignorant and inexperienced women, as it is said he does, I would not be in his skin for sixpence. I would not be at all surprised, if his house was pulled down. The Bostonians are the most determined people in the world, as their history proves; they will be trampled on by no power. A gentleman informed me, that hearing a great deal of Dr. B's church of women, a party of gentlemen went to one of his night meetings, to see what was going on, and found not a single man present; nothing but the lower class of females, who have to work hard, and are swindled out of their wages by this priest.

Having met with a Mr. Huntington, of Boston, in my travels; the first leisure hour I had to spare, I called to see him, and spent the evening at his house, in company with his daughter and mother, his wife being dead. This treat might well be called a feast. I never do enjoy myself, in any town, as I do with these Bostonians, the very soul of hospitality and kindness; they let you into their very hearts, without reserve; no ceremony, no stiffness—their soft, syren language, while their thoughts mingle with yours, steal your affections in spite of you, and cling to you where ever you go. No matter where I meet them, an hundred or five hundred miles from their home, they devour one. Mr. H. is a small man, of very

pleasing manners; but why need I say more; his daughter, just fifteen, is handsome, and well accomplished, his mother, familiar and entertaining. But my boarding-house being some distance, after hearing Miss Huntington play a few tunes, I was forced to part with this interesting family.

In my first description of Boston, it appears I made a few mistakes, which afforded an opportunity for the critics to indulge their malice. All that I have to say to those critics is, that little minds are always concerned about little things. Something about the Mall, not being the Common, and the Common not being the Mall—Faneuil Hall—and something of the State Prison. Monstrous, prodigious; how I stand in awe of those critics. I hope the Mall, and the Prison, and Faneuil Hall, are still in their places, the mistakes have not transported them over to England nor Ireland, nor any of *them are* countries; I hope it has stopped none of the planets, and that the sun, moon, and stars rise and set, as usual; not that I regard the critics more than I would a snarling cur, an animal which they resemble in every thing but shape; but from respect for the citizens of Boston. I do not recollect what I said in the Sketches, of the size of the Mall or the Common, not having a copy left; but I now say, that the Mall is the pride of Boston, and is *distinct* from the Common, the Mall being a broad and gravelled walk, shaded with trees around the Common, which last contains 60 acres of ground. The Common is not exactly a square, though it has four angles. Faneuil Hall, I said, if I am not mistaken, stood at the foot of State-street, and so it does, though lower down, it appears on the east side of Dock square. The State Prison—from a note given to me by a friend, it appears, that I must have said, “no prisoner was put in for life;” he says they *are* sometimes put in for life; so that mighty matter is settled. What next? Why, I am off to Plymouth to see the Land of the Pilgrims—call at Quincy, to see the President, Miss Smith, Parson Whitney, and the rail-road, &c.

In visiting Plymouth, you pass through Quincy. I took the afternoon stage, intending to view the rail-road that evening, spend the night at Quincy, and visit Plymouth next day.

VISIT TO PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth is S. E. from Boston, about 30 miles—three ladies and four gentlemen, besides myself, in the coach. The ladies were young, handsome and sprightly. Amongst the gentlemen, were an old veteran of the revolution. He was very deaf, but was nevertheless interesting. He had been in the battle of Bunker's Hill, but his extreme deafness barred the pleasure of conversation.

Mr. Charles Adams, the youngest son of the President, was another passenger; and a young gentleman from New Hampshire, a nephew or some relation I took it of the Hon. Daniel Webster, this was all I could make out of the passengers, though I did not know Mr. Adams till we arrived at Quincy. The old man was dressed in an old coarse thread-bare brown cloth coat, which nevertheless could not disguise a noble countenance, and a once majestic figure, though now bowed down with age. His clothes in many places were worn into holes. His hat at least two-thirds worn, sloped over his noble face, but his eye! his fine full hazle eye, preserved all its fire amidst the ruins of his shattered form. His features large and prominent, comported with his noble frame. His weather-beaten countenance, and his grey locks joined to the rest, at once secured my esteem and respect.

Mr. C. F. Adams, though his countenance was familiar, (having seen him once at Cambridge,) I did not know, till we arrived at Quincy. His intelligent face bespoke him of no ordinary rank. His features had underwent an entire change from youth to manhood; his small, but keen blue eye, discovered the profundity of his mind. His person is small, his complexion fair, his features delicate, his face wide at the top, narrows to the chin. His coun-

tenance is grave and tranquil, and his manners very reserved and distant. He was dressed in fine blue cloth, held a roll of paper in one hand, and a fashionable cane in the other; the head of which he often applied to his mouth as if lost in thought, such as he is described, without more to do, I sat him down as a poet. Had I known him as the son of the President, and the brother of George W. Adams, Esq. it might have influenced the movement of my pencil, but fortunately I did not. The next was a youth of about sixteen, who had an air of gentility about him, and from his remarks on the country, I took at once to be a stranger. He was well educated, of good figure, and an inquiring countenance, which, when found in youth, never fails to interest us. He had arrived at that age, between the man and the boy, of course, much of his appearance remains to be unfolded. His eye promises well, though very different from the all commanding eye of Daniel Webster. The fourth and last gentleman, was a good-natured pleasant Yankee, whom I had often seen before, but whose name I did not know. The ladies, with their abominable *bandboxes*, had nothing else worthy of remark about them, excepting a visible uneasiness arising from jealousy, that I should have all the handsome young men near me, viz: on the front and middle seats whilst they had the shabby old man already named between them.

As I have spoken of this part of Massachusetts in my Sketches, I shall merely add, that after seeing nearly the whole of the state, which I have since, it has lost nothing by the comparison. The variety of land and water, hill and dale, smooth plains, towns, farms and gardens, fruit and forrest trees; huge rocks, the studied elegance of design; the blue waters of the Atlantic; the Choke-white light-houses, presents a novelty no where else to be met with, and one that never fails to please.

Upon looking back toward Boston, that city makes a beautiful appearance.

The driver stopped at a tavern on the road to water his horses, and the old veteran with some of the other

passengers got out of the coach to take some refreshment. The appearance of the venerable old man, subjected him to the sneers of a few coxcombs who were in the tavern. A gentleman present observed to them, "that they would be hung before they were half as old as he was." Upon his return to the coach, I took hold of his arm and helped him in, and placed him between Mr. Adams and myself. The poor old man had bought a large ginger-cake at the tavern, and quietly ate it as we drove on, scattering the crumbs over Mr. A's fine clothes, and my new pongee.

QUINCY.

At length we arrived at the residence of him who is no longer on earth—the mansion of the venerable John Adams. A sigh escaped me as I stopped at the gate, and one or two more as I walked along the smooth stone pavement which led to the house; and a short retrospect to the trials, the talents, the labors, and the virtues of him who was gone to receive his reward since I was at the mansion. I was met at the door, not by Miss Smith,* but Mrs. Judge Adams; she smiled as though she knew me, though I had never seen her before. She saluted me by name, told me she was Mrs. Adams, and that she had not the pleasure of being at home when I first visited Quincy. In the parlor, however, I met my old acquaintance Miss Smith, who no longer resides at the mansion, though she happened to be there on a visit. Mrs. Judge Adams, formerly as well as now, was the lady or mistress of the house.

She said, that Mr. Adams who ran in before me, told her who was coming. Judge Adams I saw too for the first time. The Judge who is a brother of the President, is a very large man, and very different in his manners,

* The lady who received me on my first visit to Quincy.

being much more affable and showy, and more familiar in conversation; nor does he appear to be inferior in learning. The President of the United States who was then on a visit to Quincy, soon made his appearance. I was sorry to find him rather unwell, he looked quite pale and thin. I hoped to have met Mrs. President Adams at Quincy, but she had set out for Washington two days previously. The President as well as the Judge was dressed in the plainest manner. But it is astonishing to witness the ease and simplicity with which he receives alike the lowest citizen and the distinguished stranger. While Miss Smith, the President, the Judge, (Mrs. Adams had withdrawn to prepare tea,) and myself were chatting in the parlor, in steps an Italian Count. The business of saluting and receiving his letters was accomplished in about a minute, and not a half dozen words were consumed on either side. The Italian was quite a young, small man, and spoke the English language tolerably well. He was nothing extraordinary, either in his manners or appearance. In a short time after his arrival we were called to tea,* all obeyed the summons but the President and the Count, who had probably something particular to say. We had not been seated long, however, before they both came in and joined us. The President, instead of tea, took a glass of water and a piece of bread, upon which he made his supper. But it was amusing to see the Count, he was fairly nonplussed. It appears he never drank tea before, (they sup on wine and fruit, he said, in his country,) he seemed conscious from the steam it was hot, and took care not to burn his fingers. He would look at the others, but his fears would not suffer him to imitate us. At length, Judge Adams who no doubt felt for him, observed, "you are not accustomed to drink tea;" "no me no dink it in my country;" the Judge then told him how to manage it, and he very cautiously commenced the attack, he began to touch it

* It is not the custom to hand tea round in New-England, as in the south.

by degrees, and drew it first one way and then another; at length he ventured to pour some into the saucer, but sat and looked at it a long time before he ventured to raise it to his mouth. After so long a time, he drank about one-half of the contents, and refused to take any more.

During the time, the President never even turned his head that way, or moved a muscle of his face, but continued to eat his crust and water with perfect unconcern. Mrs. Judge Adams meantime smiled, and pressed him to eat with the utmost sweetness, she has the most bewitching smile of any mortal, and in every respect the most fascinating and accomplished of her sex: gentle, modest, easy, kind, but her *smile* takes your heart. She was elegantly and becomingly dressed, and is one of those rare females who unites both head and heart to welcome her guests. A flame of benevolence glows in her face, and "heaven is in her eye." It is one thing to behave with that politeness and form which custom has established, but its another thing to welcome your guests with unaffected and genuine benevolence, warm from the heart. This is the welcome that takes us captive. Judge Adams is younger than the President, though he has an older look; he has several children, one of which, a beautiful daughter, is grown. The saucy Charles took care to keep out of sight, lest I might call him to an account for not making himself known.

It was now too late to visit the rail-road, and taking leave of my friends, I spent the night at the tavern which is in the village, a few hundred yards from the mansion of the deceased President. The town of Quincy, including the village, is the handsomest, most fertile, and most wealthy of its extent in the state, and amongst the first settled. Quincy, once called the Mount and Mount-Walston, is amongst the oldest towns in Massachusetts. It was granted to William Coddington and Edmond Quincy, in 1635. From this Quincy, by the mother's side, is descended the President John Quincy Adams, he is a native of Quincy. Mr. John Adams, the father, was born

in Braintree. It has been justly observed, (says the historian of Quincy,) that man is in a great measure, the creature of accidental circumstances, and never, perhaps, was this remark more clearly illustrated, than in the history of the early life of John Adams.

To those who knew any thing of the last days of this great man, it is wholly unnecessary to mention how great were his conversational powers, and that to all who were so fortunate as to listen to him, the fund of anecdote, from which he drew for their instruction, no less than entertainment, was inexhaustible. It was his delight to speak of interesting incidents which had been connected with himself, not through vanity or ostentation, for these were not a part of his nature, but to bring conviction to the mind, that of much that was considered abstract truth, there were found sensible illustrations in common life. The following anecdote, related by him, even to the last days of his life, with all that good humor which was so characteristic of him, it is presumed has not yet passed away from the minds of many, who have heard it from his own lips; a few only of his strong expressions are remembered.

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to College, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. "Well, John," said he, "if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching, perhaps that will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch; and you may put by Latin and try that."

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return

to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father, one of the severest trials of my life, that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days labor in that abominable ditch."

He was prepared for College in the school of Mr. Joseph Marsh, then a distinguished instructor in this place; and was graduated at Harvard University in 1755. After leaving College, he kept a school in the town of Worcester; studied law with Colonel James Putnam; of the same place, and while engaged in his study, wrote his famous letter, so prophetic of the greatness of his country.

In his profession he became early distinguished, and was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He was foremost among that band of patriots, who laid the foundation of the Independence of our country. His conduct in the cause of Preston, with his friend Josiah Quincy, Jr. would, of itself, have made his fame enduring — He was a member of the first Congress, in 1774, and was the bold adviser of the Declaration of Independence. He was chosen on the committee to draft that paper, and eloquently defended it. He was sent Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, the same to the United Provinces, and was many years the American Minister in France and England. In 1789 he was chosen Vice-President of the United States, and 1797 was chosen President.

In 1817 he was chosen one of the Electors for the choice of President. In 1820, he was sent, by his native town, to the Convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution.

He was elected President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; had been a member of various other Societies, filled the most important stations in the gift of the people, and received the highest honors from our Universities and Colleges.

The latter part of his life was spent in private retirement. As an orator, he was one of the most powerful his country ever beheld. It was the remark of Thomas Jefferson, that on the subject of the Independence of the Colonies, John Adams, by his eloquence, "moved us from our seats."—In learning, he was profound, and in religious knowledge, surpassed the Theologians of his age. He died at six o'clock, P. M. on the 4th of July, 1826, in the XCI year of his age."

How often have I heard Mr. John Adams, as well as his son John Quincy, stigmatized by such names as, "sour Puritan, Presbyterian bigot;" how false, John Adams never was a Presbyterian, nor ever had a spark of Puritanism in his nature or his religion, he, (as well as his son) was a Unitarian, whom the Presbyterians hate and persecute with the most bitter rancor. No two sects are more diametrically opposed than the Presbyterians and the Unitarians, and the best word the Presbyterians have for the Unitarians is, "heretic" and "infidel." All the respectable men in Massachusetts are Unitarians, a sore grief to those Calvinists. What a trial it must have been for both these men to be assailed by one party, for holding tenets which they did not, and which no one more detested, and by the other side, for not holding them. I should, no doubt, have been as guilty as others, in my opinion, at least, had I not seen and heard, and judged for myself. In fact, there is no judgment to form on the subject, the thing is self-evident. Those false opinions, arise from the sole want of a proper diffusion of knowledge, likewise self-evident. Mr. John Adams, deceased, belonged to the Rev Mr. Whitney's congregation, a most enlightened Unitarian preacher, who proves his religion by his charity: he is a most amiable man, and resides at Quincy. Mr. Adams has, by his will, bequeathed a large sum to the town of Quincy, to build a Unitarian church, this must have made the black coats' mouths water—sorry enough are they, that Mr. Adams was not what he has been falsely called. The church is now before the window where I am writing, about half finished. It is a vast

edifice of white-freestone, and will be one of the most splendid in the state. A number of workmen are employed at it, some hauling, and some cutting stone, and some laying them on the building. Unitarians are, as well as the Calvinists, in New-England, called Congregationalists. But Calvinism is disappearing fast.

VISIT TO PLYMOUTH.

Postponing my visit to the rail-road till I returned from Plymouth, (or wait till another day,) I set off in the stage to Plymouth. My friend of the Boston Patriot and an aristocratic foreigner, were the only passengers worthy of notice in the stage. I despise those proud, haughty, aristocratic foreigners; and doubtless there is no love lost. He had a hard time of it; discovering from his insolent looks he despised the country he was in, I could have thrown him out of the stage. It is astonishing that those impudent foreigners, if they do not like us, cannot take the less of us, and keep out of our country. I am of the same opinion on this subject with M. Carey, that there never was a better law than the alien law; provided it presented no bar to those who fly from oppression, poverty, or persecution. I must say these shoals of insolent foreigners, who swarm in our country, under various pretences, and some no visible calling at all, are, next to the missionaries, the greatest curse in our land, and are dangerous to our liberty—they cover the country. The people of the western states are ignorant of those pimps; nothing else but so many spies. I could see the spy in this man's countenance, to say nothing of his sarcastic sneers; who sent for them. I should like to know what they mean by roving through our country. If they do not like us, let them keep away; what they are after no one knows. Nobody knew this fellow or his business. I gave him such a warm reception, that he said very little; and their constant remark is, "how can you

tell I'm a foreigner?" How mad it makes them, to reply, "by your dialect." This man was an Englishman. I believe with John Randolph, that there are no *Irish* spies or Tories.*

When we arrived at Plymouth, the spy betook himself to a different tavern. I put up at the Indian, being partial to that noble race.

PLYMOUTH

Is not a handsome town, too closely hemmed in by a steep hill, upon the top of which lie the *fathers*, as they are called; acres are covered with tomb stones. The town stretches along the harbor; that part next to the sea being very low, and the streets are not paved. The Main street, however, running parallel with the harbor, looks well, and contains many handsome houses, and an appearance of wealth. It is the oldest town in New-England; has considerable trade, and a population of 4,300 inhabitants. Here, as in Boston, bigotry has taken its flight, and though there are a few of the old puritan stamp, their ranks are thinning daily. The same wealth, hospitality and intelligence which distinguish other seaports of New-England, is found in Plymouth. Its snowy spires, its lusty elms, its long sea-beach, and above all, the rock on which the pilgrims landed, preserved as a sacred relict, by association renders it very interesting.

I have noticed the history of Plymouth in my Sketches of History, &c. The first settlers of Plymouth were a part of Mr. John Robertson's church, who fled from England to enjoy the freedom of their religious opinions, and though they were mostly fanatics, they founded New-England. The historian says, "that forty-one families, making in all, 120 persons, set out under the

* These English do not like the western country; our coffee is too strong for them. I never saw one there.

guidance of enthusiasm, which, whether founded upon error or truth, is always productive of great actions." They landed the 11th of November, 1620; "near one half of them died either by cold, the scurvy, or distress, before they were joined by others; the rest were kept alive by enthusiasm and the steadiness of character they had acquired under the tyranny of Episcopalian persecution. In the spring, the Indians, 70 in number, with a chief at their head, came to their relief." By the kindness of those Indians, who taught them how to fish, hunt, and prepare succutash, they survived till more of their brethren came over from England.* The name of the ship which brought over the pilgrims, was the *Mayflower*. Amongst the passengers, was a lady of distinction, who came from Plymouth, in England; this was "Madam Pellam," who afterwards married Governor Winslow. I saw the chair in which Madam Pellam sat on the deck of the *Mayflower*. The rings by which it was fastened to the deck, were still on it; the cushion, covering, and fringe, all entire and fresh. I sat in it some minutes. This chair is preserved with religious care, and is now in possession of Mrs. Doctor Hayward, a descendant of the lady. Many other memorials of this interesting female are preserved by Mrs. Hayward, viz. a purse, knit by Madam P. on her passage, as she sat on the deck in the chair. This purse is a singular piece of ingenuity and beauty, consisting of fine beads of various colors, and gold fringe. Also a spoon, made of mother of pearl, with which she ate her food. The spoon was of unequalled beauty, though without a handle; it was contained in the purse. This spoon is used once a year, on the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims, which is religiously kept at Plymouth. With this spoon, on each return of this eventful day, they eat succutash, a mixture of Indian corn and beans, to remind them of that article

* Those godly people forgot the kindness of those Indians, and repaid them by death.

of food with which they were taught by the Indians to sustain life.

Besides these, there are many other memorials; one is a small wooden box, about four or five inches square, in which is contained the first charter of the colony with the seal, dated 1629; also, many fac-similes of distinguished men, and the signature of Capt. Miles Standish, who commanded at Derby. But the rock upon which the pilgrims stepped out of the ship was deeply interesting. The first female who stepped on the rock was MARY CHETTEN.

Plymouth lies on an inclined plain, long and narrow, one side to the ocean, the other is bounded by a steep hill, on the top of which lie the fathers, a very extensive burying ground. The ascent to this hill is very abrupt. Between the town and the sea lies another abrupt descent; at the foot of this lies a wharf, and a few steps from the commencement of the wharf lies the rock, perfectly smooth, and so even with the wharf, that it forms a pavement for carts to pass over. Upon this rock I stood several minutes, lost in admiration at the courage, constancy, and unconquerable aversion to tyranny which once pressed the rock I was on. For, as to religion, it is very clear, (I mean always the Christian religion,) they knew no more of it than the Indians, and not half so much, for the Indians relieved those very people in their distress, whilst they, shortly after this, murdered not only them, but each other. But the circumstance was one that doubtless raised the human character higher than all the colleges of Europe put together, since the reformation. Where is the Locke, the Newton, or the Bacon, that would have forsaken home, friends, and every thing dear to the heart of man, for the sake of freedom? Which of these would have preferred death to slavery? All this passed in my mind as I stood upon this rock of independence.

A large part of it has been broken off and removed to the centre of the town, near the Market House. It rests under a tall shaddowy elm, and is held in great veneration by the citizens.

The laws and religious regulations of those people, after they landed in America, were truly ridiculous; a man was fined for shaving on Sunday, carrying wood, and things equally frivolous. Women were fined for ogling on Sunday, kissing their children, and such like. Two men, who had been to a mill, on their return home, crossing an oyster bank, they left their boat without fastening, and fell to gathering oysters. Whilst they were thus engaged the tide rose, and floated off the boat, and the men were drowned. This was pronounced a judgment from heaven, by the religious ones, as they were ungodly men. The historian says, "there were infinitely more instances of such accidents on the other side." But this religious enthusiasm doubtless has been the means of much good, as it led to the idea of independence, the establishment of schools and literary institutions, and a general diffusion of light and knowledge, before which bigotry and fanaticism are flying like clouds before the wind. And while other states are sinking into ignorance, the descendants of those pilgrims have attained a degree of taste and liberality in thought and manners, far beyond the descendants of those who settled the southern or middle states.

Here, as in other seaport towns of New-England, are many gentlemen highly accomplished. Nor must I exclude the females, many of whom are equally enlightened, and very graceful in their manners, particularly Mrs. Dr. H. I cannot, or ought not, to puff the Dr. as he refused to patronize me. Nevertheless, I found much genuine hospitality and kindness in Plymouth; as much, in proportion to their numbers, as in Boston, called by way of eminence, the Athens of America.

Amongst the distinguished families, are the amiable Rev. Kendell, Rev. Bigby, (the latter I did not see, he being sick,) Messrs. B. Hedge, William Brown, T. Sampson, C. Sever, and Col. Thomas. I cannot praise the Messrs. Russells much, one treated me rather with the impoliteness of a gentleman, and one in particular, N. R. is a most egregious fop; and as for Davis, he ran away;

a disgrace to the Yankees. And here too are my dear friends, the missionaries; no place escapes them; always watching the book stores and printing offices. One of those ruffians having insulted me grossly, in a bookstore, several gentlemen heard of it, and called to apologise; amongst the foremost of those was the-amiable Col. Thomas; he was much displeased, but I begged him to make himself easy, that I would be careful in drawing the line of distinction and should assume the entire responsibility of punishing the person myself. I am under eternal obligations to Col. T., one of the finest men in New-England. Col. T. has "a tear for pity and a hand open as day to melting charity." Ten octavos could not convey a more accurate idea of the man. He is young, tall, and a fine figure, his complexion fair, his face oval, but his large, brilliant black eye, and his countenance are unrivalled. With the manners of an accomplished gentleman, Col. T. ranks, as he ought, amongst the first men of New-England.

While I was sitting at Dr. H's., a number of ladies came in. Mrs. Hayward introduced me to the ladies, who were all quite genteel women, excepting one. How natural it is for people to measure the intellects of others by their own. Amongst those females was a stiff, starched belle, who condescended in her great goodness to eye me with a sneer. Her leghorn was profusely trimmed with blue ribbon. The little, ignorant thing could never be persuaded that any one in the world knew any thing but herself. I took up the pen, and sketched her upon the spot. She had an oval face and blue eye, and nothing but her abominable manners and affectation prevented her from being handsome. For the honor of New-England, she is the only exception, with the missionaries, from the first lady down to the lowest chambermaid.

Calling at the tavern where my fellow traveller, the foreigner, put up, I was astonished that every soul took to flight and left me in sole possession of the house, excepting two travelling females who had just got out of the

stage. One of the servants stole cautiously round to a window to peep at me. I told him I was not disposed to play at peep-bo with him, and inquired for the gentleman whom I came to see, but he disappeared instantly without reply. I asked the strangers if they could account for this extraordinary conduct; they could not. Standing on the steps of the Court-house, talking with some gentlemen, a few minutes before I called at the tavern, I saw a woman watching me through the tavern window. The truth flashed on my mind instantly. The foreigner had put up at the house, and spread the news of my arrival, and belonging to the missionary family, as I afterwards learned, they were doubtless afraid. I learned too by the way, that the female who kept the tavern, was a sister of my dear friend, Gen. Bradford, which sufficiently accounts for the runaways.

If we had no other evidence of that self-created misery which torments the human family, this alone is sufficient. Now, the babe unborn could not have entered the house with more innocent intentions; only to see a friend who boarded there. Thus, by magnifying little things into great, and reducing great blessings to nothing, we form innumerable sources of unhappiness. This is for want of exercising proper judgment, and the total prostration of reason.

One day was all I could spare at Plymouth. But though my stay was short, and mostly spent on my feet, scarcely taking time to sit, I formed very lasting and favorable impressions of Plymouth; impressions which will accompany me while memory lasts.

I stopped at Quincy, on my return to Boston, to see the rail road. This rail road was constructed for the purpose of conveying stone to the bay, from which it is to be shipped to Charleston, to build the Bunker-hill monument. I was unfortunate in not seeing the team, and pressed for time, I could not wait for its arrival. The road is about three-fourths of a mile from the mansion of the President, and consists of bars of iron (common bars) such as are made at the forges. These lie on

large pieces of timber, and of course must lie so exact as not to vary the amount of a hair's breadth. The wheels of the wagons are fluted, or made with shoulders, fitted so exactly to the iron; that it is impossible for the wheel to miss its track. One horse can pull six loaded wagons, it is said; the wagons being fastened together.

Returning to the village, I gave orders respecting my baggage, and walked on before the stage, to spend a few minutes with Mr. Greenleaf, who lives on that part of Quincy settled by Coddington. He lives on a farm of singular beauty, on the edge of the village, in an elegant house. An avenue of trees leads from the great road to the house, which is surrounded with every specimen of taste. An artificial stream glides gently on your left, which waters one of the richest meadows, a green bower over your head, and the richest flowers scattered in profusion, leads you to the house. It is a perfect Eden.

I found Mr. Greenleaf, his lady, and my friend, Miss Smith, of Quincy, at breakfast; and never did any awkward mortal commit a greater or more unpardonable blunder, in taking Mrs. Greenleaf for Mr. Greenleaf's mother—not from her appearance, as she was young and handsome. But when I first called at Quincy, the first time, I was told by the ladies of Quincy, upon inquiring who lived at that beautiful seat, that the gentleman had recently lost his wife, and of course I did not call. But this must have been a mistake, and I must have taken some other person for Mr. Greenleaf. It was in vain to apologise, the outrage was beyond pardon. Mrs. G. blushed, as well she might, and with a sweet smile invited me to take a seat at the breakfast table, and shortly afterwards the stage called for me. Mr. Greenleaf is a brother of Mr. Greenleaf of Washington, and both he and his lady are highly accomplished and hospitable.

MADAM SCOTT, OF BOSTON.

Upon my return to Boston, I called to see Madam Scott, formerly Mrs. Governor Hancock. This lady, mentioned in my Sketches, is still alive, active and lively, and who should I find chatting with her, but the Italian Count. It appeared there had been some acquaintance between Madam S. and the Count's family, and hearing she was in Boston, he called to pay his respects. He withdrew, however, shortly after my arrival, and upon taking leave, kissed the offered hand of Madam S. fervently, and bowed most profoundly. Madam Scott, now in her 80th year, was neatly dressed, lively and entertaining. She was leaning her elbow upon a small table, about eighteen inches in diameter. She informed me, that Governor Hancock always took his breakfast off of that table.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

Pursuing my travels eastwardly, I called at Charlestown to see Mr. H. the keeper of the prison. Mr. Gordon, and if you please, Major Wainwright. From Messrs. H. and G. I received a very polite reception, they received the books for which they had been subscribers, expressed much pleasure at my success, and my ability to procure a comfortable subsistence in an honorable way, particularly Mr. Gordon. Mr. G. is a lawyer of considerable eminence, and a most gentlemanly man. But the Major and I, between us, had like to have blown up the navy-yard. It will be recollected, that M. W. and myself, had a *small* misunderstanding on my first visit. He was rather displeased, that I should use such expressions about men under his "*command*;" he must be a low Virginian, from the manner he pronounces the word command. I never saw any low bred corporal swell up, and put on such pompous airs, and though he subscribed for my books, he is every thing, but a gentle-

man. It is shameful and downright conspiracy to put such clowns into office, and one which requires men of the first talents, principle, and learning. I am sorry, I do not know who appointed this low upstart to a place of so much trust. He is not only a downright hog in his manner, but grossly insolent. If he has a spark of courage or the true gentleman in him, he will come forward and apologise for his rudeness to me, and if he does not, he shall hear from me again: none but a base coward would treat a female with the least indelicacy, much less indignity. The government is highly reprehensible for putting such men into office. I want no better evidence of his unfitness, than his conduct to myself. The marines under him, are the greatest ruffians in the world, and how can it be otherwise with such a principal. But to come to the point, he subscribed for three works,* the first I did not send to him, and probably had it not been in my way, I never should have called on him at all. But as it is a part of my especial care to look after those Uncle Sam's men, and report them to the government, I called to see if my gentleman had mended his manners, and reformed the marines. I took with me, one of the books, expecting he would think himself highly honored, and that an invitation to stay to tea would be the least token of his high sense of the honor done him. His residence is but a short distance from the stage-house, and as I approached the gate, I perceived my friend, Lieut. Constantine Smith coming to meet me. I naturally reflected, that it was very polite in the Major to send one of the corps to welcome my visit to the United States' Navy-yard. But what was my surprise to find that the Lieutenant was making his escape, in order to be out of the reach of the explosion, he knew to be inevitable, when such a son and daughter of Mars came in contact. He brushed hastily by me, saluting in a tremulous voice, and was soon out of sight. See the force of example, had the Major been a gentleman, he would not have been the means of exhi-

* Though he paid no money.

biting this once amiable young man, in terms so different from his promising manners. The Lieut. if he is a gentleman, will certainly come forward and apologise, for deserting a lady in the hour of peril. Upon beholding the Lieutenant's speed, I guessed how matters were going, and upon gaining the foot of the steps of a high porch, (all those upstarts have high porches,) I looked up, and saw a pale, assassin looking man, standing guard at the Major's door, (or coward's quarters rather.) I told him, "I wished to see Mr. W." He is engaged. Had he been engaged at his duties, it would have been one thing, but sitting feasting on the public money was another thing. "Go, and say to him, I have particular business." No, he dare not do so; that is the beauty of our simple republican government. I sent in the book, (he refused to touch it for some time.) The book soon came back, "he wanted nothing to do with me, or my book." Now, without any other evidence from the conduct of this upstart, and Major K. at Fort Independence, a year back, I would almost undertake to say, that they do not belong to the Yankee nation, if they do, they ought both to be drove out of the country—banished. I would make a law to banish such people out of the country. I am determined to find out who appointed those two men of war. I am told, they have drove, or turned Mr. K. off, or perhaps he went voluntarily. After standing in the porch, ready to drop with fatigue, endeavoring to bring about a parley, I returned.

I was much grieved, that I had not time to call on my friend, the amiable Mr. Swift, of Charlestown. There is certainly something in names. I never knew a man by the name of Swift, but what was a good man. Mr. Swift is doubtless, one of the finest men living. Williams is also a good name, and so is Jones and Peabody.

SALEM, MASS.

It was late when I took leave of Charlestown, and it was nearly dark when I arrived at Salem, and put up with my old friend. Calling on my friends next morning, I met with a couple of tops, Pingree and Southwick, who thought it mighty pretty to quiz an old woman, but they found the old woman rather tough for them. The first gentleman I called on, was Mr. Palfrey, my *first* friend in Salem, he is the editor of the Salem Gazette, also a mason, and treated me with great humanity and kindness. The kindness and sympathy of this dear man, who was more than a brother to me, in the hour of need, is deeply engraven on my heart; may heaven reward him. Some barbarous wretch wounded his feelings sorely, by telling him, I had spoke disrespectfully of him: this was shocking, it was the act of a V——n, be it who it would. No: When I forget Mr. Palfrey, may heaven forget me. He is one of the most amiable feeling men in the world, an honor to the human race, and I am only sorry, my very poor talents are inadequate to do him justice. I would rather be Mr. P. than to be President of the United States. I reckon many worthy friends, who were friends indeed, in Salem, besides Mr. P. but he was the first; amongst those are, Hon. Gideon Bartow, Hon. Judge Story, Hon. Crowninshield, and Hon. Judge White. Capt. Peabody, and Messrs. John Forrester, P. Dodge Saltonstall, Samuel Putnam, and though last, not the least; their reverences Dr. Prince, Flint, and Upham, and my friends, S. Endicott, Waters, and Willard Peel, Esqrs. All these are gentlemen of learning and talents, and descended from distinguished families. Mr. Saltonstall is an eminent lawyer, a descendant of Sir Richard Saltonstall, to whom with two others, Dudley and Winthrop, King Charles granted a patent for the land where the city of Boston now stands. Sir Richard settled at Watertown, finally near Boston. S. Endicott is a descendant of the celebrated John Endicott, Esq. who settled Salem. Mr. Putnam of General Putnam, mentioned in my first travels. The

Rev. Flint of S. Flint, who with E. Quincy, settled Quincy. Dr. Prince, from the celebrated writer of the same name. The Rev. Dr. Prince, rightly named, is a Unitarian preacher, far advanced in life, and has been a regular preacher for *forty* years in Salem: a regular descendant of the first congregational church founded in New England. Shortly after Gov. Endicott came over from England and settled at Naumkeake, another company followed, amongst whom were several clergymen, one of whom, Francis *Higginson*, was the pastor of the first congregational church at Salem. Dr. Prince is the thirteenth minister from him. He informed me, that it was at first rigidly orthodox, and committed many cruel acts, but that in time, their ministers became more and more enlightened and tolerant, until they discarded orthodoxy altogether. He has recently had an elegant large church built in Salem, upon the spot where that stood, in which he had addressed the throne of grace, forty years. He has resigned the care of his flock to the Rev. Charles Upham, a very young and very amiable man. The Doctor himself, is one of the most able orators of the day, as appears from general report. The dedication sermon preached in the new church, by Rev. C. Upham, contains some of the best reasoning on theology, to be met with in modern times. He goes back to the reformation, and gives a clear and distinct history of the church, down to his own time, in a strain of inimitable eloquence. "So far," says Mr. Upham, "from attempting or wishing to bind those who are to worship after us in this house to our opinion and views, we call upon them, and give it in solemn charge to them, to advance beyond the point which we have reached, and become wiser and better christians than we or our predecessors." He recommends the study of "Tillotson, Hoadly, Watts, Doddridge, Wakefield, Priestly, Evanson, and Watson; also, the first New England divines." Those Unitarians are denounced as heretics by the orthodox; and are said by them, (and for ought I know other sects) not to believe in Christ; what they believe or reject, I have never gave myself the trouble to

examine, I judge them by their actions; nor do I believe any man will be asked when he gets to heaven, whether he was Presbyterian or Unitarian; but in looking over the sermon alluded to, I find the following: "We dedicate to the worship of God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who commissioned and impowered him to proclaim and establish his glorious gospel throughout the world, who sent him forth to redeem mankind from their sins."* I find a note at the end of this sermon, purporting to be a letter of Sir Richard Saltonstall's, written to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Cotton, preachers at Boston, from which the following is an extract, and goes to show that this great man disapproved of the bitter persecutions of these godly men:

"Reverend and deare friends, whom I unfaynedly love and respect,

"It doth not a little grieve my spirit to heare what sadd things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecutions in New-England, as that you syne, whip and imprison men for their consciences. First, you compell such to come into your assemblyes as you know will not joyne with you in your worship, and when they shew their dislike thereof or witness against it, then you styrrre up your magistrates to punish them for such (as you conceyve) their publicke affronts. Truely friends, this your practice of compelling any in matters of worship to doe that whereof they are not fully persuaded, is to make them sin, for soe the apostle (Rom. 14 and 23) tells us, and many are made hypocrites thereby, conforming in their outward man for feare of punishment. We pray for you and wish prosperitie every way, hoped the Lord would have given you so much light and love there, that you might have been eyes to God's people here, and not to practise those courses in a wilderness, which you went so farre to

* 9 pages, 2d edition of a Sermon, preached at the house of public worship of the First Congregationl Society, in Salem, Nov. 16th, 1826. By Charles Upham.

prevent. These rigid wayes have layed you very low in the hearts of the saynts. I do assure you I have heard them pray in the publike assemblies that the Lord would give you meeke and humble spirits, not to stryve soe much for uniformity as to keepe the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

Doctor Prince is a gentleman of the first learning and talents, and highly esteemed for his moral character and philanthropy; he is tall, straight, and fine shaped; his face and countenance, one of the finest in nature; mildness decks his brow, and charity beams in his soft blue eye; alive to every generous feeling, distress, or genius is sure to find in him a friend. He has the largest private library in the United states. He is a nephew to the celebrated author of that name, who wrote "Prince's Annals," and who was for a long time, pastor of the famed Old South Church, in Boston.

The Rev. Charles is a very young man, and a perfect Adonis in his person; he is a small man however, but of most pleasing manners, and a good orator, if I were to judge. His fine open countenance, his bright full eye, and flowing language, is peculiarly engaging. I had the pleasure of hearing him deliver a sermon in the new church, to a very crowded and respectable audience. The venerable father of the flock, neatly dressed in black, supported him in the pulpit, and looked more like an angel than an inhabitant of this earth. I was much interrupted, however, by a proud, airy belle, who sat immediately between me and pulpit. She was abominably dressed, covered with ruffles and corresponding foolery; her small Leghorn hat was trimmed with some yards of green ribbon, and a suitable number of feathers, and between her sidgiting from side to side, shaking her head, and looking first over one shoulder and then over another; I was much interrupted; sometimes she would whisper to her next neighbor, and then cast her eye at a young man, who seemed to be indued with inspiration for the moment; she looked at him, and he looked at her; she had an impudent countenance, and a huge crooked nose, not very

agreeable in a female. It is quite probable, that this lady and gentleman might have been engaged.

Mr. Saltonstall is a stout, noble looking man, of elegant manners, and one of the first lawyers of the state; whilst we were chatting on times of yore, a little marrow-faced fop, of that description, which measures every thing by his own standard, came into his office, and turned into quizzing my humble self. How wise those fops are in their own conceit; he will, no doubt, remember me, while he lives. His portrait would amuse the public, but I cannot spare room for it.

I was unfortunate amongst the judges—judge Story was absent, and judge White appeared rather distant, and was not at home, or was engaged, just the same thing. Mr. J. Pickering was at home, but had the meanness to refuse the book after subscribing. My friend the amiable Rev. Dr. Flint was absent, a misfortune truly afflicting, as I was under great obligations to that amiable man. I found all my friends, however, pleased at my success, and none more so than the amiable Messrs. J. Waters, and S. Endicott, the latter having married a most charming woman, since I last saw him.

I have treated on the society and public establishments of Salem, in my first travels through New-England; since when, they appear to have still advanced in improvements, though their trade of late, has considerably diminished. Who would have thought a century back, that those furious bigots would have become so completely civilized and refined, as to countenance a theatre, and yet this is the case, a splendid theatre is now erecting in Salem! and bigotry and fanaticism is struggling in the last pangs of death. The blackcoats—a remnant of the old leaven is sorely grieved at the triumph of reason and learning over ignorance and superstition. They come out in their true colors in the papers, of which there is one in the town; but bigotry has done with Salem, the citizens have become too enlightened, to be any longer duped by priest craft. It must be gratifying to the friends of civil and religious liberty, that they have, at length gained the

victory over that fell monster, which once disgraced this noble town. An appeal was made to my opinion, respecting the propriety of the theatre; it is hardly necessary to apprise my readers of the result. The citizens, wealthy, liberal, and refined, will doubtless support the theatre in a style, becoming the dignity of the town.

While sitting in the custom-house, conversing with Mr. Miller and some other gentlemen, my attention was attracted by a gentleman of singular appearance; he was a stout, aged man, advanced in life, and seemed to have undergone great vicissitudes of mind and person. He had for sometime kept his glassy eye fixed on me, in deep attention, and such was the appearance and singularities of his noble, though shattered form, that I requested to be introduced to him. After our introduction, he informed me he was much hurt, that I had slighted him so long, and doubtless, he told the truth. It was captain Elkins, of the *Harriet*, of the town of Salem, which was wrecked several years since. He was the only man saved out of two hundred, and he saved himself by holding to the tail of a horse, which swam twelve miles, before he reached the shore. His sufferings were such, that perhaps ninety-nine out of an hundred could not have survived. He has never recovered his former vigor, and from his appearance, must have been one of the finest men of his day. While speaking of his adventures, his once noble eye became dimmed, and his voice faltered. Mr. M. the collector, is a very worthy, genteel man. Salem lies east of Boston, fourteen miles, and contains 12,700 inhabitants.*

I had the pleasure of seeing the pride of Salem, the venerable doctor Holyoke, who had a few days previous, entered his one hundredth year. He was quite active, and conversed with much ease, though it was difficult to make him hear. When I called at his residence, he was out walking in his garden; I was shewn into his parlor, and was told the doctor would soon be

*The interesting museum, &c. is noticed in the Sketches of History, &c.

in; meantime, I was struck by the antiquity of the furniture, the whole of which was unlike any thing of the present day; it is said to be as old as himself, and so much is he attached to it, that he will not, it is said, exchange it for the new fashions. At length the doctor came walking into the parlor, quite active and in perfect health. His venerable head was covered with a red velvet cap, he saluted me genteely, and took his seat at a table, where lay a number of books; he spends most of his time in reading, and was not averse to conversation, but his deafness rendered it extremely troublesome, though he appeared in full possession of every other faculty.

In my first visit to Salem, I was, as in all other cities, directed to a gentleman, to whose lot it fell, to see that I was comfortably situated, as to pecuniary affairs. To a certain portion of the benevolent citizens of Salem, this needs no explanation; for those who do not understand me, I refer them to the golden rule of our Saviour. He was sitting in his door, enjoying the cool breeze, (it was Sunday) and was looking at me, as I opened the gate. "Ah," said he, "Mrs. R. I knew you."* It had been over two years, and we could not have been more than 4 minutes in each other's company. This amiable man is rather over middle age, and benevolence itself; he had a daughter as amiable as himself. I think his wife was dead. His name is Whitney. I shall never pass through Salem, without calling to see him, nor shall I ever cease to cherish for him, the most cordial esteem.

MARBLEHEAD.

Marblehead lies four miles south east of Salem; is a romantic town, the site being very uneven, and overlooks the harbor. It is a seaport town, largely engaged

*The first night of my arrival in Salem, I was gratified by the social bark of the dog, to which I had long been a stranger.

in the Bank fisheries, and owns much shipping. It is astonishing to see the quantity of fish drying on scaffles, called flakes, raised a few feet from the ground; these are seen for miles. Marblehead is inhabited principally by the missionary sect—the orthodox. I found some very gentlemanly men amongst them, however, but they were masons. A mason is always a mason, let him be of what sect he may, charity and good feeling is his religion. There is, however, a Unitarian church at Marblehead, of which the Rev. — Bartlett is pastor. It is needless to say that this gentleman, as well as Mr. Crowninshield, waited upon me at the Essex hotel. Mr. Bartlett is a very pleasant young looking man of pleasing manners, and very engaging person. I could not forbear complimenting him on his courage, in venturing to oppose ignorance and bigotry at such great odds. Mr. Crowninshield is an uncle of the Hon. B. Crowninshield, of Salem, one of your lively facetious, warm-hearted old and experienced sea captains. He is rather over middle age, and a gentleman of *very* interesting manners; he is now collector of the customs. The house in which the bank, collectors, and insurance offices are kept, is a singular curiosity, being one of the largest and most splendid of any house in Massachusetts. This house, the interior of which is inlaid with mahogany, was built before the war in 1766, for a private mansion, and cost £10,000 sterling, including furniture. It is 66 feet long, forty-four feet wide, and thirty-five high, consisting of three stories.

Marblehead contains a bank, two insurance offices, a market-house, an alms-house, an academy, five churches, and 5,900 inhabitants. The harbor lies in front of the town, large, safe, and commodious. Fort Sewall, formerly well garrisoned, is now dismantled and abandoned. I rode down to the harbor, to look at the fort, which occupied one of the strongest places by nature, of any I have seen; what government means by withdrawing the garrison, no one can tell. From this fort there is a beautiful and extensive view of the harbor. This town suf-

fered greatly in both wars with England. At the peace of 1814, 500 of her sons were in foreign prisons!—Marblehead owns 14,301 tons of shipping.

Whilst driving through the town, particularly one of the obscure streets, the gentleman who drove, stopped to speak with another gentleman, when the person who was totally ignorant of my arrival, asked if that was Mrs. R. He said he was almost certain it could be no other; but the best of the story is, he *bought* a book.

Returning to Salem, I took the stage next morning, for Ipswich, where we arrived to breakfast. Here I was highly gratified with a view of the lace manufactories.

IPSWICH, MASS.

Ipswich is twelve miles from Salem, and the seat of a very extensive manufactory of thread and cotton lace, which employs a vast number of hands. The lace is first wove, and then flowered in frames with a needle. Women and girls are employed in the latter, but men are employed at the loom. The looms are a great curiosity to those who, like myself, could not believe that Americans had ingenuity enough to weave lace. The looms are of iron, and are not at all, in shape or construction, like those for weaving cloth. They have but little iron in the machine, but it is very complicated, so much so, that a description, were it in my power, would fill several pages in my book. The thread, that is, the warp, is spread out on a beam, and each thread is drawn through a small ring; the machine which contains the rings, comes in contact with another machine, which contains a hook for every ring; these hooks enter the rings, and catching the thread, draws it through, which forms the lace. The web is about a yard wide. There are two manufactories; the most extensive belongs to a Mr. Hurd, a most gentlemanly man. His establishment is the oldest, and by far the most interesting and profitable. The

other is just going into operation; it belongs to a company, whose names I do not know, though I saw them. Society, however, would be little benefitted by their names, as they are the greatest *Hogs* in Massachusetts. They were totally averse to giving me any information, and even refused to converse on the subject. The women engaged in flowering the lace were equally as impolite and vulgar, and the whole of them are unworthy of patronage. Not so with those of Mr. Hurd's establishment; the head manager of the females, a very lady-like woman, took me through the whole establishment, and took much pleasure in showing both the finished and unfinished work, which presents to the eye the most astonishing evidence of ingenuity and taste of any fabrication performed by the hand. There appeared to be enough then in the shops to supply the United States. The lady mentioned, smiled and said, her work spoke for her.

Ipswich is a very romantic town, situated on Ipswich river, navigable two miles from its mouth. Many of the houses stand on sidelong steep, which commands extensive prospects of the surrounding scenery; which is very rich and beautiful. Mr. Hurd's house stands on one of the handsomest sites in the town. Ipswich has a very handsome stone bridge, consisting of two arches. This bridge was built under the direction of the Hon. Judge Choate, and connects the two parts of the town divided by the river.

Amongst other interesting objects in Ipswich, is an academy, consisting of two departments in the same building, viz. one for boys, and one for young ladies. The Principal of the boys' department was nothing more than common; though I would not be understood to speak in terms disparaging by any means, it appears very promising. But the principal teacher of the female department filled me with astonishment. It is not an unusual sight to see beauty, youth and learning united in the same person amongst the females of New-England, and indeed most of their female teachers are quite young women. But so young, so beautiful, and above all, so

modest and accomplished a female perhaps can be found at the head of no institution, as the academy of Ipswich. I could scarcely believe she was the Principal, till it was confirmed by my landlady; and though so young, she appeared to elicit the same respect and attention common to mature age.

I am under peculiar obligations to the society of Ipswich, but particularly to the polite and gentlemanly attention of the clergyman, whose name richly deserves a place in the history of his country, and which I regret exceedingly to have lost. But though the name is not present, his actions are deeply imprinted on my heart. He was, I believe, an orthodox, but he belonged to a fraternity whose benevolence is confined to no *dox*, and which I need not name. But above all the citizens, I was most pleased with my landlady, the only one in the place, I mean the stage house; indeed, both lord and lady of the inn are amongst the best tavernkeepers of the state. But the lady, I never saw her equal, she was a prodigy. She approached (though rather in humble life) nearer perfection than any of her sex, and is doubtless the greatest philosopher now in being.

Intending to take the evening stage to Exeter, I had, in the morning, carelessly left my trunk sitting in the front parlour; wanting something in the course of the day, lo! the trunk was gone. The gentleman had rode out, no one knew whither, and no barkeeper being attached to the house, a little girl and myself hunted every room, nook and closet in the house, up stairs and down, and no trunk could be found. As the trunk, with one more which was to follow me from Salem, contained all my wealth, my concern may easily be imagined. The search and research took up some time; at length I gave up in despair. But during the time, my landlady, a middle aged female, never expressed the least concern, not a muscle in her face changed its position; the same placid smile sat upon her countenance: she neither aided me in searching for the trunk, nor sympathized with me for its loss, the solid rock was not more indifferent or

unconcerned than the lady. Her indifference, and particularly the smile that kept its place in her countenance, induced me to believe that she knew what had become of the trunk. Nor was I slow in expressing my thoughts to her on the subject, and spoke in serious terms of herself, her husband, and her house, and hinted in very plain terms that she must know something of the trunk—all to no purpose, the smile kept its station, and with a countenance as serene and mild as the azure sky, and a voice of the utmost sweetness, instead of noticing me any more than if I had been a thousand miles off, she desired the little girl to “bring her a glass of water.” What to make of her I could not tell; her conduct puzzled me more than the disappearance of the trunk. She neither appeared glád, nor mad, nor any more concerned for my distress than if I had lost a pin. The little girl (a granddaughter of the lady) was much concerned, and whilst I sat pondering upon the strangeness of my loss, the absence of the man of the house, and expecting the stage every minute, in which I was to take my departure, perhaps 600 miles distant, ran over to the stable to see a man that had charge of the coaches and horses, thinking, as I was going in the evening stage, he had taken care of the trunk, and had removed it for safe keeping. The man, however, had not seen it, and came to the tavern rather displeased, that I should accuse him of taking the trunk. But upon explaining the matter, he became reconciled, and was no less surprised than myself, and commenced searching for the trunk himself, and pulling the door of the parlour toward him from the wall, there sat the trunk upon one end! I ran into the back parlour to communicate the good news to the lady, and apologize for the harshness of my expressions to her and the unjustness of my suspicions; but it was just the same thing, she was just as far from showing the least joy for the recovery of the trunk, as sorrow for the loss of it. If she is not a philosopher, (and the only one I ever saw,) then no such persons ever existed.

Shortly after this, the tavernkeeper arrived, and said he put the trunk behind the door himself as he was going away. Expecting the stage every minute, though not the usual hour of tea, my lady philosopher did not forget what was due to a stranger, though she forgot to be angry for that injustice with which she had been treated, she ordered the table to be set and tea to be served, and pressed me to eat with uncommon sweetness. But this was not all—I arose from the table before the family, to prepare for my departure, and asking the gentleman the amount of my bill, I saw her give him a gentle twitch, “nothing at all, madam,” said he, “we are only sorry you cannot stay longer.” These were the most amiable couple I remember to have met with in my travels, and their tavern, the only one in the place, deserves a liberal patronage.

It was in this town, as I have remarked in my first volume, I saw a young, interesting man, who had just commenced the publication of a missionary paper, and so effectually had those missionaries succeeded in misrepresenting me to him, as well as the other religious editors, as they are falsely called, that the young man at first ran from me as though I were a bear. Determined to convince him how he had been imposed upon, I sent a friendly message to him, desiring the pleasure of an interview. Finding, from the purport of the message, that I was a human being instead of a monster, which he had been led to expect, he came in, but was pale from afright. Upon my suggesting the cause, he candidly confessed the truth, and was apparently astonished to find me a rational being. I was truly sorry that so fine a young man should be compelled to write contrary to his opinion. In the course of our interview, he gained much on my esteem, and no doubt but it was reciprocated.

Ipswich contains a court-house, a jail, two churches, and 1,571 tons of shipping. The court of common pleas sits at Ipswich.

NEWBURYPORT,

The third town in Massachusetts, is twelve miles from Ipswich. Amongst my fellow travellers were a Boston lady with two beautiful little boys and two girls, who were highly amusing. Besides her, there were an old fellow traveller* and a conceited fop, and no one else of interest in the stage. She was a lady of wealth and fashion, and was merely riding out for change of air and to gratify her children. She had often heard of me; but we never had had the pleasure of meeting.

The evening being cool, the freshness of the air after an excessive warm day, was very pleasant, and the country very handsomely diversified with hill and plain, and now and then a few rocks; though night closed upon us sometime before we reached Newburyport. Nothing can be more refreshing, after a warm day, than an evening drive; it is almost as great a luxury as toast and tea, by yourself, in a lofty, large room, with a river or meadow, or some novelty, to engage your eye. Being late when I arrived at Newburyport, I was unable to see the town till next morning.

Observing to some friends in Boston, that I should visit Newburyport, "Oh," said they, "don't go there, Mrs. R. it is nothing but a nest of orthodox, you will do no good there, and if you should go to Andover, you will be apt to get your throat cut." The christian religion has arrived at a fine pass, when those places which pretend to be most devoted to the cause, draws on it such remarks, it is enough to make people turn deists, Turks, or even savages. I observed in reply, I thought those were the places my presence was most needed, and to Newburyport I went; but as I did not wish to deprive the world of the benefit of my labors, I did not venture upon Andover, as there might be too much truth in the remark. My landlord, Mr. Townsend, of the stage house, as well

* Mr. Porter, of good size and young, with a full hazle eye, and genteel manners.

as his wife, were Unitarians, and of course they informed me, there were several Unitarians in the town. I called at the atheneum, after breakfast, and met with several very liberal, gentlemanly men; our pleasure at meeting, appeared to be mutual, and I happened to repeat the remark of my Boston friends, when one of the men (a missionary doubtless) flew out of the building. "There goes one of them now," said I. "You are right," said my friends, "he is one of the genuine brimstone." From the atheneum I went to the bookstores, you may always judge of the degree of intelligence in a town by the bookstores. There were but two bookstores in the town, both orthodox. One was your right *red-hot* orthodox; the other seemed rather liberal, and appeared to be halting between two opinions. He conversed very pleasantly on various subjects, and showed me my works, if I am not mistaken, in his library; but the other was a dark, gloomy monster in his appearance. My friends followed me up, but they dared not venture into the black-coat book store. After giving the black-coat bookseller a lecture upon charity, meekness, and sundry other christian qualities, I took my final leave of him, and called on my favorite bookseller again, where my friends had remained. We had a long conversation in the store, principally about the conduct of those deceivers. I asked the gentleman "how he could be so deceived? that he could not help seeing they made a trade of religion." He turned round to one of the gentlemen, and said, "She is half right." From the bookstore, I called on Mr. Allen, the editor—a fine, noble looking man. An editor of all classes of men, lies nearest my heart. I have a paramount predilection to them, and always feel at home, from the moment I enter their office, till I leave it. Mr. A. and myself, however, only renewed our acquaintance, having long been familiar to each other. He is a middle aged man, good size, fair complexion, full face, genteel in his address, learned and accomplished, and one of the ablest editors in the United States; his style is flowing, chaste, and simple; his politics I do not know.

Besides Mr. Allen, there are many enlightened and intelligent gentlemen in Newburyport; at the head of these stand hon. judge Wilde, hon. B. Banister, hon. E. Morely, Dr. Nathaniel Bradstreet, Messrs. John Porter, Richard Spafford, John R. Nudson, Edward S. Rand, and many others. Mr. E. S. Rand, hon. B. Banister, and hon. E. Morely, I had not the good fortune to see: they are, however, spoken highly of in Newburyport. Judge Wilde is a gentleman of fortune, talents, and worth; and ranks among the first men in Massachusetts; he is of middle age, good size, dark complexion, and a soft hazle eye, and one of the most gentlemanly and benevolent men in Newburyport. Dr. Bradstreet is also a gentleman of high literary attainments, and is reckoned one of their first men; he is a slender man, about 30 years of age, good figure, thin visage, full dark eye, oval face, light complexion, his hair black and thin, and drops in ringlets over his forehead; his countenance and manners pleasing; his heart the essence of human kindness; he is held in great esteem in Newburyport. Doctor Spafford and Mr. Porter, rank equally high in every virtue that ennobles the human race. Here a dark gulph yawns; on the other side of which stand in bold array and dark front, the gloomy bigots of which I had heard—of all sights the most distressing to the philanthropist is to see the human species transformed into savage monsters, dead to every generous feeling of humanity, lost to the power of reason, not only useless to themselves and others, but a terror to every beholder. This sect abounds in Newburyport, mostly females—I could not refrain from shuddering at the sight of those she monsters as I met them on the pavements. Their countenances enveloped with an impenetrable gloom, squalid sickly color, and a fierce malignant eye—all the torments of hell seemed to boil within them; the social comforts banished from their dwelling and society, they must be the most self-tormented beings breathing; nothing but slandering, falsehood and spilling blood, (if they could get at it,) affords them pleasure; accustomed to the war whoop of the Indian, the fierce shriek of the panther, and the nightly yell of the

wolf from my infancy, yet more appalling and terrific monsters await me in this land of arts and sciences—the land of refinement, the land of priests! This is the work of priests! How they have maintained their power so near Boston and Salem is extraordinary. And those savages have the impudence to pretend to convert the heathen; oh shame! Intelligence and philosophy, however, have made their appearance in Newburyport, the lustre of which must allure bigotry to its embrace or banish it from their shores. I am told there are a great number of old maids in Newburyport, no wonder! their ferocious aspect would put a regiment of grenadiers to flight, and as for the cunning missionaries they are *too wise* to marry, and why should they, when they can with a stamp of their foot command an army of women—not *old maids*, *young maids*. It is said that about two-thirds of the females in Newburyport work for the missionaries. Oh shocking! I perceive those missionary females are entirely of the lower class, as is evident from their small stunted bonnets, pinched cheeks, and narrow dresses, to save money to spread the gospel—better acquire the gospel yourselves, poor simpletons, than disgrace your sex; better go to school with the money.

A very visible difference of countenance and manners distinguishes the females of Newburyport from those of Boston, or Salem, or even Plymouth. But enough of them until I call this way again, and if I do not find a reformation, they shall hear from me again. I am determined those blackcoats shall not hold my sex any longer in subjection. I will never have done until I banish priestcraft, religious tyranny, superstition and bigotry from amongst my sex—to be sure it is something like overturning a mountain, but this does not deter me, if I cannot turn the mountain over, I will try to cut through it. The impious frauds of those priests have too long disgraced the fairest part of creation. Dress woman up in the fair face of *true* religion, dealing charity and blessings around her, she is the most enviable of nature's works—she would no longer be slighted by the other sex.

"He must who sees her modest, mild, and fair,
 Cheer gloom, dejection, trouble, care;
 Sees each kind glance, soft effort, wish and scheme,
 Bent on one friend to merit his esteem;
 Her end, her aim, her course that never tires,
 To merit praise from one whom she admires.
 See her a mother, fond, judicious, mild—
 Mark how she rears and trains the obedient child!
 Nurtures the plant till buds of reason shoot,
 And moral blossoms promise glorious fruit.

Hail! lovely woman! grac'd with gifts and powers
 To raise thy sex, reform and perfect ours:
 Live honor'd, cultur'd, dignified and bright,
 Pure as Aurora's blush of orient light;
 Instructed, gentle, virtuous, and refined—*
 "Heaven's last best gift t' exalt and bless mankind."

I hope to see the day when women will learn to respect themselves and command the respect of enlightened and generous men.

In the course of the forenoon, I called again at the bookstore of my friend—since I have become an author-ess, I generally attract great crowds of people, principally the rabble; now we have no rabble amongst the Indians; one of the sorest griefs to me in this refined country is the rabble. It is—but I forget that my business is to benefit and not asperse mankind. Having therefore much to hope and little to fear, I will confine myself to their vices. Amongst those who follow me through the streets and attend me to public places, are always found a few choice friends, good warm-hearted souls. My friends seeing me in the street, soon joined me, and we entered the bookstore together—as usual the rabble surrounded the door and even poured into the bookstore, until it was full—some were grown, some half grown, some were small children, some male and female. I found a few of the jinny dismals in the store when I went in, but upon pointing them out in no very flattering terms, they took flight. Determined to take every advantage to impress the public mind with a just sense of the absurdity of this gospel spreading scheme—I waited till a goodly number

*S. A. Elliott.

of the rabble had forced themselves in—they were the most ignorant dirty-faced gawks in New-England, and all strove to get near *me*—the little children would squeeze their heads between the gentlemen's knees and strain their necks to look up in my face. Amongst those in the store, was a great rough heron being in the shape of a man—he was over six feet in height, above middle age, plainly clad, and looked as though he had been hewn into his present shape by the broad axe. When I saw my own time, I waved my hand towards the door and observed, “Now you are people who send missionaries to convert the heathen; look at yourselves ten times ruder than the heathen: you might travel for years among the Indians, and not meet with such a rabble, or such an instance of rudeness—why do you not convert yourselves?” The big rough man flew out of the store, and one of my friends said, “You have just hit the nail on the head Mrs. R. that is Bartlett that gave \$30,000 to the Andover Seminary.” I ran after him to get a better view of him, and solicited his patronage—he took his watch out of his pocket and looking at the sun, said, “You will please to excuse me now madam, it is banking hours, but I will be glad to see you at my house in the afternoon—after three o'clock.” I called at his house but no Bartlett was there, he was at his counting room. It was some distance, but discouraged by no obstacle, I measured many a step before I found it; on my way thither I saw a sign over a store with the name of Williams; allured by the name I stepped in and sold a book. I mention this to prove what I have often said, that I always found generosity attached to the name of Williams. Williams, Morgan, and Jones, are universally descended from the Welsh, the most noble race among the human family.

At length I reached Mr. B's counting-room, and found him sitting at his ease, perfectly unengaged. He saluted me again very kindly, and invited me to be seated; wishing to rest a few minutes, I gratified Mr. Bartlett with a brief account of my history, travels, and adventures, but at length I came to the point, and offered him one of my books—“why Mrs. R.” said he, “these things require

consideration, don't you know it does?" I told him that I thought the amount of a dollar to the poor required very little consideration, and that if he required time to consider upon the subject he was welcome, but, for myself, I had not time to await the result, and getting up, I bid him good by. "Good by, madam, I wish you a great deal of happiness and success." I turned round, and told him, that neither put clothes on my back, nor bread in my mouth. This is the religion of the orthodox. If the rest of mankind had no more charity than they have, the poor would perish in the streets. Now, this hypocrite that gave thirty thousand dollars to a nest of pirates, refused the amount of a piece of bread to the widow of the man, who secured to him the means of acquiring this wealth, he being immensely rich. Had I not been a stranger, and one from whom he might expect a passing notice, it would not have had so black an appearance on his side. For the credit of his town, one would have thought he might have put his hand in his pocket, and have pulled out a quarter, or a half dollar, and said, "I do not want books, but take this to help you on your way." But these people are dead to shame; all this is the fault of the priests, doubtless, had this man never seen a priest, or never have been inside of a church, he would, doubtless have been more like a human being, and a much better christian. As it is, he is nothing but a vile hypocrite in religion, and a beast in his heart. Newburyport is a very handsome town principally built of brick, and contains a court-house, jail, alms-house, an academy, six churches, 6,900 inhabitants. It lies on the Merrimack river, three miles from the sea, in a delightful situation, and was once a place of extensive trade, but like all those ports which traded to the West Indies, its trade is annihilated. Formerly, ship building was carried on here extensively, and its capital was considerable. It still has the appearance of much wealth, and were it not under the influence of a tyrannical priesthood, it would be a most desirable residence. The Merrimack is a beautiful smooth lucid stream, one mile and an half wide; a chain bridge is nearly completed across the river, and adds much to the beauty of the

scenery. This bridge is to cost \$60,000, and will be the handsomest bridge in the United States. There is an opposition bridge a short distance above it, which it is thought will injure the proprietors materially. Newburyport owns at this time 21,000 tons of shipping. Merrimack is navigable eighteen miles, to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where it is obstructed by falls—a canal connects the navigation of the Merrimack above these falls with Boston—this is called the Middlesex canal.

The Merrimack river abounds during the spring and summer, with large quantities of salmon, shad, and alewives. The salmon is the most delicious fish in the American rivers.*

Among the most deserving citizens of Newburyport, is the tavern keeper, who keeps the stage house, Mr. Townsend, a most amiable and obliging man. Mrs. T. is also among the finest women in the place, I spent but one day in Newburyport.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

From Newburyport, I took my departure for New-Hampshire, and intending to take a regular tour through New-Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont, I resolved to take the towns regular, and save time and distance, as much as possible. With this view, instead of going directly on to Portsmouth, I turned a little out of the way to see Exeter, a considerable town in New-Hampshire. I was now about to launch amongst strangers once more, into a country altogether new to me.

Time and custom had reconciled me in a great measure to the Atlantic States, and the kindness and hospitality which met me almost every where, had, in the space of three years endeared the people to me, to a degree unknown to myself, until the hour of parting arrived.

*On Plum Island, in the harbor, are two light houses.

As I am now to visit New-Hampshire for the first time, it will be most in character to say something of the history and first settlement of New-Hampshire. New-Hampshire was found in possession of various tribes of Indians, noble, generous and independent, and consisted of five distinct divisions, viz: those on Piscataqua, second those on the Merrimack; third, the Ossapee, on Ossapee lake; fourth, those on Connecticut river,* and fifth, the Coos Indians. All these suffered much from the invasion of the fierce Mohawks of New York. They were found principally on the banks of the large rivers, and were very kind to the white people. New-Hampshire was first discovered by Captain John Smith, an English navigator, in 1614. The name was given to it by captain John Mason, one of the original patentees, Gorges was the name of the other. The first grant was in 1622; it was at first called *Laconia*, and some of the early historians called it *Mason's Patent*. The first settlements were made at Dover and Portsmouth, in 1623. The first settlers were Edward and William Hilton, and David Thompson, the two Hilton's settled Dover seven miles from Portsmouth: Thompson, with his company, settled Portsmouth. In 1638, Mr. Wheelright, from Braintree, settled Exeter, and the same year the town of Hampton was settled; the first house in Hampton was built by Nicholas Easton.

All these people indulged in the same religious broils and disputes, and worse than any of the colonies, and lived without the form of government until 1641, when by voluntary consent, they put themselves under the government of Massachusetts, and were all comprehended in one county, called Norfolk.

At length in 1679, New-Hampshire was erected into a royal province, by Charles II.; the first general assembly met at Portsmouth, 16th March, in the same year; Portsmouth, Dover, and Exeter, were the only towns represented. It was after this, however, sometimes united with New York, and sometimes with Massachusetts, but the boundary line was at length established by royal authori-

*Connecticut river bounds New-Hampshire.

ty; in 1792, a permanent constitution was framed—New-Hampshire is 168 miles long, and from 19 to 90 miles wide, it is nearly in the shape of a fan, and contains 9,491 square miles, and a population of 244,161; it is laid off into six counties each of which is divided into 217 towns; it has only eighteen miles of sea-coast; it contains many beautiful lakes and rivers, and many stupendous mountains; the principal lake is Winnipiseogee, eight miles wide, and twenty-two long; the rivers are Merrimack, Ameriscoggin, Saco, and Piscataqua—the principal mountains are the White, Moose, Ossapee, Sunapee, and Monadnock mountains, some of them are the highest in the United States; the soil is fertile on the rivers only; the climate is from fifteen to thirty below zero, and from ninety-five to an hundred above it—the air is pure and the water good.

EXETER.

Exeter is but fifteen miles from Newburyport. The land is rich, and the prospect delightful, as we diverge from Newburyport. In the edge of the town, to our left, I was on a sudden surprised by four statues, apparently of plaster; they were standing aloft on a platform, connected with a showy building, and represented human figures as large as life, in uniform. The house stands in High street, upon elevated ground, and commands a charming prospect. It appears, that the house formerly belonged to a Mr. Dexter, who being very rich and very simple, caused those figures to be made, to render himself conspicuous; he is now dead, and many of the figures, it is said, are destroyed. Those remaining, present an even front, one is General Washington, one President Adams, one represents President Jefferson, and one Governor Hancock; they have no particular likeness.

About three miles from Newburyport, we cross the Merrimack, over a beautiful bridge, and still have fine prospects until we arrive at Exeter. The Supreme Court

was sitting at Exeter when I arrived, and the taverns crowded to such a degree, that it was with some difficulty I got in. The tavern keeper, however, a very obliging man, in the course of the day, made suitable arrangements for my accommodation and comfort. Exeter is one of the largest and handsomest towns in New-Hampshire, and was formerly the seat of government. It is principally built of wood, and occupies an elevated situation, descending to the bank of Exeter river, upon which it is situated. It lies length ways upon the river, and rises by alternate flats and assents to nearly a mile back, having the river in front, which gives it great advantages in point of scenery, as no one part of the town interferes with the prospect of the other. Exeter is in Rockingham county, at the falls of Exeter river, which is navigable to this place, fourteen miles S. W. from Portsmouth; it contains three churches, a court house, a jail, a bank,* and one of the best public seminaries, it is said, in the state; besides these, it has two cotton manufactories, one woollen manufactory, a paper manufactory, two oil mills, three corn mills, three saw mills, and a bark mill; and on Little river, a short distance from hence are six tanneries, where morrocco leather is prepared to the amount of twenty thousand skins annually. Exeter contains two thousand one hundred inhabitants. I should like to know how these Yankees think any one can give an easy and accurate description of their towns, for instance, this same Exeter is called a town, it may be five or six miles square, all is called the town, the *thickly* settled part, (to use one of their own phrases,) is called the town, so that between that part of the town which is no town, but consisting of farms, and that part consisting of houses, there is no distinction; so that speaking of the town of Exeter, I can neither understand it clearly myself, or convey an accurate idea of it to others; for instance, when I say "those manufactories are in the town of Exeter," how is any person to understand what part of the town they are in. Upon looking over Geographies, written by Yankees, I find their counties divided into

*100,000 capital.

towns and *shire towns*; now it is clear that the *shire town* means that part of the town which contains the greatest number of houses, the town, proper; but a person speaking or writing of Exeter, for instance, cannot find it so convenient to search volumes of books, to see whether it be a shire town or not—others are called post towns. It is truly a bungling way to divide a county, to say the least, were they as in Pennsylvania, to call them *townships*, the difficulty would cease. But to return, Exeter, is a very flourishing post town, and it is also a port, the tide rising eleven feet. Before the revolution, a number of large vessels were built here. To one unaccustomed to tides, these rivers in the Atlantic country, exhibit an astonishing appearance, owing to the ebbing and flowing of the tides. When I first saw Exeter river, I was struck with its size and beauty; the next morning, I was surprised to find instead of a beautiful large smooth river, to find a narrow dribbling creek, which, in the course of a few hours, is again a mighty river.

Exeter is inhabited mostly by very liberal and enlightened people, though a few of the blackcoats are here too, (and where are they not.) But they are not so numerous here as in Newburyport. Some of the first families of N. Hampshire reside in Exeter. Here are the Peabody's, the Gilmans, Smiths, and Rogers', this last descended from the famous Rogers burnt at Smithfield—at the head of these stands the hon. J. Smith, venerable from age and respectable from worth and talent, he has filled every office of honor or trust in the state. He was one of the first representatives in congress under the federal government, next appointed judge of the supreme court of New-Hampshire, next chief justice, then (1809) elected governor of the state. He was next appointed chief justice of the S. J. C. He received the honorary degree of L. L. D. from Dartmouth college and the same from Harvard. Venerated and beloved, independent in fortune and covered with honors. Judge Smith still lives in Exeter—I called at his dwelling and found him in health, cheerful and active—he was sitting in his library attended by his daughter, who seems only to live for him and he for her; so

fond a father and so affectionate a child, I never saw—she is a young lady grown, and I am told, refuses every offer of marriage, lest she might be separated from her parent whom she doats upon. Judge Smith is by no means an old looking man and is very free and easy in his manners. General Sullivan as well as judge S. is a highly respectable man. Here too is another ex-governor, *Gilman*, but as unlike G. Smith as the crocodile is unlike the dove.—Nothing but that unyielding fortitude, perseverance and industry which sets obstacles at defiance—that determined resolution not to eat the bread of idleness or scorn, could have crowned my efforts with success. To this end I have braved the elements themselves, and the still more formidable opposition of unprincipled men; and though oppressed by unparalleled labor, yet I never indulged myself with a moment's rest, except those devoted to sleep, and even these were limited. To do justice to the public and *equal* justice to all, and that one day might not encroach upon the funds of another, my time was proportioned to the object—neither burning suns nor drenching rains, therefore, ever kept me in the house during the day, my nights were mostly devoted to the pen. When it was known I intended to travel through New-Hampshire, Exeter was immediately mentioned as a place of much interest. "There you will find some of the greatest men in the state, there is judge Peabody, gen. Gilman, gov. Gilman, judge Smith, and who not." Every one remembers, I mean every one in Exeter, that on the second day of my arrival there it rained torrents, but as this was the only *whole* day I had to spare for that town, I was out most of the day in the heaviest part of the storm—I knocked at the door of governor Gilman—he came to the door himself, a great rough monster he is, and although the rain was then pouring so powerfully as to bend my shattered umbrella over my head; he never said, "Come in madam out of the rain," or "Will you wait until the shower is over." These people convert the heathen! what savage can be found that would have acted so impolite, not to say inhuman—now this man particularly had been held up to me. This proves what has often been said, that it

is "Adversity that tries mankind." My friend would call this "Walking a mile for the string." Determined to obtain as much as possible for my book, I went from gov. G's. to gen. Gilman's, (his brother I believe,) the general did invite me out of the rain, but that was all. The rev. Abbott was very little behind these. In justice to him, he did speak to me, and asked me to take a seat, and he one of my favorite Unitarians, and at the head of literary institution! oh fie! He will make hopeful converts too—he and president Wayland are the only principals of literary institutions in the United States, who refused me their patronage—he will never make a president *Nott*.

In Exeter, however, as in every other place, the politeness and hospitality of some compensates for the rudeness and vulgarity of others. The hon. G. Smith I have mentioned: and but for his age and public services, I should have particularly mentioned judge and colonel Peabody, and my friend col. Rogers, at the first. My favorites (if I have any,) are generally found at the beginning and end of the roll. The Peabody family I have often mentioned, and often met with. It appears they were amongst the first settlers of Exeter, and have figured high in the annals of their country as lawyers, physicians, and divines. Judge Peabody is the father of two sons (twins,) mentioned in my first tour; the judge I never saw until I saw him in Exeter where he resides—he is one of the most accomplished gentlemen, advanced in years, and one of the most amiable men I have met with in my travels.—Col. Peabody, his son, like the father, unites every accomplishment of mind and person, a noble commanding figure, with features and countenance for beauty, innocence and good nature, is unrivalled—he is a perfect Adonis, and his manners are alike pleasing—he is certainly the most perfect mortal I ever beheld. A portrait of a daughter at that time in Europe, represents her to be no ways inferior in person than her brother.—Col. Peabody was confined from indisposition when I called at his father's, but the moment he heard I was in the house he wrapped himself up and came down stairs to see me.—It certainly was one of the greatest treats that Exeter had

in store. But Col. Rogers, also, a gentleman of rare personal endowments, is my greatest favorite; I was not more than half an hour in the place, before this gentleman attached himself to me by the most unbounded courtesies—no brother was ever kinder. Col. R. is cashier of the bank, middle sized, and one of the finest faces in the world; but his virtues are above the power of pen—his actions are known only to himself, and his God; his words, “like the dew of Hermon,” and his soft blue eyes, I shall never forget. I have never seen but one man who exactly resembled him, (they are both masons) the other gentleman lives in Georgetown, D. C. Having lost his card in a long absence from Georgetown, I asked for the best man in the town, and the people immediately pitched upon him. But now, alas, the tune again turns. I remarked that court was sitting in Exeter when I arrived. Many of the lawyers, and some of the judges put up at Col. Burly’s with myself. The lawyers, particularly, were polite and friendly. But the judges, I am ashamed of them, they disgraced their cloth by a most shameful flight. These were the Hon’s judge Livermore, B***** and T*****. I addressed a note to the first, and requested an interview. He returned for answer that “he would be engaged in court, continually, during the term of Exeter.” He boarded at a house kept at the foot of the hill, by two old maids. Determined to have a sight of him, if possible, my friends apprised me that court would adjourn finally that day, the day I was to leave Exeter, and at what time. Accordingly, I walked to the old maids, and enquired for the gentleman; they were preparing to depart; I sat in the room through which I knew they must pass, and seeing a man with a sheepish gate walking, with his back to me, on the kitchen piazza, I asked who it was. The answer was, “it is judge L!” I got up to walk after him, expecting he would be quite pleased to see me; when lo! he made the best of his way ahead. But the best of the story is, that while I was in pursuit of judge L. the others made their escape, and were just seated in their chaises, as I returned from the pursuit. Sheriff Bell was a great

man too; but great or little, I never saw him. But I never saw more despatch in leaving a place, or the whip so liberally applied. Finding myself *out judged*, I directed my attention to the old maids, genuine orthodox. One about half seas over, was a confirmed toper, and the other, I dare say, took a little now and then, but her face wanted the red scurff of the other. But to cut the matter short, they were very pious, and not being able to comprehend the fact that any one could be engaged in honorable or disinterested pursuits, and finding I was no friend to the missionaries, the tipsy one said, "I suppose you'r sent out a travelling by Cambridge university." They were near forty years of age.

I met with a very gentlemanly man at Exeter, by the name of Cilly, who lived in the neighborhood. This gentleman had a son with him, quite as interesting as himself. I met with the young gentleman at the old maids, and struck with his genteel manners, he apprised me he was the son of my friend Mr. Cilly, and in terms of great modesty, gave me to understand that he heard I could paint so accurately with the pen, that no one could mistake the picture, and expressed as much as that he would be glad to see a specimen; for instance, "how would I describe that young man," pointing to his friend. I asked him for a pencil, and drew himself; upon presenting it to him, he blushed exceedingly. He was quite a promising young man, and will, no doubt, become an honor to his country. The sketch I took of his features, is as follows: a small, light, well-turned figure, about twenty years of age, his movements elastic, his face round, his features regular, and exactly proportioned, his mouth small, and teeth beautiful; his complexion dark; a sweet smile plays on his lip, his hair auburn, and his eye black. My best hit, however, was a great awkward fellow, one Mr. K. a lawyer, from Northwood, the picture was so applicable, that it caused a great laugh amongst the gentlemen. Having some business at the Rev. Herds, on my return to Col. Burly's, a great bluff, youngish looking man, eyeing me with a sneer, from a door on the opposite side of the street. He had a green satchel in his

hand, which denoted his profession, and wishing to have a better view of my authorship, he proceeded down the street in the same direction with myself. He kept one side of the street, and I the other. We walked abreast, and he continued to grin, and look, and sneer at me with insufferable assurance. When we arrived at the tavern, I asked who he was, in his presence, and took a pencil and described him to a hair. The thing was soon done, he with the other gentlemen looking over my shoulder during the time. The company burst into a loud peal of laughter before his face, which he took in great good humor.

For the benefit of posterity, Mr. K. is a thick set man, about twenty-five years of age, fair complexion, broad face, tinged with gin, big head, filled with lead, projecting forehead, and the greatest pomposity and importance imaginable, distinguish his manners. Some of the gentlemen suggested to him the policy of buying half a dozen copies of my book, observing it might be the means of changing the description of his person, but the lead was too heavy. Every gentleman who came to the tavern while I remained in Exeter, must have a sight of the portrait, and all agreed it was an excellent likeness. So much for his impertinent sneers. Speaking of parson Herd, it appears he is a son of Mr. Herd, of Charleston, Mass. and one of your red hot orthodox. I was told Mr. Herd, the father, was there, and having some business with him, I called at the house. Neither the parson or father was at home. Mrs. Herd, but particularly her sister, behaved very polite, and expressed some approbation of my tour through the state. Her sister being a Unitarian, joined me in laughing at the long faces of the missionaries. Mrs. H. is certainly a very genteel lady-looking woman, and, amongst other things, I asked her why those missionaries (meaning her sect, the orthodox) looked so doleful, why they never smiled, or looked cheerful like other people. She replied, it was "because they were grieved at the sins of the world." I should have explained it quite differently. The next morning I called again, when it was stated the parson

was to be at home; the old gentleman it appeared was gone to Charleston. When I went in, I observed a tall gloomy of a man, dressed in black, sitting in the parlor, with the true missionary blue in his countenance, I took it to be parson Herd, until Mrs. H. introduced him. It appeared he was one of those long, lean, tall, gaunt, pious young men, that parson Herd had picked up, somewhere, to officiate in his place, till he recovered, Mr. H. being a preacher in Exeter, and in bad health. He seemed to enter upon the duties of the appointment with great promptness, and lest I might overreach Mrs. H. in receipting for a book, for which the elder Mr. Herd was a subscriber, he got up, and walking up to the sofa where I was sitting, "have you erased the name perfectly, madam," said he to me, looking carefully at the subscription book. I told him the book was a sufficient receipt, and expressed my opinion of him very freely, to which he retorted in the true orthodox spirit. I turned round to Mrs. H. and asked her "what she thought of his piety then?" "Oh!" said she, "what more could you expect of him, after addressing him in the manner you did." "I would expect, madam, if he was what he pretends to be, that instead of insulting me, he would try to convert me, or how can he pretend to convert the heathen." Parson Herd never made his appearance at all. I often met this ramrod of a missionary in the course of the day, and never failed to make my best courtesy to him, and enquired kindly after his health, he was the most gloomy looking savage I ever saw in the missionary ranks.

Philips' Academy in Exeter, was founded by John Philips L. L. D., in 1781, who bequeathed to that end, a large portion of his estate. It has seven trustees—Its instructors consist of a principal, a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and a lecturer in theology, also sacred music and writing, are taught by separate teachers. It usually has from eighty to ninety students, and is represented to be very flourishing. It is altogether Unitarians, and of course no *pious* young men are found there. Benjamin Abbot L. L. D., is said to have discharged his duty as principal, with ability for thirty years. That is long

enough, if I were to judge of him. The Academy is a very handsome building, in the centre of the town*

History.—Exeter was settled by John Wheelwright and others, in 1638, five years after the settlement of Dover and Portsmouth. Wheelwright was banished from Massachusetts, on account of his religion (monsters) and purchased fifty miles extent of land from the Indians, viz: all the land between the Merrimack and Piscataqua, for fifty miles back. Mr. Wheelwright lived in harmony with the Indians, till 1642, when Exeter was annexed to the government of Massachusetts; and Wheelwright being still under sentence of banishment, fled to Maine. Wheelwright was a broth-in-law of the celebrated Anne Hutchinson, and cotemporary with Oliver Cromwell at the university. He removed to Wells in Maine, and died in Salisbury, in 1680.

Exeter suffered much, from the hostility of the Indians, for many years.

In the annals of Exeter, as well as all New-England, they take great pride I see, in keeping up the history of the church; for instance, the successor of every minister of every church, in every town are alike, carefully registered and blended in all their histories; in some instances to the date. Whatever pleasure this may afford themselves, I can assure them it is very disgusting to others. All their histories that ever I have seen, is nothing but a history of *ministers*, and quarrels, and disputes, and banishings, bitterness, and hangings, and every species of cruelty and hypocrisy. What pleasure or purpose this can promote, I would like to know. I should think they would rather expunge all traces of those barbarous bloody fanatics, and blot the whole of them out for ever. Besides the horror and disgust, they never fail to awaken in the human breast; they obscure the history of their country, which in fact is nothing but a history of fanatics and cruelty. By this time they ought to blush for the conduct of those *godly* men, as they were called. It is absurd to think for a moment that these were christians. Accord-

*Exeter expends \$1000 annually for common schools.

ingly I find the history of N. H., scarcely any thing but a history of these persecuting bigots, and the successor of every *minister* as they are called, down to the present day, mixed up with the history.

I was introduced to the Butterfly Editor, as he is called, Col. Cutter of Portsmouth. He was on a visit to Exeter, and my friends understanding I intended to visit Portsmouth, thought, no doubt, they were doing me a great favor, and such was their intention doubtless, but I saw by the sneer on his countenance, that I would receive little attention from him. If the reader remembers the Puppy-skin Parson, the same description may apply to the Col., both as to size and sense. Instead of saying what a gentleman would have said, he honored his friends and me with a silly simper. I met with him but once in Portsmouth, and he put on the same grin as at first and walked off.

Wet to the skin from having been in the whole of the rain that fell that day, I set off late in the afternoon to Portsmouth, having spent little over a day in Exeter. Portsmouth is only fourteen miles from Exeter, but it was sunset when we arrived. I had only a few Jonathans in the stage, of course I had little to beguile my unpleasant feelings arising from my wet clothes and weariness.*

PORTSMOUTH.

Without taking refreshment or even a seat, I hastened to Mr. Buck's office who edits a paper, and being told his was the only paper that came out next morning, I went to apprise him of my arrival, which he very politely announced in the paper next morning. Returning to the tavern, I consigned myself to repose, of which no one ever had more need. Portsmouth is the largest and the only seaport town in New-Hampshire. It stands on a

*Col. Burly, at whose house I put up in Exeter, (as well as his wife) is a good man, and merits the patronage of the public.

beautiful peninsula at the mouth of Piscataqua river. It is a very handsome site, and some of the buildings are elegant, though many of the houses are built of wood. It contains seven very handsome churches, a court house, jail, a branch bank of the U. S., four other banks, a loan office, two insurance offices, an academy, an alms house, two market houses, two hundred and twenty stores, two rope walks, sundry manufacturing establishments, an athe-
neum with sixteen hundred volumes, and a cabinet of min-
erals and natural history, and seven thousand three hundred
inhabitants. Though Portsmouth has been harassed with
fires, it is a very lively town, and does much business.
The shipping amounts to 146 vessels.

The average value of imports in five years ending 1822, was	}	\$455,687.
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Average amount of exports to foreign coun- tries, sometimes in articles of growth and manufactures of the United States, was	}	235,059.
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Foreign,	110,748.
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The tonnage of vessels registered in for- eign trade, in 1817, was	}	tons 26,042.
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Enrolled and licensed for coasting and fishing, was	}	5,233.
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Total, in 1818,	31,275.
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Value of merchandize imported from fo- reign countries, in 1826,	}	\$342,649
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Value of domestic and foreign goods ex- ported to foreign countries, in 1826,	}	\$191,000
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Tonnage outstanding, Dec. 31, 1826, tons,	25,870 84-95
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Portsmouth harbor is one of the most secure and commodious in the United States. The Piscataqua is from one half to three-fourths of a mile wide, and the current so swift that it prevents the river freezing, and the water is deep enough (forty-two feet of water at low tide) for ships of any size to anchor in. The harbor contains many islands; on one of these (the continental) stands the United States' navy yard.

The navy yard is situated on an island containing about fifty acres, and has, within two years past, been connected by a very useful bridge with the bank of the river in the state of Maine. Thus, by means of the Portsmouth bridge, there is now a double communication—one by land and one by water—between the yard and Portsmouth.

There have been built, also, within a few years, brick barracks, for the marines, on the eastern side of the island; some of whom are constantly stationed here. The other buildings are principally store-houses, dwelling houses, work shops, and two large coverings for vessels on the stocks. Under one of them is a 74, and under the other a frigate.

A very great improvement has lately been made in vessels of war, viz. instead of casks they provide *iron vessels* of great size, called *tanks*, to carry water. These are made to fit the ship.

I found Com. Creighton at his post, and though very unwell, walked over the navy yard with me, and took much pains to show me every thing relative to it. The whole of the shops exhibited the greatest neatness, industry and attention; every thing was in place, and every man was at his business. The Commodore ordered a lantern, and accompanied me through the different state-rooms, the most astonishing for size, workmanship and beauty of any piece of architecture I ever witnessed. Those frigates form a perfect village of themselves; one is lost in them.

Commodore Chreighton is a stout, middle aged man, of elegant manners and handsome figure. His complexion is dark, his hair and eyes are black, his face is oval, his

features are large and finely proportioned. But his countenance is his distinguishing trait, so soft, so placid and benign, he bends his large, mild eye upon you with the most suasive sweetness. His appointment is one of the most judicious in the government.

Portsmouth is well defended both by art and nature. It is defended by five forts; only one, however, is manned. The principal of these is fort Constitution, on Great Island. Two miles from Portsmouth, you cross the Piscataqua by two bridges, and passing several islands, old fortifications, a large venerable church, and the residence of Sir William Pepperell, with many interesting objects, you arrive at the fort, in a village called New-Castle. The commandant I met on his way to Portsmouth, as it appeared afterwards. But Lieut. Dimick, a very gentlemanly, officerlike man, gave me a reception worthy the office he holds. The fort is finely situated, of great strength, and in neat condition, but quite inconsiderable as to size, men and metal; everything, however, was in complete military order, the utmost exactness and discipline observed in the minutest article. The Lieutenant very politely escorted me round the parapet and through the quarters. The physician, also, a very genteel man, paid his respects in form.

The former residence of Sir William Pepperell, who distinguished himself at Lewisburg, is opposite to the fort, over the river. The mansion is a large frame, still standing and by it another house, built by his wife after his decease, and in which she resided, being unable from grief to live in the mansion in which her husband died. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the view from fort Constitution. The river, with its islands, is visible for miles, and a handsome light house.

- Having expressed a wish to visit the old church, which stands between the fort and Portsmouth, the gallant Lieut. Dimick took a seat in my carriage and waited on me to the church. Being struck by its noble structure and antique appearance, I made some inquiry respecting its history; the Lieutenant informed it was an hundred years since it was built!—the oldest frame build-

ing doubtless in being, and it looked quite as old as it was; one of the corners was much decayed, and was giving way. The Lieutenant, therefore, being afraid I could not get in, came with me and opened the doors. This church is very large, and was, in its day, the most splendid in the country, but has not been used for many years. Of all the churches I ever was in, it inspires the most reverential awe. The pews were sound and entire, the pulpit, and the old faded cushion of crimson velvet lay on the desk; the drapery was worm-eaten in many places, so also were many of the pews. The pulpit and the pews were of the first workmanship, though neither had ever been painted, and the pews were remarkably high. No human being lived near the church. The silence that reigned throughout the fabric, the solemnity of the deserted desk, the venerable cushion where often rested the sacred book, the lonely pews once filled with youth and beauty, all combined to render it at once the most sacred and sublime spots I ever filled on earth. I lingered long upon the moss-grown step, once pressed by some human being long since gone to answer to his God. I took up the cushion, I turned it over and laid it down, it was dropping into holes; the drapery which hung from the desk was thread-bare and mouldy. Deeply impressed by a retrospect to the day when the foundation of this now deserted temple was laid—to the day when, fresh out of the hands of its architect, it was dedicated to heaven, I could scarcely tear myself from the venerable pile. It had a whitish appearance outside, and a very high steeple.

The alms-house of Portsmouth is in the heart of the town, and quite small for the number of 'paupers, which is considerable. It is, however, very well kept, and the paupers looked happy and comfortable. A very neat garden is attached to the building, where the paupers work at their ease. Some are mechanics, and work at their trade. The keeper and matron deserve much credit for their attention to their trust. The prison, also a small frame building, appeared to be well kept; but

there were only one or two prisoners in when I called, the best evidence of the morality of the place.

Piscataqua is amongst the finest looking rivers in the United States, particularly when the tide is up. Besides the bridges which connect Portsmouth to Kittery, another bridge connects it to Newcastle. But the long bridge above the town, on the great mail road leading from Boston to Portsmouth, is a gigantic structure, and ranks amongst the first bridges in the Union. From its great height from the water, it makes a fine view from the harbor, or any part of the town. Under the long bridge, for 900 feet, the water varies from 45, to 53 feet in depth, at low water. The length of the sections supporting the bridge, in this place, varies from 61 to 72 feet. The draw is 1336 feet from the island, and the water is 21 feet deep at ebb tide. This bridge greatly increases and facilitates the travel from Portland, and its vicinity, to this town and Boston. The public have long felt the need of it; but owing to the depth of the river and rapidity of the tide, it was thought impracticable. There has been difficulties overcome in erecting this bridge never before attempted in New-England. It was completed in less than six months from its commencement, at the expense of about \$32,000 only. The great whale caught here not long since passed under this bridge, but was afraid to return. I saw its bones on the Maine shore, but did not go to examine them.

This bridge divides Maine and New-Hampshire. The citizens of Portsmouth, from every appearance, seem to possess much public spirit and enterprise. All that part of it, reduced by the great fire in 1813, has been replaced with elegant brick houses. This fire consumed every building in the compass of five acres—397 houses, of which 100 were dwelling houses. Portsmouth at present, however, presents a very gloomy appearance about the wharfs, most of the warehouses being shut up, from the loss of their trade.

The society of Portsmouth is far behind that of Salem or Boston, from the encouragement of the missionary sect doubtless. And though there are many enlightened peo-

ple in it, yet they bear no proportion to the ignorant. The Unitarians do not appear to flourish here as in Massachusetts. There is a church, however, of Episcopalians, which comprises most of the genteel families in the place. The pastor, Rev. Burroughs, is a genteel man, of the greatest personal accomplishments in the United States doubtless, or perhaps in the world. He is a man of the first piety, learning and charity, and is by a long way the handsomest human being I ever set my eyes on. His face is like nothing human, a celestial beauty distinguishes not only every feature in his face, but his countenance and complexion; no painting, wax-work, or any thing in art or nature can give an idea of his face; his manners are of the most elegant finish, but his face, in every light, is beyond description. His features are of the most perfect symmetry, his complexion is the fairest of the creation, and his countenance beams with a celestial brightness that sets description at defiance. I went to hear him preach, and when he put on the white gown, he looked like some angel dropt from heaven. He is said by those who knew him when he was quite a young man, to be as much handsomer then as he is now above any other man. To those great advantages he unites every human virtue.

While I was standing in Parson Burroughs' door, and a young lady was pointing out the house of the Rev. Parker, a Unitarian preacher, we saw a gentleman of good appearance, dressed in black, walking directly up to us—"There is Mr Parker now, Mrs. R." Taking leave of the lady, I advanced to meet him, and expected the pleasure of his company down the street, as he turned down the street which led to my boarding house. He rather appeared not to court my company, and walked somewhat brisker. Relying upon my own speed, this gave me little uneasiness. I could not, however, but remark the length of his legs, and the nimbleness with which he moved them, and the more so, after some exertion on my part to imitate him. He looked behind him and seeing I was gaining upon him, he mended his pace; all would not do, I began to draw near his heels, when

finding he must be overtaken, he turned suddenly into a cross street: I turned too, he looked behind, I looked before, and though I walked very fast, he had so great an advantage of me in the length of his legs, that I gained on him slow. I was coming up, however, pretty well, when all at once he dodged me again, by turning into another cross street. No ways disheartened, I was now gaining fast upon him, of which he seemed perfectly aware, turning his head first over one shoulder and then over the other; at length we came in close quarters, he had, and so had I, been at something like a half run, and finding he must inevitably be overtaken, he ran outright. I was determined, and imitated him; but being seized with a fit of laughter, I had to give over the chase, and soon lost him. This was the hardest race I ever had excepting one, when I ran from the Indians. He must, doubtless, have been a woman hater; or mistook me for a she missionary.

Besides Mr. Burroughs, however, I found many gentlemen in Portsmouth who did not run from me. These were, Hon. L. Woodbury, Hon. Parrot, Hon. Bartlett (out of town,) Dr. Pierpoint, Messrs. Jeremiah Mason, James Shapely, Samuel Cushman, James Laid, and J. White Sheaf, and a few others. Two only of the Editors were on my side, the others orthodox, of course were against me, as I afterwards learned. Hon. L. Woodbury is a senator in congress; he is a stout, noble figure, dark complexion, round, full face, black eyes, and very dignified and commanding in his countenance and manners. I had been told, that Mr. W. was a soft-headed gawk; what was my astonishment to find him with a steady firm countenance, deep and penetrative look, determined cool eye, and easy, gentlemanly manners. I never was more disappointed. I should take him to be a man of deep sound sense. Mr. Mason is a singular curiosity, at once one of the largest and best men in the world; he is said to be six feet six inches in height, some say only six feet four; let this be as it may, he is much over six feet, and very stout in proportion. He is a lawyer by profession, and a very gentlemanly man; he

is a gentleman of fine complexion, countenance and features. Messrs, Shapely, Sheaf, Laid and Cushman are also gentlemen of the first standing. Mr C. has an eye of an eagle, and a countenance of uncommon intelligence. Walking by accident through the street in which Dr. Pierpoint lives, I was struck by his name on his door. I called on him, at a venture, attracted solely by his name. My anticipation, favorable as it was, fell far short of the man, being one of the most amiable of men. He appertains to the family of Pierpoints of Massachusetts, distinguished alike for their virtues and their talents. Mr. Sheaf is a merchant of great wealth. I was hurt to see this amiable man; he proved to be the father of a promising youth mentioned in my Sketches, a student of Cambridge University. It will be recollected, I predicted something more than common of this young man; but, alas! he is no more. It is distressing to witness the havoc death is making of all that is great and virtuous in these northern states; from Philadelphia to Maine, the choicest youths of both sexes fall before that fell destroyer, the *consumption*, whilst the working class and country farmers mostly escape. Various reasons are assigned for this; but from my own observation, allowing for the climate, I think it is owing to their being raised without labor, I do not mean in idleness, for this is out of the question in New England. But people of wealth in New-England keep their children at school from about four years old till eighteen or twenty. Thus they run up to a tender stalk, which cannot stand their cold climate; were there farms or mechanic arts attached to all their seminaries of learning, it would doubtless save many a life. Another young man, the flower of Cambridge, (Brigham, of Boston,) I am told, is nearly gone! This is indeed distressing; he was an invaluable young man, worth a world. If those young people would travel south, particularly to Alabama, any where, (keep away from the rivers,) they would recover—the only cure, but it is certain, go to a southern climate, and do nothing more, it will cure the consumption. Another cause, in my opinion, is eating fresh food, that is fresh meats, fish and fowl; good salt

bacon, that is, the middling, smoked, and good, sound, cured ham, would defeat many a consumption. But there is not a Yankee in the world, but would rather die than eat any thing but fresh meat. - Such is the effect of custom, habit, or what you please to call it.

But Mr. White is my favorite. The first evening of my visit to Portsmouth, I was introduced to Mr. White in the printing office; the name of the paper I do not recollect, but the name of the proprietor I recollect well was *Beck*, who it appears supports the election of Gen. Jackson. Now, every one remembers that I asked no questions as to Mr. Beck's politics, nor do I ever: being alike popular with both parties, why should I? I only asked the tavernkeeper when the earliest paper came out, he replied, "next morning." The sun was now down, and without waiting to sit down, I went to the Editor's office. It was so dark when I entered the office, that I could scarcely distinguish the gentlemen. But upon inquiring for the Editor, and disclosing to him my name, he of course was polite, and introduced me to Mr. White and another gentleman whom I have forgotten. Mr. W. and all that were in the office, if I recollect aright, were masons; it is useless to repeat, that no human tie is so strong or so much to be relied upon as that between masons; nor is it necessary to add, that White was a brother to me from that day to the present, though I have not exchanged more with him than one or two notes, so also was Mr. Beck. The gentlemen appeared to be about withdrawing, and it being nearly dark in the office, and being myself in great want of rest, I withdrew also. The next day I saw a very handsome notice in the paper, and discovered, for the first time, the paper was in favor of Gen. Jackson, and Mr. White being in favor of Gen. J. accounts for my first interview with him. But it appears that this innocent circumstance drew upon me the epithet of "an electioneering expedition in favor of Gen. Jackson." Let me be upon what expedition I might, the man who made the assertion (one F——, a missionary) is an unprincipled ruffian. If it be the same I apprehend, he keeps a missionary bookstore, and insulted me in the

most outrageous manner, threatened to have me taken up and put in the work-house, if I am not mistaken, or words to that amount. These are the people who profess to convert the heathen: if there be a greater savage (to say nothing of heathens) on the globe than this same F. or a more unprincipled man in every respect, I am bold to dispute it. These unprincipled hirelings, who would rob, steal, or cut throats (as the man who assails reputation is guilty of all three) for money, are worse than the midnight thief, or the highwayman. You can lock out a thief, but nothing can secure you from the base liar. Shortly after this, this monster of wickedness came out in his paper with an article of abuse; if he had spoken well of me, he would have acted contrary to *his* religion. The following is an extract from his pious paper:

“Neither would we withhold our congratulations from our neighbor over the way, whose singular honor it was to be the herald of first promulgating her arrival. In connexion with him, also, his party has a claim upon our congratulatory emotions for the invaluable reinforcement which she brings to their desponding troops. We well know that she disclaims any partiality to Gen. Jackson, and with the characteristic duplicity of her associates, cloaks her political deformity under the specious garb of disinterested patriotism; but her temper and disposition bear evident marks of the ‘lurking principle within,’ betray her false colors, and disclose the real banner under which she fights.—Verily the opposition is looking up!

“Brother Beck, comes she not as an embassadress, bearing despatches from the General—and is she not, indeed, out upon an electioneering campaign?”

Now, the vileness of this man’s heart leaves no room for any generous principle, and acting the double part of a hypocrite and traitor himself, he will not allow that other people can be actuated by any principle different from his own; and were it not for the benefit of society, I should have treated his insolence with silent contempt. But the world shall know, and every man, woman and

child in the world should be apprised, and put upon their guard against such wolves in shape of men—the word wolf ought to be engraved on brass, and nailed to all their foreheads—they have the wolf and the brass, all that is wanting is the nail and hammer. Had I not been well known, this malicious falsehood would have been worse in its effects than murder. Those fiends, upon the whole, are rather an advantage to me. Every gentleman of the Jackson party, for instance, and particularly Mr. White, an eminent attorney, and senator Woodbury, (both Jackson men,) knowing the falsehood of the charge, of course would sympathize in the injustice. This F. is a pale faced, youngish looking man, with a countenance like a thunder cloud, through which Shylock's hated jace is seen.

“His churlish look, his frown austere,
His haughty, supercilious sneer,
Whose villain blood did ne’er impart
One throb of rapture to his heart;
And in whose dark malignant face
Each brutal passion we may trace,
From whose deceitful, envious eye
Flash falsehood, guilt and treachery;
Whose guilty, callous breast conceals
A little soul that never feels;
Who never owns nor serves a friend,
Unless to gain some selfish end;
Whose mind is dark as midnight’s shade,
Which learning’s rays can ne’er pervade;
All the black passions of his breast—
Cease muse! and fancy all the rest.”—BRASHEARS.

Every one will know him by this picture, written for him alone. He was taken for a Unitarian in Portsmouth till I went there. Being the aggressor, he will not think it unfair in my turn to reply to his polite puff. The reply may also be attended with some good, by putting other people on their guard against falsehood and slander. A person unacquainted with edge tools, ought not to tamper with them. If this fellow disliked me, he ought to have taken the less of me. So much for a meddling missionary.

Another milksop came into Mr. Beck's office one day, to get a sight of the far famed Mrs R. no doubt. But discovering the mighty authoress, which he had conceived nothing less than a Venus or a Minerva, nothing but a little old woman, he turned round and assumed one of those knowing grins common to people who think every one fools but themselves, and picked up a newspaper, by way of excuse for his impertinent intrusion, and clownlike, turning his back to the company, alternately grinned over his shoulder and looked at the paper; at length, terrified by the glance of true independence, he turned round to the company and hid his face with the newspaper, now and then stealing a look at me over the top of it. He was a thin, middle aged man, of common height, with a shabby hat and coat, a gray eye, something like that of a dead sturgeon, round haggard face, and silly countenance. What could bring the p——y where I was? Every one knows him; he is the silliest and laziest man in Portsmouth, that is not a right down idiot. If these ignoramus will thrust themselves in my presence, they may take the consequence. So it appears there is not much difference in mankind—fools and knaves, alike with virtue, learning, worth and innocence, are found every where. No matter where I go, I am pestered with some fool or some knave. But if it were not for these rough stones, the diamonds would lose their lustre, they would cease to be diamonds, and we should be satiated with pleasure.

The Sherburn family live in Portsmouth. Judge Sherburn, an old and tried veteran of the revolution, has filled every office of trust and honor in the state; pressed down with honors, he is laid up now for life, and though still a judge of the supreme court, of which he cannot be divested, he is no longer able to act. He is a tall majestic figure, over six feet in height. He lost a leg in the revolution, which has been replaced by one of wood. He is still able to walk about, though he cannot bend his wooden leg, which he slings along as he walks. His son, a very gentlemanly looking man, also lives in Portsmouth. He is the author of Paul Jones, with whom his father-in-

law, Col. Hall, served, another venerable officer of the revolution; his commission, which he showed me, is the oldest on record; he is about ninety years of age, and walks about quite active for his years. He was in the whole of the war.

New-Hampshire took a very honorable and active part in the revolution. Her Stark will never be forgotten while virtue and heroism have friends in America. Many anecdotes are related of this great man. He is represented to have been a man of rough but sincere manners, and the plains of Bennington can testify his valor. It is related of him, when his wife died, the Parson, in preaching her funeral sermon, launched out in the praise of the General; Stark bore it some time very impatiently, but finding the man seemed to grow warm in his panegyric, the General interrupted him and exclaimed, "never mind, never mind, stick to your work." His gallant exclamation at Bennington is known to every one who has read the history of his country, "Yonder they are, (the British,) and we'll take them, or Mary Stark will be a widow to-night."

HISTORY.

Portsmouth was settled by Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason, in 1623, and was incorporated in 1633. Formerly that part of the town, now called Churchhill, was called *Strawberrybank*. The first house, according to tradition, stood near the corner of Court and Pond streets; it was built by Humphrey Chadbourne, and was called the "Great-house," and is often referred to in history. A short time since, the first church was taken down and a new one built in its place. Within the memory of the present generation, a garrison-house stood in Water street, at the head of Jacob Sheaf's wharf, another in Fore street, on Moffat's wharf, and a third at the Ferry-ways. These were probably the first houses built on the bank. Our first battle ship of the line, the *North American*, was built at Portsmouth.

During my visit to Portsmouth, a party of Penobscot Indians, on a visit to the south, stopped at the town, and

encamped on the opposite side of the river. Desirous to see this ancient tribe, I walked over the bridge where they were encamped to look at them. There were about twenty-five or thirty in the party, though half their number were absent, rambling about the country. They are stouter people than the southern Indians, but greatly inferior to them in intellect, and still more in improvement, though they have always lived in the limits of Maine. Both men and women have blockish countenances, and appear but little removed from the brute creation. They were all excepting two dressed in the Indian fashion, the women in moccasins, with their children on their backs, and short thick cloth petticoats; they were dirty, and had their clothes and utensils strewed about in great disorder. Their little bark canoes were drawn up out of the water, and served them for pantry and clothes press.

We found several of the citizens there when we arrived, who were amusing themselves by setting up cents for the Indians to shoot at with the bow, at which they displayed very little skill. Mostly all of them could speak a little English, though they seemed averse to conversation. There was one amongst them called "the Doctor;" upon enquiring for him, we found him a short distance off, making a fire under a small pot, in which he was boiling something for the purpose of making oil. He appeared to be mixed with white blood, spoke the English language fluently, and was very familiar. He was an elderly man, of good size, tolerably dressed, and was married to a very young bouncing wife, about his own color. She had a young child, and was rather genteelly dressed, in a loose calico wrapper; though, warm as the day was, she had a cloth coat under it.

Being much fatigued by my walk to the encampment, I asked the Doctor if he could not get his canoe into the river, and take me to Portsmouth, to which he very readily consented. I could not forbear laughing at the gentleman who attended me, (a Mr. Parker) who exhibited evident signs of fear at the idea of taking a voyage in the little bark canoe; and had it not been for shame, I believe he would have walked round by the bridge. He endeav-

ored to dissuade me from my purpose in vain, but at length, upon assuring him there was no danger, he very reluctantly got into the canoe. After being a short time underway, however, from the skill of the rower, and the steadiness with which we skimmed the Piscataqua, his fears vanished.

As we sailed down the river, I drew from the Doctor his motives for travelling, when he gave me the following account. "That a few years ago some gentlemen advised him to build himself a house, and live like a white man. He told the gentlemen he had no money. They advised him to go about to the populous towns, and the white people would give him money. Accordingly, he went and collected enough to build a house, but not enough to finish it off and furnish it; and he was now going to Boston probably farther, to beg money. He was going to try in Portsmouth, and every where where white man was good." "But why" said I "not take these hands you have with you, and cut down trees, and build a house at once yourself, the Indians do so where I came from, they have good snug houses of their own building." "No, no," said he shaking his head, "Indian no build house, white man build house." I assured him again, they did build very neat log houses. But it was all in vain, I could not beat it into him, that the Indians, even in their rude state built houses, both the Choctaws and Cherokees, so stupid are the Penobscots, and he was considerably advanced, compared to the others. He had been nearly three years building a log hut, (from the description) which our Indians would have completed in a few days. I asked him if he "could not cut with an axe," "not to build house"

He took us on to the pier very safe. I do not know that I ever had so pleasant a sail on the water. I gave him fifty cents, at which he appeared in raptures. If every body would give him that much, he said he would soon have enough to finish his house.

During my visit to Portsmouth, a number of poor Irish families, just from the sod, arrived. Having spent all they had, coming to this country, they were in want of every thing. They had a great many little children,

and were endeavoring to fix themselves up a little, to go to Dover, a few miles distant, to get work at the manufacturing establishments. It was truly gratifying to see the kindness and liberality of the citizens of Portsmouth, to these people. The moment they made their appearance in any of the public offices or stores, every man's hand was in his pocket; they did not wait to be solicited, they knew from the looks of the objects, what was wanting. One woman, with her drove of children, would scarcely be gone, till another would come, and the same thing would be repeated; not a word, not a murmur; they would seem as though they had prepared the change for the occasion. Private houses and all were alike; in no instance did I see them refused. How they came out with the orthodox, I cannot tell, as I never went amongst them myself. They received clothes, shoes, and every thing in abundance. So much for the money loving race. Let these people go to the South. I have seen these poor creatures, refused in Albany, even a cent—"only one cent," "no I hav'nt got a cent." Another and another, all the same thing. How much did *I* get in the South? and these are the people who call the Yankees a money loving race. A Yankee always *loves* to keep money in his pocket for the distressed. I think it was the most heavenly sight I ever saw.

I asked some of the women, "how they liked the people, and whether they succeeded well." "O! the best people in the world, all good, all good, never was such people; see the gowns, shoes, caps, handkerchiefs, and money." I did not see any of the men; the women were very decent, and did not speak bad English. I observed that even these women never failed to take all their children the whole rounds, clambered them up the stairs, and every where, doubtless, to excite the more compassion and get the more. I should have taken another plan—I would have left the trail of children behind, and have told my simple tale. But perhaps their way was the wisest.

Being worn out with fatigue, I rested (if it could be called rest) one week in Portsmouth. On the Saturday evening that preceded my departure, I had the pleasure

of saluting my friend, the amiable Professor Silliman, of Yale College. He was on a visit to Maine, for the first time, and intending to be at the commencement of Bowdoin College, in Maine, he staid over Sunday at Portsmouth, went to hear Parson Burroughs preach, and on Monday morning, with only one more passenger, we set out in the stage for Portland, Maine.

But before I proceed further, I must pay my respects to my landlord, Mr. R——, a vulgar stage driver, a very insolent, undeserving man. This vulgar, low-bred man drove a stage ten years, it is said, between Boston and Portsmouth, and though a stage driver, has as much right as any other man to open a public house; yet it lies at the option of the public, whether they patronize him or not. There are several *good* taverns in Portsmouth, much cheaper, that have genteel, or at least, obliging landlords, whom I would recommend to the public. When people pay a dollar a day, they ought to be treated civilly, if not polite. This ruffian did not treat me amiss at his house, because he dared not; but he had the impudence to write me an insolent letter to Portland, and was the means of much serious difficulty between myself and others, which will be mentioned in its proper place. In justice to him, his servants were attentive, and his rooms and table were good; and his wife was an amiable woman. He is the third mean tavernkeeper I met with in New-England.

A word on my bookseller, Mr. Shores. He is a pretty tolerable* clever little, black-eyed, Yankee Unitarian, young, plump looking man. But he and I did not hit it so well at first. From his apparent inattention, I suspected him strongly of leaning to the wrong side—I mean “English works,” and determined to look for one more to my taste; but after a fruitless attempt, I had to compromise with my friend Shores, and by numerous little concessions on both sides, we made shift to get on very well.†

* A Yankee phrase.

† A Yankee would say, “get along.” Since this volume has been in press, I received a letter from friend Shores, saying, “he hoped I

JOURNEY TO PORTLAND, ME.

About half an hour after eight o'clock, A. M. on a very warm day, 3d Sept. Mr. Silliman with his travelling cap on, mounted with the driver, and I inside with a very shabby beau. This day's journey was one to which I had looked forward for some time with pleasing anticipation, being told it was one of the handsomest rides in the United States. The road from Portsmouth to Portland, fifty four miles, is a perfect level, on the sea shore the whole distance, and the sea in sight nearly the whole way—in this consists its beauty. Here we saw the ocean in all its pride, rolling toward us in high transparent waves; wave followed wave, as perfect walls in motion. For miles this was the case, accompanied with a modulating roar, which kept time with the deep wave. The radiance of the sparkling element, and the loud sweet swelling sound, was truly sublime. The country exhibited a different appearance from any I had seen in New-England, in every respect; the farms were less numerous, the land more thin and sandy, and the natural growth of a quite different sort. Here the fir grows in all its beauty. To my eye, the fir is the prettiest tree of the forest. The richness of the foliage, the symmetry of its shape, and the evenness of its life cheering green, its erect conical figure, is altogether singular. The larch, the spruce, the hemlock, the cedar, white pine, and juniper, all evergreens. I have got into a new world. The farms consist of small fields of maize, rye, and potatoes, and the salt marshes, as far as the eye can see, covered with hay-stacks. I undertook to count the number, and after advancing to three hundred, I was, from their density and the rapidity of the coach, unable to count farther. These marshes I have mentioned in my Sketches; but these are nothing like the marshes or natural meadows of Maine, for extent: they comprize a vast extent, thousands of acres uninclosed and

would be more merciful with them in the north (the booksellers) as it would be very *ard* to heat such *ard heggs* as I had given P. T. the English bookseller in Washington."

as level as a die. I saw no cattle on them, nor any farm or other growth intermingled with those meadows. The grass is said to possess sufficient nutriment for cattle—now and then we saw groves of inexpressible beauty, which appeared like a stage scene; these were of oak, ash and maple, what the yankees call “hardwood,”—all their timber is divided into the evergreens and *hardwood*. This *hardwood* seems to have occupied the land now in cultivation, and grows in richer soil than the evergreens, which seem to cover the uncultivated land. As we drove on nearly an eastern course, the ocean was on our right, the land to the left seemed to elevate itself gradually as it receded from the shore. Mr. Silliman, as his opportunity of seeing was better than mine, never failed to point out the objects of most interest; being, it is well known, a gentleman of much taste, he was delighted with the prospect.

We were continually meeting the Jonathans, stout, plain clad, sincere, noble, fine figures; most of these were driving teams of great overgrown oxen, they usually gave us the road and a smile,

In the course of the day, we met a great drove of large fine looking cattle, and I think Mr. S. who counted them, said there was two hundred, nearly all oxen, and we very often met sheep.

In the afternoon we took in more company, one was a student of Bowdoin college, a jovial, merry, stout young man, who was almost drunk, the effect of which soon threw him into a slumber—now and then, however, he would start up and reply to Professor Silliman, (who would be speaking to the driver, perhaps, or some other person,) quite foreign to the point—at length he finished his nap, and seemed to enjoy himself in a different, but not less happy way; he was lively, sensible, talkative, and appeared to be a young man of talents and learning—when beholding this youth, a noble fine figure, posting on to destruction, I congratulated myself upon never having had a child: what pangs it must inflict upon a parent to see their child make a beast of himself, it must be one of the greatest trials on earth. These sights, however, I

mean that of genteel young men, exchanging places with brutes, are rare in New England. The great enemy of the choicest New England youths, is the consumption.—This young man who appeared to be a great wag, learning, that Professor Silliman, was the gentleman with whom he had the honor to travel, soon became sober and serious, though a few minutes before he asked “If any of the party had a razor, that the Professor might be shaved.” This proved what is often remarked, but never with any salutary effect, viz. we can see the faults of others, but not our own. Now I had been in company with the Professor nearly two days and found so much to admire in him, that I never noticed his beard. But what might Professor S have said of him—such is mankind!

As we drew near Saco* we saw a novel sight, indeed, a woman by the road side on her knees, her hands spread, and praying aloud—she certainly made a ludicrous appearance—her clothes were old, torn and dirty, her face between gin and the sun, was nearly a copper color, tho’ it could not be said to be any one color, being a mixture of all. If I were to judge, I should say she was a very great toper, the place she selected was neither exactly in the wood, or at a house, though near one; a number of little boys and girls had gathered round her, and were turning her devotion into a subject of mirth. She spoke very loud, drawling, and very fervently, but we could not at the rate we were driving, distinguish what she said.

As the young man, of whom I have been speaking appeared to be acquainted in the country, I asked him the meaning of what we saw. He said, “she belonged to a sect of christians who roamed about without any fixed habitation, that men and women live promiscuously, that they applied themselves to no sort of work, and dropped on their knees any where in the woods and prayed.” The young man told me the name of their leader, a man of bad character; their number, he said, was diminishing, very few of them being now found. This is the sect, doubtless,

*Saco is both a town and a river.

mentioned in my Sketches, and yet some person, (a wise one of course,) sneered at the the relation.

Saco is a handsome romantic town at the falls of Saco. But intending to call on my return, I only stopped until the driver changed his horses. Besides Saco, in the course of the day, we passed Kennebunk and several other towns. The land is very fine about Kennebunk and Saco. The first is at the mouth of Well's river, a very flourishing village, has a good harbor and ten thousand eight hundred and sixty tons of shipping.

Just as the sun was setting we arrived in sight of Portland, fifty-four miles from Portsmouth—nothing can be handsomer than Portland as you approach it, floating as it were on the bosom of Casco bay, it being almost surrounded by water—a long handsome bridge over a part of Casco bay. The square brick houses and the observatory seventy feet high, and the great bay of Casco, is beautiful beyond description.

VISIT TO BRUNSWICK.

As Bowdoin commencement took place on the ensuing Wednesday, without looking at Portland, I took the steam boat next day for Brunswick, thirty miles, N. E. from Portland, we sailed up the beautiful bay of Casco, the handsomest in the United States by odds. But instead of taking the Brunswick steam boat, by mistake, I took that bound for Bath, five miles above Brunswick, nor did I perceive the mistake until I was some time under way.—To console me, I found a number of Bostonians on board, whom as usual I distinguished by their dress.

In a short time they drew themselves up near me, and soon introduced themselves; our knowledge of each other being mutual—amongst them was a young gentlemen from Hallowell, Me. a lawyer and editor of a paper in Hallowell, of course he had often seen my name, and here was great joy. I was going to Hallowell, and we were again to meet. The Boston gentlemen and ladies, though we

had no previous acquaintance, expressed much apparent pleasure at the interview—amongst them was a Miss Gardiner of Boston, a daughter of Parson Gardiner, of Boston—she was on a visit to Gardiner, Me. and was accompanied by her uncle Gardiner, of Gardiner, who not only gave name to the town, but was the principal proprietor. Miss G. was very affable and pleasant—but her uncle was proud, stiff, distant, and any thing but a gentleman in his manners—he was in a few words, one of your purse proud men—but Mr. Otice, the name of the Hallowell gentleman, and one or two others were extremely pleasant. But the pleasure derived from their company, as well as that derived from the beauty of the bay, was much interrupted by a sad fit of sea-sickness, which was pretty general, until we arrived in the mouth of Kennebeck river, 12 miles from Bath. The beauty of the bay, the Islands, and the novelty of the *breakers*, which I saw for the first time, is beyond the power of description—our progress was much retarded by the heavy sea until we arrived in the river, by which time it was dark—we passed Gardiner without stopping, and it was quite late when we arrived at Bath. From the number of people crowding to Bowdoin commencement, it was surmised that lodgings and rooms would be scarce, of this however, I was not aware, as I am one of those who trust to Providence for events.

A little before we came to shore, I enquired of my friends the distance to the tavern, and “whether we were to walk or take coaches.” This Mr. Gardiner spoke to me for the first time, and said, “Oh, the distance is quite short, madam, you can walk it with much ease.” I merely thought it was rather impertinent of him, and wished to have given the captain of the boat instructions respecting a carriage should it be requisite. But after this information received from Mr. G. I gave myself no concern—I was surprised, however, to find myself left alone for some time before the boat stopped, but expecting my friends or the captain would call for me when the boat came to shore, I sat still by the lamp in the cabin, reading a newspaper. The boat at length stopped—I expected

somebody every minute to come to me, and assist me on shore—but I looked in vain, every thing was still—after waiting some minutes, I called the captain, “asked for the passengers.” “They had gone ashore, some time.”—I then saw through the scheme, which was doubtless to get to the tavern, and secure all the rooms and beds before I arrived—I asked, “if there was a carriage at the landing.” “There was.” “Put in my trunk, quick.” This was soon done, I jumped in myself; asked the man some questions, as to the tavern and the speed of his horse—he knew where the tavern was, and his horse was sure, “Now sir, try him, and I will reward you.” He gave him the whip and the horse flew. About half way between the landing and tavern, I passed my friends, hailed them as I passed by, “A pleasant evening gentleman,” “Very pleasant.” I was soon at the tavern and engaged a room, told the tavern-keeper, about ten or twelve others were on the way to his house, and he would do well to make arrangements for them—after settling these matters, I walked into the parlor to enjoy my victory the better—it was some time before they arrived, being nearly a quarter of a mile, and up hill most of the way—at length the party arrived, I saluted them very friendly, hoped they were well since I had the pleasure of seeing them, congratulated the ladies on their fine glow, hoped the gentlemen had paid proper attention. It is impossible to describe their mortification, without the possibility of excuse—I laughed at my friend Otice, who said, what could be said, on the occasion; he had to take care of Miss G. another had to take care of the baggage, and some had to take care of themselves. After shaming and laughing at them by turns, I extended to them my forgiveness, in fact, they were severely punished, had I not said a word. This is the effect of wealth.—This G. I blamed for the whole affair, he being a rich man and a churl, doubtless, laid the plan, and the others sacrificed their politeness at his shrine—I am satisfied, he and no other man was to blame, from his replying to me, in the boat, in answer to a question not directed to him. Let this be as it may, they learned a lesson on the subject for once, and G. looked as a man always does,

when he is guilty of a mean action. Some of the party who were doubtless innocent, seemed to enjoy the thing to perfection.

After all, I gave up my room and bed to one of those same ladies who was very unwell, and slept on a sofa in the parlour. Next morning it was crowding again, stages and carriages of all sorts were put in requisition; it is hardly necessary to apprise my readers, that I had a seat in the first coach, and was at Brunswick long before my fellow passengers were out of bed. On my way to Brunswick from Bath, I was lost in wonder at the fir, nothing but fir, as far as your eyes can see. The fir tree terminates in a sharp point, so that the whole country exhibited nothing but apparent green spires, whilst the lower part of the trees were of such extension and luxuriance, as to intermingle branch with branch; thus, when you are upon an eminence, those firs represent a solid bed stuck with spire, and presents to the eye an appearance of astonishing beauty! The body of the tree is uniformly, as straight as an arrow, and tapers in the most exact proportion from the bottom to the top, which ends in a sharp point; the branches grow out from the tree horizontally, and are at the bottom of great length, but like the body of the tree, they diminish in length to the top, and form a cone of the most perfect symmetry; those branches commence near the ground, and are as thick as they can stick within a foot, or perhaps more of the top, which ends in a single twig. The whole of those branches are clothed with diminutive leaves, about the size of a thyme leaf, as thick as they can stick, and looks like a rich fringe wholly concealing the twig upon which they grow, so that the tree from the bottom to the top, has the appearance of a solid body. They are quite a small tree, not half so large as the spruce and hemlock, about the height of the larch, which last is something like the cedar, but of a yellowish green. The fir is of a blueish green, and very deep.—The appearance of the country between Bath and Brunswick is very poor and rocky, and perfectly barren, though it lies on the Kennebeck river; the land, however, suddenly changes to a beautiful plain of fertile land, as you draw near Brunswick.

BOWDOIN COMMENCEMENT.

I had just time to breakfast and dress, before the hour of commencement. The tavern was so crowded, that it was with difficulty I could get through it; Mr. Silliman had taken the stage, and came up early on Monday, where he was, no one knew, and I was not certain, I should be known by a single person, nor did it give me much concern.

The exercises of the students took place in a large church, which was crowded when I presented myself at the door, where I was met by a very gentleman-like man, I handed him my card, and he very politely conducted me to a convenient seat. The crowd was formidable though the students and principal gentlemen had not arrived. I had not been long in my seat, before several applications were made to be introduced, and many to whom I was known, crowded round me. The people in the gallery, attracted by the crowd around my person, made a general rush, and had not the proper authority interfered, I should, doubtless, have been suffocated, the day being one of the warmest I ever experienced. I am under great obligations to Mr. Orr, the gentleman who met me at the door, for his unwearied attention to me, throughout the performance. He stood in the isle near me, and rendered me an essential favor, by keeping off the crowd, and preventing them from pressing between me and the speakers.

A large stage, or temporary rostrum, was erected for the students, trustees, and visitors, exactly upon a level with the desk, it was very extensive, and might have held fifty persons; a band had been procured from Boston, at a great expense, to honor the occasion, and marshals, distinguished by sashes and staffs, were in attendance to keep order.

Shortly after my arrival, the band was heard to approach; the governor of the State, attended by his suite, the president, professors, trustees, and distinguished visitors, entered the church, followed by the students. The

president did not make a very dignified appearance, being ungraceful in his manners, and quite a low man; he was dressed in a black gown, such as are worn on such occasions, but, instead of a cap, worn usually by presidents, he wore his high crown'd hat, this made him look quite too common. President Allen has a handsome face however, and if it was not for his affected sanctity, and his puritanical hat, he would have done honor to the occasion. The occasion, however, was honored by talent, learning, worth, and genius, as exalted as it is rare. Of those illustrious personages, we need only mention his excellency Enoch Lincoln, hon. Judge Wear, B. Orr, Esq. professor Silliman, and Oliver Peabody, of Exeter.—These are sufficient to confer dignity upon any assembly, whom they might honor with their presence. Governor Lincoln took his seat in the front of the desk, with his face to the audience; he was supported by his Secretary, with a drawn sword on the left, and his aid, Mr. Davis, on the right—on his right and left, sat the trustees of Bowdoin College, on seats extending the whole length of the stage, facing each other, with their profiles to the audience.—Behind them, in the same order, sat the distinguished strangers, and in the front, sat the candidates for degrees. The marshals fell back on each side of the desk. The seats below, and the galleries were crowded with visitors of both sex. It was some time before they were all quietly seated, when at a signal from the president, one of the marshals stepped down and silenced the music, and the exercise commenced. There were twenty-six candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and two for the degree of Master of Arts. The students were of tolerable appearance only, as to size, demeanor, and countenance; of this however, doubtless, I cannot pretend to be a judge, and particularly, having never witnessed an exhibition of the sort but once, I mean Cambridge University, it cannot be expected therefore, that I am qualified to draw the distinction, and make an equitable allowance for the difference of the two institutions. One the first and wealthiest literary institution in our country, the other of a recent date, and a young state.—

The students were, as well as the president, dressed in black gowns, not quite so deep and glossy as those were of Cambridge. The president called each candidate by name, the first that spoke were the candidates for Bachelor of Arts. Of these Joseph Hawley *Dorr*, of Boston, had to break the ice; he delivered a "salutary ORATION in Latin," and so far as I might judge, acquitted himself with honor. He had something genteel in his manner, had a neatly turned person, with a thin intelligent face. The next subject was a *conference* by three, viz. Franklin *Gage*, of Augusta, Maine, John Parker *Hale*, (my fellow passenger in the stage,) of Rochester, N. H. and John Heddle, (must give them the whole name,) and Hilliard *Gorham*. The conference respected the characters of *Fielding*, *Cervantes*, and *Scott*, as writers of fiction. Mr. Gage spoke first, and made a poor hand of it, he ought to go back to the grammar school. My old acquaintance of the stage adventure, Hale, acquitted himself well, the subject was one that suited his turn for wit and humor. Being a great wag he had blended so much of the spirit of Sancho, the Knight, Rozinante, and the excess of Don Quixot's devotion to the ladies, that he attracted much attention, and excited a great deal of mirth. His talent seemed to lie in the facetious, witty and satirical, and while he kept the audience in a roar, he was able to control his countenance, even to a degree of ridiculous seriousness, and gained great applause. He is certainly a young man of talents, a stout, handsome figure, fine open countenance, and every indication of a noble heart, and but for that fell destroyer of every thing good, intemperance, he might be useful to his country.* Hillard, of Gorham, whose turn came next; he blushed deep as he arose, and after a little hesitation, commenced speaking with great diffidence, a sure mark of innate worth, he spoke with great fluency and grace, was perfectly master of his subject, and deserved much applause; he possesses every indication of genius, and is already an orator.

*I have since heard he is studying law, and has taken a firm resolution to reform—Heaven grant it!

The third exercise was a conference on the benefits derived from the study of the *vegetable mineral*, and animal kingdoms. The speakers were Moses Parker *Cleaveland*, of Brunswick, Wm. Preble *McLelland*, Portland, Joseph Beebe *Stevens*, Brookfield, Connecticut. Mr. Cleaveland was no way remarkable, he had a tolerable flow of language, but no figure or expression of countenance, nor could one lineament in his little narrow face, be construed into genius. His speech appeared to have been merely written out, and committed to memory for the occasion. His manners were light, and volatile, and his countenance had no expression. My friend, of Connecticut, I can neither praise nor blame, he was about mediocrity. It is not, however, those who make the most brilliant debut in the beginning of life, who make great men, great talents, like a great oak, or any other great thing, is slow in attaining maturity, and it is very probable, that many whom we now pronounce great, may dwindle into nothing, and those whom we throw in the shade may stalk forth like Sampson, and overwhelm the Philistines.

But, Mr. McLelland, of Portland, was the victorious champion: an amiable looking young man, of promising appearance, and very interesting countenance, his soft, mild language, and conciliating eye, he possesses all the requisites of an orator.

The fourth exercise comprised the *political, religious, and intellectual* progress of the sixteenth century. The speakers were Enoch Emery *Brown*, Hampden, Ichabod Goodwin *Jordan*, Saco, James Tufton *Leavit*, Bangor.—Mr. Brown, of Hampden, spoke first, and discovered great depth of knowledge for his years. He appeared to be familiar with the history of his country, and dwelt upon the glorious triumph of our army, the blessings of liberty and the policy of free governments. His manner was confident, and gestures natural, as he advanced in the warmth of argument, genius sparkled in his eye, and his gallant soul seemed all on fire. Mr. Jordan of Saco, followed him, and likewise displayed great powers of intellect; his soft flowing style, and Ciceronian face, commanded much attention; his smooth, intelligent, free, serene, and

chaste countenance, is very promising. Mr. Leavit, of Bangor, also acquitted himself with much applause, and evinced a knowledge of history, as respected the progress of improvement, and the dawn of light and intelligence on the benighted mind.

The fifth exercise comprehended a deliberate discussion upon the Scandinavian and Oriental Mythologies — The subject was discussed by John *Codman*, of Portland, and Henry Cummings *Field*, of Belfast. Those young men discovered, in the course of the discussion, deep reading, and thorough knowledge of history, and labored to prove the salutary effects of science, in a political and moral point of view.

The sixth exercise, was a discussion upon the danger of American liberty, arising from ambition, corruption of morals, forms of government, and extent of territory. — The young gentlemen who shown in this discussion, alone would have established the reputation of the college; they were listened to with deep attention, and no doubt duly appreciated. There were four in number, viz. Joseph *Adams*, of West Newbury, Massachusetts, Abraham Chittenden *Baldwin*, of Guilford, Connecticut, Cobb *Lock*, of Hollis, and John *Owen*. It is truly gratifying for those who have lived in those trying times, and suffered and struggled in our arduous conflict for liberty, and have lived to witness the happy result, to see the youthful mind long since grown into existence, fired with zeal for its preservation; to hear the youth of our country breathing gratitude, love, and praise towards those gallant men who "fought and bled in freedom's cause," is the greatest possible proof of just, generous, and noble feelings; doubtless their young hearts throbbed with delight as they set forth the value of the mighty gift on the one hand, and warned their fellow citizens to guard it from encroachment on the other. Mr. Adams spoke first, he blushed and hesitated, but was soon in possession of that confidence, which conscious pride of country, and worth and innocence inspires, raising his lynx eye slowly upon the audience, inspired by the theme, he proceeded without faltering, and covered with applause, he gave place to Mr. Baldwin, who al-

so distinguished himself in his definition of ambition. But the flower of the 4 candidates was Mr. Lock, of Hollis, he excelled in boldness of expression, purity of style, and energy of mind. His remarks on corruption of morals, were clear, strong, and appropriate. Mr Owen, of Portland, was little behind him, he was eloquent and chaste in his argument, and very promising.

The seventh exercise, was an English oration on the spirit of the age, by John Hodggon *Weare*, very learned and eloquent.

The eighth was a literary discussion, upon mental efforts as effected by language, by civil institutions, and by religious belief. The candidates who shown in this discussion were Samuel Howard *Blake*, of Hartford, Henry Enoch *Dummer*, of Hallowell, and Alpheus *Felch*, of Limerick. Mr. Blake stepped forward, undaunted, and casting his fine full blue eye upon the audience, his beautiful countenance, big with his well digested subject, gave us a flowery description of the benefits derived from an universal dissemination of knowledge by cultivating the languages. Mr. Dummer followed on the benefits of civil institutions; his fine Grecian face is indicative of great mental resources. Mr. Felch also spoke with great confidence and self possession. His opinion of religion was liberal and honorable alike to his head and heart.

The ninth exercise was the becalmed ship, by Ephraim Peabody. The Peabodys always please.

Several others followed these, in which no material difference obtained; of these were Charles Field, of North Yarmouth, who was opposed by George Farrar, of Bucksport, on the propriety and impropriety of the banishment of Bonaparte.

There were but two candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, these were Calvin Ellis *Stall*, A. B. of Andover, and E. F. *Dean*. Prejudiced as I was against Andover and black coats, guess my astonishment to hear one of the most eloquent speeches ever perhaps delivered against sending Missionaries amongst the Indians. His argument went to prove that the North American Indians were susceptible of moral and intellectual improvement,

but that the proper method to effect it had never been pursued. "Let them alone," said he, your Missionaries do more harm than good, they turn honest men into knaves, and sober men into sots, or words to that amount. He bestowed the highest panegyric upon the Indians, the whole of his speech was a splendid eulogy on the Indian character; amiable man, how I admired him, every word of the oration sunk deep on my heart; pleased to find this noble race had so great a friend, for great he is. Mr. Stow is a fine figure and commanding aspect, his thin oval face, and eye of eagle keenness, is like a two edged sword, his countenance is intelligent and grave, and his hair black. His style, his gesture, and his attitude, was in accordance with the first orators of the day. He was dressed in a flowing gown, and had a small roll of paper in his hand the whole time. He possesses every requisite of an orator.

I was almost exhausted, from the heat of the day and the crowd together, and was never more pleased to have done with any thing. The exercises which began at nine o'clock, closed at about three. Being constantly engaged with the speakers, I had hardly an opportunity to observe the appearance of the people. It is universally thought and said, that the people of Maine, and New Hampshire, are stout men, this cannot be said, (as I have elsewhere remarked,) generally, of those who live in populous towns. The country or town people who work, are stout, but the women are beautiful, as respects shape, features, complexion, and countenance, and I find the farther we proceed east, they become more handsome. The very chambermaids and waiting maids, are the most fascinating beauties in the world.

Like all assemblies of this nature, here were to be seen the young and the old, the pretty and the ugly, the polite and the vulgar; amongst the latter, was a lady who looked over my shoulder, as I was writing notes with my pencil, finding what she was about, I began to put her down, and she soon withdrew. There was much beauty and intelligence however present, particularly in the gallery. The professors many of them were present, it is said, but

none struck me particularly, and certainly none came up to my friend and favorite, professor Silliman; he has more intelligence in his countenance, than all the professors of Bowdoin put together, and the president into the bargain. His bright face shown with peculiar lustre amidst the crowd, nor could I suppress a thrilling pride, when called upon, as I frequently was in the course of the day, to point him out to some anxious stranger. Among the visitors however, none were more conspicuous than Governor Lincoln, Messrs. Davis, Nichols, and Judge Wear, all of Portland, of whom I shall speak on my return to that town. Professor Cleaveland, the celebrated chemist, was pointed out to me, but I saw nothing extraordinary in his appearance, and would as soon have taken him to be a great shoemaker, as a great any thing else. The trustees were very genteel looking men, and many of the visitors were men of fine appearance; but the most able and brilliant display of eloquence was from judge Wear, a member of the "Phi Beta Kappa" Society.* Judge Wear is one of the most distinguished men in New England; he is of good size, affable and learned, and of very engaging appearance. His discourse turned principally upon the progress of science and philosophy generally, and its happy effects on society; he went back to the rise of society, and followed it through all its variety of light and shade to the present century; he noticed the severe conflicts of philosophy with ignorance and superstition, and its final victory; he traced the progress of knowledge, and produced the example of those enlightened sages, who first taught wisdom to mankind. In short, he represented wisdom in such a fascinating dress, that it was impossible to resist his all conquering eloquence. I am so delighted with the language and popular speeches of learned men, that had my lot been cast among them, I should have been a constant auditor at those assemblies, and yet perhaps, I should do as others do, it is doubtless

*This Society is something similar to the Free Masons, being entirely confined to gentlemen; their meetings are secretly held, and no one knows the nature or object of them.

the novelty of the thing, that gives to it its charm. Judge Wear, (and the whole family of Wears), was by nature intended for an orator; his voice is music, his language rich and magnificent, his manner peculiarly engaging; science and genius shines in his countenance, and philanthropy beams in his eye; we were borne away with his soft rolling eloquence, and all the fault we could find was that his discourse was too short.

Bowdoin College is in Brunswick, upon a beautiful elevated plain, it was organized in 1802, and has a president, five professors, and two tutors, and may have an average of one hundred students. There is no catalogue printed, and few qualified to give any account of the funds or course of study. The College buildings are the president's house, a chapel, Massachusetts Hall, a philosophical and chemical apparatus, a laboratory, a cabinet of minerals, (very extensive, containing a great variety of American marble.) It has a library of six thousand volumes, and a number of valuable paintings, which, with the cabinet of minerals, was bequeathed to the College by the hon. James *Bowdoin*. It is subject to thirteen trustees, and a board of forty-five visitors.*

It is impossible almost to conceive any thing more beautiful than the smooth, even eminence upon which the buildings of Bowdoin College stand, the town of Brunswick spread out before it, and the falls of the Androscoggin, a large navigable stream beyond that in full view of the College, renders the prospect extravagantly beautiful.

The College buildings, the president's house, and those of the professors, are quite out of the village, though they are united on one side, the streets of the village extending up to the College green, and the descent to the lower part of the town is considerable.

*Bowdoin College had the honor of conferring the degree of L. L. D. on General Lafayette.

BRUNSWICK

Is a very pleasant town on the Androscoggin; length one hundred and seventy miles—it stands opposite the falls, which gives rise to a number of mills and manufactories, among which are a valuable cotton and woollen manufactory, besides the college and houses mentioned, it contains two churches, about three thousand inhabitants, and has considerable trade. Brunswick is inhabited by very wealthy and genteel people, some of the most distinguished families in Maine, reside in Brunswick, and among them some of its first lawyers, at the head of these is the celebrated counsellor *Orr*, said to be one of the first legal characters in the Union. Hon. Benjamin Orr, is of middle age, good size, round face, fair complexion, high open forehead, his countenance luminous, and distinguished by a pleasant smile, his manners are peculiarly engaging; he is said to be very facetious, blends great wit and humour in his pleadings. The Dunlap family is distinguished, whether as to numbers, wealth, or respectability. It would seem that all the Dunlaps since the flood had resided in Brunswick. In the first place, there is the hon. R. P. Dunlap, next Maj. Gen. Richard F. Dunlap, Jno. Dunlap, and David Dunlap, Esq's., how many more there are I cannot say; of all these, I had the misfortune to meet with but one, John Dunlap, Esq. at once a man of great goodness of heart, he is almost as large as Mason, of Portsmouth. I am told they are an exemplary family, and that the General is the flower of the flock. Better, however, need not be than his brother, whom I saw; altogether a gentleman—besides him, however, I found many highly respectable people in Brunswick, among whom was the hon. Jonathan Page, Brig. Gen. Eathan Earl, Messrs. Peter O. Alden, George Holden, and Asa Mead. But none more so than the family of the Rev. Benjamin Titcomb, though an orthodox. Mr. Titcomb, I had not the pleasure to see, he being absent, but his wife and daughters are the very milk of human kindness, and an honor to the sect to which they belong, both the mother and daughters are

among the finest women in New England, I wish I could say the same by all the sect.

I found however, as in every other place, some very mean men in Brunswick, particularly John McK——, and H. A——. This is nothing, the faculty were equal to them, excepting president Allen, who as well as Mrs. Allen, was very kind and polite. I ought not, however, to involve professor Newman, as I neither called on nor saw him, nor do I recollect of seeing professor Packard; but had they been gentlemen, they would have called on me. I did see professor Upham, though I might as well not, as for Mr. C——, I am told he is not quite a hog in his manners. Hearing so much of his fame at a distance, I called at his house, and expected to be in raptures with professor C——, but he never shewed his face,* a good specimen of his abilities; his wife and daughters did not kick me out of doors, or break my head, for which condescension, doubtless, they expected a puff. They shall not be disappointed, they put on a very specious appearance, but I saw a great deal of meanness under it.—To gratify some inquisitive women, their neighbours, I had to sit and wait until a runner went out to bring them in. This was something like the boys and the frogs, whatever sport I might have afforded them, I was encroaching upon that *time*, which I could not call my own, which, in any event was too limited, and which ought to have been better employed—after they had indulged their knowing winks and nods, I withdrew, and called to mind the remark of my friend John Randolph, “Let those that jeer the Tartar, beware of his dirk.” Next day I passed by the house and saw the daughters peeping and tittering at me through a window in the upper story. They had no doubt been taking lessons of their father in the laboratory.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

*The excuse was, that he was so engaged at his *studies*, he could see no body.—“He was the most extraordinary man I ever heard of,” so it appears.

Tell me nothing of a man's learning, when he has not learned to be a gentleman—when he has not *learned* the common acts of civility, nor been able to teach it to his family. This great chymist has two gangling sons, who promise to rival their father in politeness at least, which is saying enough for them. President Allen had more of the gentleman in him, than any of the faculty, and though quite of common intellect, and an orthodox besides, deported himself with that kindness and politeness, which is ever due to a female and a stranger. Mrs. Allen also, acted the part of a lady; she is quite young, highly accomplished, and amongst the handsomest women of the present day. President Allen is a low figure, handsome appearance, and of gentlemanly manners. He has none of that gloom and puritanical starch about him, common to his sect. Though it was very silly in him to make such a long prayer at the opening of the commencement, it savored too much of rank hypocrisy, and never was any thing worse timed. This is the prejudice of ignorance, which only renders it ridiculous. The prayer and the band were incompatible. There is a time for all things; let every one pray for himself, not on the house top, but in his closet, and the Father which heareth in secret will reward him openly. Finally, Bowdoin College will never flourish under the present faculty, they want that dignity, which inspires respect, and until they get men of more ability, Bowdoin will always remain in the background.* Many of the students are men of mind and genius, and see the failing of the college, but pursue their studies. Intuitively knowing (as all these Yankees do,) that learning is the only true good, and no consideration can induce a Yankee to dispense with learning.

A ball closed the commencement, which I was told, was crowded with beauty and fashion.

Those commencements, of which we have nothing similar in the western states; draw vast crowds of people—rich and poor, from far and near, attend commencements,

*The visit of two such distinguished persons as Professor Silliman and myself, may doubtless, be considered as a favorable omen.

it is a perfect jubilee. Two-thirds of the people had to seek lodging in the country; every room had been engaged for weeks before; every private house was full, so that I was in a great streight, a stranger, no friend, what was I to do; I took breakfast at the tavern; another Rogers, (not colonel R. of Exeter,) he told me I could not stay, all his rooms were engaged, and an hundred more if he had had them.

After sitting six hours in a crowd, on one of the hottest days; it may be supposed I wanted rest, I wanted, at least, shelter from the sun. But no man asked me to his house, I ought not however, to charge Brunswick with want of hospitality, as it was impossible for them to know one person from another, and even had they known of my arrival, as doubtless some of them did, by this time, how were they to know I was unprovided with accommodations, or without some friend to attend to me. But this I had not, and yet I had more friends in Brunswick than perhaps any other person. Perfectly unconcerned for events—after thanking Mr. Orr for his politeness, I quitted the church with the crowd, and walked with the stream, all strangers to me. The few to whom I was known, either knew not where to look for me in the crowd, or perhaps avoided me, lest they might have to render some favor, for I found this often the case with people in the atlantic states: now the people in the western states act quite contrary to this, they make it a point to see that strangers are accommodated in preference to others. But what, let me ask, would you have done?—I walked on—I had noticed the office of an editor, as I walked up to the college in the morning, and when I came opposite to it, I left the crowd and went into the office—I found a tolerable genteel orthodox Baptist editor in, and taking a chair, I sat a few minutes in the passage for the benefit of the air, (being almost spent,) and conversed on general subjects—he had heard of me, seemed glad that he had once seen the *famous* Mrs. R.—as he was a *religious* character, I did not mention my difficulty to him, for of all people in our good United States, from the *President* to the *sweep*, a *professor* of religion, let him be

of what sect he may, has the least humanity or hospitality, and as for charity, I would as soon expect it from the beasts of the forest. True, Titcomb's family were professors, and yet were kind—but what I would wish to be understood to say, is that, I do not look for or expect kindness from them, when I do meet with it, it is unexpected, but I never seek for it in that quarter. Upon taking leave of my friend, who was quite genteel, I asked him to give me the name of one of the masters of the lodges; taking it for granted, there were masons in the place, he did so, and a good long walk I had to his store on the river—I showed him a few letters, perhaps one, and told him, I was a stranger, fatigued and in want of refreshments as quick as possible, and craved his attention to procure me accommodations. He immediately wrote a note to an old lady, who kept a tavern, to take me in. Upon giving me the paper, he observed, Mrs. —, will certainly take you in, but if she should not, let me know. I waited on the lady and was accommodated at a word. All the Dunclops and all the respectable citizens in Brunswick are masons, so that I had no lack of friends—hence my inattention on these matters, and hence my security from insult. Let me go into what town I may, I have a majority of the town on my side at a moment's warning. Toward evening, after dining and resting myself on the sofa; the old lady came to me, and said, "She did not think it would be in her power to keep me any how at all." I was thunderstruck! "Why did you not tell me so at first? I shall not go out of the house; you must be a very extraordinary woman, to say you would accommodate me, and then say the contrary." I had agreed to sleep on the sofa, for the first night, as the beds were taken up, and as one of their borders was going away in the morning, I was to have his room for the week, or whatever time I might stay. Seeing I spoke with so much independence, she hummed and hawed, and studied, and said she did tell me so, but she spoke too quick, and did see how it could be done—I told her I would not quit the house. "I had nothing but the sofa, (about six inches wide, every body knows it, it sits in the little room next to the kitchen, as narrow and hard as the old

woman's heart,) and she might have that, I would keep the floor, at all events, I should send for my friend." She hung her head and walked off. The fact was this, a carriage drove up with three or four persons, and thinking, perhaps, they intended to stay a day or two, she wished to accommodate them at the loss of her honor, if she had any. The people, however, drove off, but I had a dreadful night of it on the narrow hard sofa, not only narrow, but too short. This was not all, the old lady and some of the young ones, sat up nearly all night to accommodate strollers, and continued to run back and forwards through the little room with the candle, talk and rattle chairs and glasses, and tables, until I almost distracted with the annoyance, arose as I lay down, without sleep. The female keeps the most infamous house in the United States, and every one who deserves better ought to avoid the house as he would a den of wild beasts. I am confident my friend was not aware of it, and perhaps if he were, it was the only alternative for that night—I did, however, stay one other night in the house, and the chambermaids and some other females about the house, (she had one very amiable daughter,) taking me for a *witch*, locked me up hard and fast.—The ninnies forgot that a witch could whisk through a key-hole. In short she has neither sense enough, nor merit enough, nor any thing enough, but gin to keep tavern for ruffians, such as drunken stage drivers, which except in commencement, seem to be all her custom.* I forgot through mistake, a very costly penknife at her house, and sent back for it by the stage-driver, but no penknife was heard off, "but there was *such* a knife seen." The abominable fool. Returning through Brunswick, some time afterwards, on my tour through Maine, while the driver was changing his horses, I ran over to her house, which is just across the street from the stage-house, to inquire for the knife, when I was insulted in the passage by a great rough drunken stage-driver in the first place, and in the next place, the madam was so busy talking with

*No tavern is fit to put up at in Brunswick but one and he is an orthodox.

another ruffian, that she could not take time to inform me about the knife—after waiting until the stage must have been nearly ready, I asked her respecting it, told her I was in haste, when she drolled out, “I’ll talk to you presently;” I quitted the house after learning from one of the girls, the knife was broke. It took her as long to say half a dozen words, as a lawyer might plead a cause.

After seeing what was to be seen at Brunswick, I returned to Portland in the stage, not willing to undergo the sickness attending a voyage in the steam boat. The country from Brunswick to Portland is quite barren and rocky, covered with fir.

PORTLAND

Stands on a peninsula in Casco bay, and as respects the buildings and prospect, is the handsomest town in the U. States, of all that I have seen—the streets however, are not paved, nor is the town well lighted—the streets are not regular, but are handsomely paved on the side walks, principally with brick—but the dwelling houses are decidedly the handsomest of any town in the Union—they stand mostly upon an even eminence, and are detached, every house is high, large, exactly square, and has four fronts, that is windows and doors on all sides, from the bottom to the top, which last is usually flat. The brick which compose the houses, is of a beautiful bright red, and the workmanship of the whole building is done in a superior style—every house has a garden and neat shrubberies, and are mostly surrounded with neat enclosures, which you enter by a gate. The public buildings are numerous, large and handsome. It contains a very elegant courthouse, a state-house, an alms-house, four banks, a custom-house, two market-houses, an insurance office, an atheneum, (a very splendid new building,) an academy and library of two thousand volumes, nine churches, and 8,600 inhabitants.

Portland has one of the best harbors in the world, and carries on an extensive trade, it owns 34,000 tons of shipping. The harbor is safe and easy of access, and never freezes, excepting in very hard winters. The shipping is employed principally in the fisheries, coasting, and to Russia, the East and West Indies. Its exports, consist chiefly of lumber, beef, fish, butter, &c. Their imports from Russia, amount to \$2,600,000 annually, from Cuba \$6,000,000. These articles are principally the produce of their own soil. This employs a great number of seamen. It is defended by fort Preble, fort Scammel, and fort Burrows—it has a stone light-house, seventy feet high at the entrance of the harbour—besides this, there is an observatory, seventy feet high in the town, it stands upon an elevated spot, and affords an extensive and beautiful prospect of Casco bay, the town, the islands, and the surrounding country. The churches of Portland are large and well built, and have lofty steeples, which are seen at a great distance, both by sea and land. I only visited one of the forts, fort Preble—I found no one at the fort but a gangling Lieut.—the commandant, Mr. Brook, was absent at Boston, and had been some time; I saw only two or three shabby men, though the fort is well situated and strongly built. Why government pays men who do not attend to their duty, remains for it to say. If there be no call for Mr. Brook at this fort; why not dismiss him at once and save the money? and if there be any duty for him to perform, let him attend to it, or stop his pay. The lieutenant and a captain of a Revenue Cutter, waited upon me to pay their respects. This was well enough, but when I wished to visit the fort, it was so far, as I was able to learn, without the means of conveying me thither, and the revenue captain sent his barge with his men, to convey me across the bay to the fort, which is the most poverty stricken place I ever was in. I had a most charming sail, however, across the bay, and a beautiful view of the town as I approached it on my return; it appears to rise out of the sea.

I was much amused with the conversation of the sailors, one of whom was a lieut. but most of them were foreigners.

and nothing could be more comical than their sea phrases, expressed in their foreign dialect, I laughed my very soul out.

Portland, take it throughout, is settled by a noble, enlightened and generous race of people; they are stout handsome looking men, fair and ruddy blendid in their complexion, distinguished for black eyes; like all the New-England people, they are moral and industrious; though gay and lively in their disposition, and although people of wealth, they apply themselves to business. In Washington city, where they get enormous wages, no business but the business of eating and drinking is performed from 3 o'clock P. M. until 10 o'clock next day. This is the case generally, it is said, throughout the southern and middle states; the latter part of the day, the afternoon, I mean, is given up to pleasure, and a person having business with them would be thought insane to call on a gentleman of that country after a certain hour in the day. Let that be as it may; throughout the New-England country all descriptions of persons, lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics and artists, are always found at their posts.—There is a directory in every man's office, and no matter who you wish to see, there is his name, the street, and the number, both of his house and office, from the governor down to the sweep—and nothing pleases them more (excepting the orthodox,) than to see and receive strangers—but calls from their own citizens do not excite uncommon attention—for instance, when one citizen has business with another, he does not take a sheet of paper, nor a slip of paper, and commit the business to writing, and send it by a servant, he is his own servant, he goes himself—he knows where and at what time to call. If the gentleman be out of town, a card is left at his office door, "out of town," at court, or what may be. Finding the gentleman in, without seating himself, he just enters the door touches his hat and expresses himself in a few words, to which his friend replies in the same laconic manner, when the visitor bows and withdraws. In the south, this would be the business of two or three notes, and two or three servants, and perhaps some mistake at last.

defeats the whole business. From the great attention to learning and the number of literary societies, the diffusion of knowledge through libraries, athenæums, and reading rooms, the society, in proportion to the inhabitants, is equal to that of any town on the continent. There is the *Athenaeum* Society, the Maine *Charitable Mechanic Association*, Portland *Benevolent Society*, Portland *Marine Society*; besides Masonic Societies—almost every gentleman in New England, is a mason, hence their universal benevolence and hospitality to strangers. The Grand Lodge of Maine, is held in Portland. The Portland Lodge, Mount Vernon Chapter, the Ancient Landmark Chapter, and the main encampment of Knights, Templars. Here also, are a few black coat societies, which draw in opposition to the others; these, however, are lessening daily, and light and intelligence has many friends in Portland. The citizens are affable, learned, and enterprizing, not a whit behind any town in the Union. The Portland bar particularly excels, it is decidedly the ablest of any in New England; it is a perfect phalanx of embodied learning and talent. Portland is also the seat of the principal gentlemen of the State, but we will begin with his excellency Governor Enoch Lincoln, a brother of Levi Lincoln, Governor of Massachusetts; something younger, and about the same size, being tall, rather slender, but well formed; of all men, Governor Enoch Lincoln is the most plain in his dress, artless, smooth and easy in his manners, not a gentleman in the State but what has more style in his house and appearance than Governor Lincoln, I found him in a plain parlour, scarcely with what might be called furniture, good natured, simple, contented, and affable, he called a small white boy to put more wood on the fire, and with one of the most fascinating voices, he commenced a conversation about the country. There is something peculiar in his voice and delivery; of all those Lincolns, governor E. Lincoln in this trait, resembles his brother William, of Worcester. The dew does not distil more soft; this, and a modesty, bordering on the effeminate, is peculiar to the family. Governor E. Lincoln, as has been observed, is of good size, fair complexion, round face;

mild blue eyes, high open forehead; his hair is auburn, and drops over his forehead, in thin scattering ringlets; his talents, his appearance, his equipage and manners, perfectly correspond, and the depth of his mind is visible in his steady dignified countenance. The citizens of Maine deserve much credit for their choice, in elevating Mr. Lincoln to the place of Chief Magistrate. His addresses to the Legislature, however, are before the public, and proves him to be what he is, one of our *ablest* statesmen, one of those whose worth will never be fully developed.* Portland is likewise the residence of the hon. Albion *Pariss*, hon. John *Anderson*, hon. judge *Weare*, hon. judge *Preble*, hon. judge *Mellen*, and hon. S. *Longfellow*. Hon. A. *Pariss*, ex-governor of Maine, and present Senator in Congress, unfortunately was absent. Hon. J. *Anderson* is a man of young appearance, good size, fair complexion, auburn hair, round face, and a countenance eloquent with benevolence; his soft blue eye bespeaks an overflowing kindness, which his heart is not backward in fulfilling. He is a member of the bar — Judge *Preble* is a brother of Commodore *Preble*, who was a citizen of Portland. He is under middle age, tall and spare, with a thin fair face, blue eyes, and auburn hair, his countenance is rather stern, but firm and dignified, his manners are gentlemanly and pleasing. He is a great patron of learning, and much esteemed in Portland. Judge *Weare*, I have mentioned under the head of Brunswick; he is a very pleasant gentlemanly man. Judge *Mellen* is a stout, middle aged, jolly, satirical man, with a great flow of spirits, learned, accomplished, generous and humane, he is also a favorite in Portland; his complexion is fair, eyes blue, face round and full, his countenance open and benevolent.

Amos *Nichols*, Secretary of State, is also a noble, fine looking man, the soul of philanthropy and kindness; he is young, a stout robust figure, round fair face, and blue eyes;

*My friend of the *Hallowell Gazette*, (a saucy Yankee,) was mistaken when he said Governor Lincoln was abashed before me, it was I that was abashed before him.

he is easy and gentlemanly in his manners, and rendered me many kind services, during my visit to Portland. The bar comes next, and never did I take up a subject with more pleasure, bound to them by the deepest obligation, it is a perfect banquet either to think, write or speak of this legal galaxy. The judges and Mr. Anderson, I have mentioned. I had a letter to Mr. *Emerson*, of course I called on him first. Mr. E. though hardly twenty-one years of age, is elected to the Legislature, for the next session; he is tall and finely made, with an oval face, fair complexion, and bright blue eyes; his countenance and manners are alike engaging and eloquent—genius and talents are stamped on his keen countenance. He will, doubtless, attain no inconsiderable rank amongst the eminent of his country. Samuel *Fessenden*, Esq. is a tall, middle aged man, dark complexion, oval face, and full dark eye; he was, if I am not mistaken, raised a farmer, and is now one of the first lawyers in the State, and reckoned a man of the first abilities. His countenance is serene and staid, his manners easy and natural.

Hon. Stephen *Longfellow*, (he ought to be called good fellow,) is also an able Counsellor, and one of the first lawyers. Mr. L. is a stout man, middle aged, dark complexion, staid countenance, with a large full intelligent black eye; his manners are of the first order, and if I were to judge, I would say he was among the most benevolent men of the age. W. *Willis*, Esq. is of young appearance, common height, round fair face, black sparkling eyes, and countenance of great expression; he is well formed, of elegant manners, and hair light.

Charles S. *Davis*, Attorney and Counsellor, is a young man of common height, and neat light figure; his face round and fair, with handsome features, and a most intelligent, black, eagle eye, at once indicative of genius and kindness, is the most strikingly fine in nature. He is one of the most gentlemanly men in his department in Maine.

And last, though not least, is Counsellor Nicholas *Emery*; of all the gentlemen of the bar he is my favorite, lively, sensible, and facetious; we never met but we had a laugh at the Missionaries. He despises priest-craft and

Missionaries, alike with myself; it does him more good to laugh than any person in the world. I happened to have a copy of my Sketches, which I loaned him to read; he would pick out the sharp shooting and read, and laugh by turns, and was delighted with my manner of writing; he expressed much anxiety to see the Black Book. Mr. Emery is of middle age, and good size, and well proportioned limbs; his complexion of middle shade; his features good, but his eye is peculiar; it is large, of the deepest black, keen and peircing, with a countenance of great expression, and the manners of a perfect gentleman; he is one of the most interesting men I met in my travels. I was often in his company, and always parted from him with regret.

I had almost forgot Mr. Wm. T. *Smith* and Mr. *Richardson*, for which I would have been very sorry, they being richly entitled to rank with the oldest, though one of the youngest at the bar. He is very promising, tall, straight, and fair; his aspect and manners are mild and winning. This is the bar: if any town can produce such another I have not met with it. Boston, where we might expect to see the most enlightened bar in the Union, is a long ways behind—New York still farther.

There is still one behind, a black coat, but I would not disgrace gentlemen by thrusting him among them; his name is K*****, a tall, gaunt figure, (they are all gaunt,) black to the heart, and then black; his countenance was iron, and his heart brass. He was, by a long way, the meanest man in Portland. He put me in mind of those large black snakes, we have in the western country, and looked as though he was just going to swallow me, as I quit his office. If I could say any good of such an abominable sect, I would say that his language to me was civil, though he never asked me to sit down; how is he to teach the heathen, the hog! I saw a young Missionary studying in his office, he is doubtless, preparing to practise law among the heathen, himself the greatest.

The bar and the bench, however, by no means comprise all the respectable people in Portland; the clergy, the literati, the merchants, and many of the mechanics, are

alike accomplished, learned, wealthy and respectable—among these are the Clap family, the Foxs, Illsley's, and many others. Mr. Thomas, the Treasurer of the State, is a very gentlemanly man, and ranks high among the citizens. Of the clergy, Rev. *Bishby*, mentioned in my Sketches, he now resides in Portland, has a large and respectable congregation, and one of the most splendid churches in the town, he is much admired as a divine.—But Rev. Ichabod *Nicols*, like Rev. Burroughs, of Portsmouth, is an exception, whether as to mind, appearance, or accomplishments. He is of good stature, his limbs cast in the finest mould, his face is strikingly handsome, fair, or wan rather, his high, smooth, open forehead, and his sparkling black eye, at once bespeaks genius and benevolence. His countenance is gentle, though manly, and his air genteel, and is on every account an inestimable man.

At the head of the Masons, as well as the merchants in Portland, stands Charles Fox, Esq., he is Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine, one of the first merchants and a most amiable man. Mr. Willis, brother of the lawyer of the same name, is alike entitled to notice; he is a gentleman of most engaging manners. Messrs. Dana Boody, C. J. Stone, and J. C. Churchill, and several others; Mr. Illsley, the Collector, and Judge Southgate, Messrs. Shaw, and N. Nutter, I am under particular obligations to. Messrs. Shaw, and Boody, these are Universalists, and understanding I was a stranger, they performed the part of true Samaritans, no more need be said of them; my obligations to these benevolent men are great. Dr. Levi Brandish, is a very gentlemanly man;* but I was particularly struck by the kindness and feeling of Solomon H. Mudge, an humble broker, who was surpassed by none in kindness and hospitality. Nothing yields me more pleasure than to publish the deeds of worth and humble merit; this man's noble deeds have as much claim to fame as those of the first men in the State, in goodness he is the best.

*My patronage was great in Portland, yet many did not patronize me, of which Dr. B. was one. I mention this to repel the foul charge of "praising none but my patrons."

Mr. Isaac Adams is a literary gentleman, advanced in years, though still a bachelor, and reckoned a man of the first judgment and literary attainments; he is a stout, portly man, handsome person, noble countenance, and of very engaging pleasant manners, he is much admired and esteemed in Portland. The *Clap* family however, take them all in all, is justly the pride and boast of Portland. I had a letter to A. W. Clap, but unfortunately, he was on a visit to the White Mountains, when I arrived in Portland. Extending my visit to some length, however, I had the pleasure to see him before I left the town, nor was he slow in redeeming the lost time. A. W. C. is a young man, still a resident of his father's house; one of his sisters on a visit to her father's, came out to receive me, but so moved was I with admiration, at the appearance and manners of the sister, that I completely forgot my business was with the brother, and should probably have left the house, without seeing him, had he not joined us. Both Mr. C. and his sister, having heard I was in Portland, stood in no need of an introduction: they quickly guessed who I was. Being well known to each other from report, we were soon intimate, and they lavished kindness and caresses upon me in word and action, to a late hour. I felt all its value and trust I ever shall. The lady was of common height, with round handsome features, dark complexion, and a black sparkling eye—her faultless form, her easy gestures, and her soft sweet smile was bewitching. Mr. C. is also possessed of great advantages of mind and person, a handsome figure, a heart sincere and benevolent, his countenance glowing with human kindness. I must say, I never saw a more enviable man or woman. I was not allowed to rise from my seat for tea, a small table was placed before me, and the toast and tea laid on it, with which, and the conversation of my friends, I forgot I was “in a foreign” clime.

Mr. Clap has a brother, Charles Clap, Esq. equally amiable; he married the only child of General Wingate, of Hallowell, late of Portland. Mrs. Wingate is a sister of Mr. Dearbon, of Boston, former Secretary of War.—They are people of great wealth, and never had but one

daughter, this daughter married Mr. C. Clap, and having a considerable estate in Hallowell, they gave up their splendid house, and all its furniture, to their daughter.— This edifice, or palace rather, is one of the most superb dwelling houses in the United States. Calling on Mr. Clap one morning, I no sooner enquired of the servant for Mr. C. than I heard some person run down stairs, and a most blooming female appeared; she saluted very familiarly, and said, “Mrs. R. I presume,” “Mrs. Clap, may I say, I have the pleasure of saluting Mrs. Clap,” she smiled, and said, “it was the same thing, it was Mrs. Clap’s mother!” Dumb with astonishment, I surveyed her again as though I had seen another person. Mr. Clap and Gen. Wingate came in, but seeing the General, who was advanced considerably, and several children, which Mrs. W. affectionately called her own, but which were Mrs. C’s. my astonishment was increased. Mrs. W. was attired in the plainest manner possible; a simple morning wrapper was all that distinguish this dignified female, her head was unadorned with aught but her glossy raven locks; her face was graced with an intelligent smile, which displayed her ivory teeth; her face was round and full, though richly diffused with the bloom of the rose— she was a tall, stout woman, youthful and familiar, she would pass for thirty years of age; with the best Boston education, a strong mind, and a heart of matchless benevolence, joined to every female grace, Mrs. W. is certainly unrivalled, she is the delight of every eye and the theme of every tongue; nature’s self has not less art, her liberal hand is ever spread to the needy and distressed; well may Maine be proud of her, the patron of genius, worth, and merit, she does more good in a day, than all the black coats and Missionaries that ever scattered a Tract. Instead of scattering Tracts, she scatters bread and meat, and clothes to the poor, and by her *example* she teaches them *religion*; I do not know to what sect she belongs, nor will it be asked of her when she gets to heaven, whether she was a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Universalist, or Jew, there is but one thing needful, and she has chosen that.

Shortly after I saw her, she was plunged into deep affliction for the life of her darling child. The night that succeeded my interview with the mother, the daughter gave birth to *two* infants, which nearly cost her her life. Her recovery was doubtful for several weeks, when heaven restored her to her afflicted parents.

General Wingate like his wife is one of the most amiable of men, he is over forty years of age, tall, spare, and finely made, his face is oval and thin, and his countenance mild and benevolent.

The people of Maine, are represented to be of large growth, this can only be said generally, of those who live in the country; the citizens of Portland though, are stout men, more so than in Boston, yet they are not more so than in Portsmouth, and many of them are very delicate. The ladies of Portland however, are tall, and excel in personal beauty, and the country people are by a great deal the best informed and educated, and their dialect more pure than those of Massachusetts, or Connecticut. Generally, I attend to the markets, to amuse myself with the Jonathans, but I found them a different people to what I expected, and very different from the farmers of Massachusetts, I could not detect them in any of the *whatsays*, though a few of them had the *guess*; one phrase however, is peculiar to them, which is *sartin*, which they pronounce long, and with a strong emphasis. *Sartin* is meant for an affirmative, and by it they mean the word certain, for instance, if you ask them a question, if the reply be an affirmative, instead of saying "*yes*," or "*it is so*," they draw out this "*s-a-r-t-i-n*," to a great length, and if you ask them twenty questions, nineteen out of the twenty, will be *sartin*.* Few horses are used for draught either in Portsmouth or Portland, oxen are altogether used. These oxen are very large, and the language used by the driver, though it appears to be perfectly understood by the ox, is unintelligible to any one else. I hope Noah Webster has them all in his great dictionary. The *Poor-House* of Portland is about a mile from the town, and occupies a

*In Massachusetts and Connecticut, they say "pretty much."

beautiful situation; it is a large, elegant building, and well kept, as respects the principal and matron, but the physicians, if it has any attached to it, are unpardonably lax in their duty—almost every pauper was stretched sick on their beds, when I called, with some contagious fever, and not a physician in attendance. I saw but one or two able to sit up. I am convinced that the benevolent part of the citizens of Portland, were ignorant of this cruel neglect, nor can I, (as my time was too limited,) say whose fault this was. There is, however, great default somewhere. The keeper is the only ignorant man I have seen in Maine, a great clownish monster in size, though good natured. It is astonishing that men, whose aim and pride and pleasure consists in relieving human distress, so often miss in one thing, I mean putting uneducated men, (which is the same thing as putting unfeeling men,) at the head of these alms-houses—a *wooden* post would answer a much better purpose, because, if it could do no good, it would do no harm. But what this boor wants in feeling and goodness, is amply made up by his wife, the matron; certainly no better woman could be found, which doubtless led to the appointment. It was truly amusing to see this ignorant booby take the youth who drove me out, to one side, to know who I was, and doubtless, to ascertain my true character—no other evidence is necessary to prove this fellow's want of ability, to pay proper attention to persons in the last stage of human distress. If there be a point in human misery which cannot be exceeded—which ought to be pitied—which ought to be felt, and which ought to be relieved, or at least ameliorated, it is when we have neither house nor home, nor friend, laid on a bed of sickness, in a room with a dozen other sufferers, amidst insupportable smells, abandoned by the world.—The physicians attached to this institution, deserve to be sent to the work house, for neglecting their duty.

This poor-house, like most others in the New England towns, also contains cells to confine disorderly and insane persons—these cells were abominable, loathsome holes, unworthy of Turks, and clearly proves we are not even civilized, when one human being, in cool blood, can inflict

such inhuman punishment upon his fellow man, he is a much worse savage than the savage whom he pretends to civilize, it is disgraceful to man! Usage has made this familiar, say they, and it is done for the peace of society—shocking! that the peace of society cannot be secured but by cruelty! I abhor the thought—if these persons interrupt society, confine them to be sure, but confine them in a clean prison, where they can at least breathe pure air, and see the light of heaven, those gifts of a gracious and bountiful God, who dispenses his blessings alike on the just and the unjust. The mind recoils upon looking into those loathsome dungeons through a small hole, through which the unfortunate wretch receives his bread and water, whose groans and sighs you may hear indeed, but whom, you cannot see. I found an unfortunate female maniac in one of those dark dungeons, (a much worse punishment than death,) her situation, shrieks, and cries, pierced my heart, and I hastened from the appalling scene. I am astonished, that so humane, liberal, and refined, as the citizens of Portland undoubtedly are, they do not remedy these deep afflictions, and prepare hospitals for the insane, and suitable prisons for their fellow men.—Maine, however, as an enlightened and noble State, is doing much for the happiness of mankind, it deserves much credit for its liberal provision for schools, and the general diffusion of knowledge, which is the only solid foundation of the happiness of man. Besides, it is a young State, and will doubtless in her career of improvement, remedy an evil at which humanity shudders.

Both Portsmouth and Portland are very unpleasant, for the absence of paved streets, each being situated in a sandy soil, the slightest breeze raises the dust, which pervades every thing, eyes, houses, chests, drawers, desks, books, and papers, nothing escapes this formidable enemy to neatness and comfort. I see they have Bible and Tract Societies, (for the honor of Portland, it has few,) in both these towns. Query, had they not better pave the streets with the money? I hope they will take a word from a friend, and lay their money out in paving their streets, for I assure them, it will be a much wiser plan. It appears

that the bulk of the citizens of Portland are Unitarians, and Universalists, there are however, some of every sect, and particularly my dear friends, the Missionaries, who also have a Missionary paper. I was much grieved to see a Mason at the head of this paper, and set it down in my mind, though a very amiable looking man, he must be a Morgan Mason.

I met with one of those long sloonies, (besides the lawyer mentioned,) he was tall, lean and lank, with a fair narrow face; telling him he could be no Christian, to convince me, he put his hand in his purse, to give me some money, and taking a piece of silver between his finger and thumb, without drawing it above the mouth of the purse, he held a parley with me, the amount of which was to ascertain whether this money, or any part of his conduct was to influence me in my remarks upon him, and finding the money was not likely to produce an effect to his liking, at least I took it so, he dropped the money and tied up the purse. This is a favorable symptom, I mean when these orthodox go so far as to open their purse at least to do a benevolent deed, we may suppose the time is not distant, when we may expect to see them go a little farther, and perform the deed outright. This young man's father, with a drove of orthodox sons and daughters, is a merchant of some wealth, and hearing much of his and his family's devotion to tracts and trumpery, and withal to get something good or bad to put in my book, I went to the dwelling of the old gentleman. He was quite civil, and I might, without violating the truth, say he was polite. He soon brought out his wife and daughters to see the *show* doubtless, that is myself, particularly, as the sight was free. To make trial of his liberality, I offered him a book, this was "walking a mile for the string." It would not do, too much sulphur, the very walls of the house were tainted with bigotry, and smelled rank of sulphur. The father, and all the daughters and sons, (a goodly number,) were tall and narrow in their persons, narrow faced, narrow minded, narrow soul'd, narrow hearted, narrow chested, and narrow shouldered; I should say they would all die with the consump-

tion and make a narrow end of it. Every time I met the young man, (every body knows him, the narrowest man in Portland,) he would ask "if I were going to put him in the Black Book," supposing, doubtless, he would fill some narrow place.

About to take leave of Portland for a few weeks, to visit the principal parts of Maine, I must make the public acquainted with my landlord, B——s, who kept the stage house.* His character and person may be expressed in two words, "a diminutive rogue." But the servants in Maine excel those of any other country; it is wrong to call them servants, as they are perfect ladies, the most bewitching beautiful sylphs—it is a perfect banquet to sit at table and be waited on by these fascinating creatures.

Maine is a large State, of nearly two hundred and twenty-five miles of sea coast, it is thickly settled on the coast, but thinly inhabited in the interior, excepting on the rivers, which run at right angles with the coast, so that those who wish to see much of the country, must pursue a zig zag course. The first settlement worthy of notice leaving Portland, is the Kennebeck country. The Kennebeck is a large, noble river, and its banks are covered with meadows and flourishing towns. The first town is Bath, then Gardiner, Hallowell, Augusta, Bloomfield, Norridgewalk, Vasselborough, Waterville, Winslow, and Canaan.

Bath I had seen on my way to Brunswick, but arrived in the night, and left it early in the morning. I now bent my course to Bath, intending to go up the Kennebeck to the falls, cross the country to the Penobscot river, and down the same to the ocean, cross the Penobscot bay, and return to Portland, along the sea-shore.

The country of fir and rocks between Bath and Portland, I have already mentioned. It is thinly settled, and with one handsome town only on the way, at which I did not stop. The road passes through a vast quarry of

*He does not keep it now.

beautiful granite, and over several grid-iron bridges,* which brings us to Bath.

BATH

Is thirty-five miles N. E. from Portland, and 12 miles from the sea; it is a port of entry, and contains an academy, two banks, four churches, and about three thousand inhabitants. Bath is a delightful town, stretching along the beautiful Kennebeck to its edge, and extending back upon an extensive eminence. The land ascends from the river until it attains the height of a steep hill or ridge, the best houses, (which are private dwelling houses,) are built on this eminence, and from whatever point they may be viewed, they are equally grand; when viewed from below they appear to be a solid rampart of castles. But language is unable to paint the view from this part of the town: to behold a town far beneath your feet, and the broad majestic Kennebeck, sometimes flowing up, and sometimes returning to the sea; the vessels at the wharves, others coming in, some going up the river, and some sailing down; the country on the opposite shore, rising up to a firm bold barrier, covered with neat dwellings, intermingled with farms and forest trees; to these we may add cattle, and sheep, (no hogs, of which we have such vast numbers in the western states, and very few horses.) The streets, like all the towns in this part of the country, are only paved on the sides; in this place, however, plank is used. The streets are wide, and the buildings large and handsome, though many of them are of wood. Bath owns upwards of 2,600 tons of shipping, and heretofore, has carried on an extensive trade.—It is largely engaged in ship-building and the lumber trade. The Kennebeck is navigable for large vessels to Bath,

*These bridges consist of round logs, laid flat on the ground, and jolt us sadly, who ride in stages—a Boston lady who travelled with me from Brunswick to Portland, humorously called them “grid-iron bridges.”

during the winter, the river being so deep that it seldom freezes; the town enjoys great commercial advantages, and has done much business. The citizens of Bath, like those of Portland, are an enlightened, well informed people, they are wealthy, polite, generous and hospitable, and many of the greatest men in Maine, have their residence in Bath. Here dwells general King, the first governor of Maine, a late member of the board of St. Petersburg, also Benj. Ames, Esq. late Speaker of the House of Representatives, and President of the Senate of Maine, hon.

— Wingate, member of Congress, Nathaniel Groton, Esq. Rev. S. Stearns, and many other respectable men.— General King, is a tall, majestic, commanding figure, dark complexion, oval face, strong bold features, and very black arched eye-brows; his countenance, (very backwoods-like,) is serious, but open and benevolent. Mrs. King is one of the most lady-looking and accomplished women in New England, she is stout, but fair and beautifully featured, she is much more affable and easy in her manners than the general, and both are alike mild, generous and hospitable; they are people of considerable wealth, and live in the first style of fashion. I happened to call on the birth day of her little daughter, about in her tenth year, if I am not mistaken. Seeing a number of little ladies enter the parlour, I asked if all those were her children, she smiled, and said not, and communicated the cause of their being present, the most extraordinary circumstance, doubtless, in the world, viz: she was married to Mr. King, eighteen years before she had a living child, when she had this daughter, whose birth she was on that day celebrating.* She had a little boy, two years younger, which was all the children she had, and both were healthy and handsome.

Mr. Ames is a gentleman of young appearance, to have filled the first offices in the State; he is of common size, good figure, fair complexion and round full face, he is pleasant and engaging in his manners, and the very milk of human kindness. His lady, Mrs. A. surpasses him, if

*She was married twelve years before she had any.

possible, in the true Yankee hospitality. Mr. A. is one of the first lawyers in the State.

The hon. — Wingate, is a brother of general Wingate, mentioned a few pages back. Never was I more disappointed, than upon calling upon him, he was not at home in the first place, and in the second place it would have been the same thing, had he condescended to have been at home. Mrs. W. came out, and to cut a long story short, she was as different from Mrs. general W. as a Hottentot is from the most accomplished European. I easily accounted for this, when I understood she was the daughter of Commodore T. of W———n. Too much *low* English blood. But the amiable Rev. S. Stearns, would alone have stamped the character of Bath, with unfading honor. simple, plain, modest, mild and unassuming; I found the Rev. S. on the top of the hill mentioned. He was dressed in a plain morning gown, unadorned by ought but his virtues, he met me at the door, and in a voice of siren sweetness, asked me to walk in, whilst I alternately viewed the beautiful prospect through his window, and his mild blue eye, which was studiously bent on me; he drew from me my story, and taking a dollar from his pocket, he requested me to take it to help me on my way. I gave him a book, which I had to press upon him, and after resting myself a few minutes, I took leave. Mr. Stearns is an elderly man, of common size, and beyond doubt, one of the most amiable of his species. Repeating my interview with him, and expressing my admiration of his meekness and christian charity, guess my astonishment to learn that he had a very large family and received little or nothing from his congregation. The gentleman to whom I repeated the circumstance, upon my expressing regret at taking the dollar, said "if I were in your place Mrs. R. I would return it," and that I most assuredly would have done, and have added more to it from my slender funds had it not been for the thought of wounding his feelings; but heaven, whose faithful servant he is, I trust will bless his store: his congregation must blush for their meanness, when they see this, and will certainly redeem their character by imitating his truly

Catholic spirit; it is a shame for them to suffer this amiable man, an honor to the sect, to be straightened in his circumstances. He is a Baptist and a mason.

Very different from him was the conduct of the Unitarian, who compared to him is quite a mean man. I met with an Englishman at Bath, who was a professor of music, he was no great thing himself as a man, whatever his skill might be as a professor of music, but his wife, a Pennsylvanian, was a good looking woman. He gave a concert while I was there, assisted by several young gentlemen of the neighborhood. I was delighted with the performance, but dared not pass judgment upon it, from my ignorance of music. His wife appeared to sing well. I was much pleased with a duete, and one or two sentimental tunes, but he made us all laugh by a comic song upon matrimony. The house was crowded, and the company learning I was present, flocked round me to a degree oppressive and very unpleasant. This man is teaching the young gentlemen of the neighboring towns, as well as those of Bath, which proves the taste and growing intelligence of Maine. I forgot to mention Mr. Torry, the editor of a paper in Bath, and Mr. Hyde, the brother of my friend Hyde of Portland. Mr. Torry was very kind and attentive during my visit, though, I believe, he is a little touched with orthodoxy, but he belongs to a fraternity that is influenced by no sect, and always as respects myself, defeats their treachery. Mr. Torry, after looking at my letters, and the signatures of my patrons, expressed some astonishment that he should have been deceived, and said I had been represented to him in such light, that he was strongly prejudiced against me, but that my presence and papers proved that I had been grossly misrepresented. I guessed in a moment who had defamed me, and told him it could be no other than the missionaries—he did not either acknowledge or deny it, but expressed much pleasure at our interview. Is it not astonishing, that those abominable defamers of mankind should be so countenanced as they are, to the complete prostration of common sense, and that their slanders does not rouse the indignation of the people.

Mr. Hyde was a half-way missionary, but was completely overawed by my independence. He did not, however, sell any of my books, whether his fault or not, I am unable to say.

As we recede from the more popular parts of the country, the avidity of these Yankees for business, their sociability, economy, &c. leads them to unite more closely together—consequently, you find two of a trade stowed in one shop; for instance, you will find a bookseller on one side of a shop; with his counter before him, and his books on the shelves behind him; on the other side stands a hatter, a tinner, silver smith, or an apothecary. It was Mr. Hyde's fortune, being a little tainted himself, to be linked with a full blooded missionary.

Claiming a sort of privilege to regulate those booksellers, above all other classes of people, since they and myself have been unexpectedly thrown together, I was charging Mr. Hyde of favoring the missionaries, a set of scamps, I told him, that ought to be put in the work-house, when a little old pinched-up silver-smith, who occupied the opposite side of the shop, took upon himself to resent the charge in no very decent terms. Turning round to view the thing, for there was no certainty of calling it a man, I saw a little old black shrivelled animal, who looked as though he had lain in a tan vat seven years, and then rosined and smoked, like a herring; he was pop-eyed, stoop shouldered and bandy legged, and about the size of a babboon.* I asked him "where he was *fotch'd* up," but he did not understand negro. I belabored the thing some time, in perfect good humour, but he was sadly provoked, because I would insist upon calling him "my dear friend the missionary," every time I called in; "I am no friend of yours," he would say, "so it appears; but how then can you be a friend to the heathen?" In this way, I always entrap those missionaries, nothing like carrying the war into their own camp.

*It appears that the missionaries squeezed him as we do a lemon, and he was forced to go to mending watches, or to the poor-house.

Among the gentlemen of Bath, I was particularly recommended to Mr. Abraham H. a great historian, (so they said,) and a great reader, of great size, and a great lover of celibacy, having never been married, though of good sober age. I called to see this man of Bath, and found him a great old cabbage-stalk, so there is an end of him, a fig for a man's knowledge when he does not diffuse it.

WISCASSET.

Here I turned off from the Kennebeck, a N. E. course from Bath, to visit Wiscasset, a few miles distant, a very handsome, flourishing town on the Sheepscot river, which is navigable to Wiscasset. Wiscasset is a port of entry, and contains a court-house, two churches, an academy, a bank, and two thousand one hundred inhabitants. The harbor is generally open all winter, affords great advantages for commerce, and has upwards of sixteen thousand tons of shipping. Wiscasset is beautifully situated, descending from an eminence gradually to the harbor, amidst the wildest scenery, formed by vast projecting rocks, which overhang the harbor, and gives great variety to the view. It is like all that I have seen of Maine, inhabited by a noble race of people, who would kill one with kindness if they would submit to their overcharged hospitality. From what I have already seen of Maine, I should say, that in intelligence and hospitality, it greatly exceeds any of the New England states, and take it throughout, there is a uniform glow of good nature, and an easy, familiar benevolence in the countenance of the citizens of Maine, altogether peculiar. From this must always be excepted the orthodox, which are alike, let them be of Maine or Georgia; but here, I mean in Wiscasset, are a new sort, at least new to me, these are the *Calvinistic* Baptist,* rather an improvement upon the common orthodox; they appear to be a species of animal be-

*Whenever you hear of the sect, avoid them as you prize your safety.

tween the human and the brute creation, beyond the power of education it is said; and as these would not suit the Presbyterian missionaries, they have formed a separate missionary class of their own; I never either heard or saw any of these until I saw them in Wiscasset, but of them by and by.

The Superior Court was sitting at Wiscasset; his honor judge Western, presided, and all the world of lawyers were there. It was a fine harvest, I thought, for me—both for my pen and my purse; my visit could not have been better timed. I was accompanied to Wiscasset by a young lawyer from Bath, he had a very missionary look and said very little: upon crossing the Kennebeck, we met a poor woman at the ferry, who was begging her way to Wiscasset, but this gentleman, at least, not to my knowledge, showed her no sort of charity, from which I supposed he was orthodox.

Upon my arrival, this young man doubtless, spread the news, and a number of the bar paid their respects. I had not, however, time to be seated, before I received an invitation to go and hear the greatest lawyer in the State, my old acquaintance, Benj. Orr, Esq. of Brunswick. It rained, I could take an umbrella, and in a pretty heavy shower I walked to the court-house, which, however, was not very far, and through a crowd of spectators, I pressed on and took a seat on the right of the judge.

Both in New England and New York, the court houses differ greatly in the order of their benches, bar, jury box, and sheriff's, from those of Virginia, or the western states. Here the bench is but little elevated above the floor of the court-house, and instead of a long bench, the judge sits in a small square box—seats, however, extend from him on the right and left, quite across the house, and as for a bar, they have none; the lawyers sit in seats resembling the pews of a church in front of the judge. These pews fill the house back to the door, as near as they can sit one behind the other. The jury divide, one half sit on one side of the judge, and the other half on the other side; the sheriff's and marshals support the jury, from two to four sitting on the outside of the jury at each end, holding

long staves in their hands, by which they are designated; strangers take their seats on the right and left of the judge. This is nearly the case in New York. In our country, the bench is very high, about the height of a pulpit, and that part of it in which the judge sits is very superb.—The bar consists of one (only) long seat, which fronts the court, and not far from him. This bar has a desk in front the whole length, and a high back in rear, behind which the criminals stand—a long seat immediately under the judge receives the jury, facing the lawyers, immediately under the lawyers on another long seat, sit the clients and witnesses upon a level with the jury, and facing them.* The sheriffs sit in high boxes, one on each side of the judge without staves. The clerk's table stands as they do here between the judge and the bar, with their backs to the jury. I think this arrangement the best, but it would not suit this country, as half the lawyers could not sit in the bar.

An important cause was just coming on, in fact, had commenced some minutes before my entrance. The cause was one of considerable interest, and had attracted a vast number of people, and the same of lawyers. The cause was this, a man of considerable property, whose wife had become deranged, had turned her out of doors to perish, and took another woman in her stead, to keep his house. The woman thus turned out, would remain whole nights out of doors, or grope her way to some humane neighbors—sometimes she would be found by some of the neighbors and carried to their house, often however, she would return to her own home, when her husband and his housekeeper, (of whom it appeared the wife was jealous,) would fall upon her, and beat her unmercifully, and turn her out of doors often in the night, and in inclement weather, at length to save her life, the overseers of the poor took care of her, and expected the man, as he was able, would pay them for their trouble—no such thing, they kept her on several years, and this suit was brought with a view of compelling him to pay for her maintainance, of course the

*I could not distinguish here, which were the witnesses or clients.

overseers were plaintiffs, and the husband of the unfortunate lady was the defendant.

The testimony was gone through, and the defendant's counsel had disposed his subject into proper divisions, and had advanced considerably in his defence, when I entered the court. Upon taking my seat, every eye was upon me, enough to overturn all my ideas had I ten thousand.

After surveying the court, the bar, jury, &c. &c. I turned my attention to the pleading. The case was explained to me briefly, by general Smith, the gentleman who attended me to the court-house, and at the same time apprized me I should have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Orr, so that I was afraid to breathe, lest I might lose the chain of the discourse. Taking out a pencil, or borrowing one rather from a gentleman who sat near me, a general commotion took place in the crowd, and a whisper ran from one to the other; eye-glasses were out, some looked at me with eye-glasses, and some looked with eyes without glasses, some leered, and others took it out in a broad stare. There were about twenty lawyers, some genteel, some clownish, some big, some little, some old and some young, some pretty and some ugly. The judge, though young, was cool, keen and dignified. The jury were fine noble, judicious looking men, not such trash as our sheriffs pick up at random, who know about as much of law and equity, as a cow.

As the trial proceeded, keeping my eye sometimes on the speaker, and sometimes on the audience, I was much amused by a little old snipe looking lawyer, whose nose and chin met. He was about the size of the puppy skin parson, it was difficult to say which was the sharpest, his nose or his chin, as both resembled the first spike of a Buck's horn. His head was neither round nor long, but flatted like a turnip, it had a little tuft of hair on the back of it, near the crown, there might be twenty or thirty hairs in all, about four inches long. This was carefully rolled round with several plies of black ribbon. Finding my eye upon him, he looked wonderfully pleased, and now he would figet in his seat, and then throw one arm over the bannister, and again the other. But he made the most

of his cue, which was not by a long way so thick as a rat's-tail—he would turn his back to the back of the seat which brought his side at a right angle with myself, and throw his head over the bannister to show his mighty cue, and (as the ladies do with their feathers,) every now and then, he would give his head a shake; he was certainly the most abominable old fop I ever saw—another one would put his glass to his eye, and then take it down during the time I spent in court. Meantime the counsel for the defendant, (hon. Jonah Stebbins,) was proving to demonstration, that the defendant, had never used his wife ill, and that it was certainly the most unjust thing in the world to make him, the defendant, pay the overseers for his wife's board, that he was not liable either in law or equity, that he was a good kind loving husband, and hired the young woman to wait upon her, out of pure regard for her happiness and comfort, and repelled the foul inference drawn from the circumstance of being alone with a young woman in the same house, that his wife ought to have staid at home, where she never met with aught but the tenderest treatment, and finally proved to the apparent satisfaction of all present, that the defendant's wife was decoyed away by a female relation, who put evil in her head, and turned her against her loving husband. Thus having proved the defendant's innocence, counsellor S. who is a very long man, with a long face, sat down, and the defendant looked defiance at the court and jury; he was in his own mind acquitted, as really and truly as though the jury had pronounced it. The defendant, like his counsel, was a lean long fellow, with a narrow long pumpkin colored face, his eyes were a mixture of green and yellow, and malignity was painted on every line. It must be borne in mind that his eye was small and as round as a pea, with a blood red fringe, or ring round it, which, with the different shades in his nose, varying from high blue to deep purple, every shade of the rainbow.

Slow, dignified, and serene, Mr. Orr rose in his place, and with a sweet smile proceeded in his reply to counsellor Stebbins. Every eye was turned upon him, while the most breathless stillness reigned throughout the immense

crowd, but no eye watched him with more eagerness than the defendant, he never winked during the replication.— Mr. Orr had proceeded but a few minutes, before he established the guilt of the accused in glaring colors, and proved him to be the vilest wretch in the world, a monster, a wild beast. But the chop-fallen lash of the defendant set the audience to laughing, even the gravity of the judge could not resist a smile. His face was singular at any time, but the moment Mr. Orr began to lash him, his eye became redder, his face grew darker, and the skin seemed to rise in some places on it, and sink in others, the corners of his mouth sunk by degrees lower, and lower, till his mouth represented a crescent; at length his iron heart began to soften, tears stood in his eyes, and unconsciously trickled down his sallow sunken cheek. Such was the eloquence of Mr. Orr, sometimes witty, sometimes serious, and upon the whole, keen, searching, acute, fanciful and satirical, never at a loss, he played with words as children do with toys, always flowing and flowery, he would have made black white, and white appear black. The case however, was so clear, that it is evident he did not put forth half his strength.

He was rather foiled in one part of his testimony against the defendant, from motives of delicacy, no doubt to the Royal stranger, this was an inference drawn from the residence of a female in the same house with the defendant. It appeared that testimony had been produced on the other side to prove that the defendant and the female were as immaculate as the angels in heaven; when he came to this part of it he assumed all the blandishment of smiles, and fixing his eyes on the jury, said “this, gentlemen of the jury, I leave to yourselves.”

When the argument closed, the judge rose up, pronounced a learned and eloquent charge to the jury; recapitulating the testimony, he told them what was the law in a plain, clear, and comprehensive manner. He spoke in a solemn, impressive tone, with appropriate pauses; his countenance dignified and manly, fully indicated his ability to decide. He took up some time, and throughout his whole address to the jury, appeared to be deeply impres-

sed with the importance of the subject—his black keen eye was alternately bent on the jury and on the law which lay before him. Judge Western, is low of stature, very young for a judge, his countenance naturally bright, open and benevolent, his gestures free and natural, as a judge, he commands great attention—his voice is soft and musical, and above all speakers he has the happiest felicity of expression, few states can boast a more able judge. But more of him when I visit his residence, all on my way. It is needless to say that the defendant was cast in a heavy sum, besides the cost, and I was pleased to hear that he had property enough to pay it.

After this suit was disposed of, or at least the jury had retired to deliberate, two criminals were brought into court—they did not, as in our country, stand up at the bar, for this plain reason, there was none to stand behind, neither did they approach near the court, but were seated outside of all the lawyers, near the door, with a guard of several men, unarmed however. These criminals were very young, and one had a most interesting countenance, let his accusation be what it might, I should have pronounced him innocent from his countenance alone. They were accused of murder, or an attempt to murder, I do not recollect which—what was my surprise when I was told my innocent youth was the principal in the appalling deed; he in particular, looked as unconcerned at their approaching trial as any person present.

My curiosity being satisfied, I returned to the tavern, where I was gratified to meet hon. — Herick, whom I had seen in Washington, last winter, and though our interview did not exceed five or six minutes, yet even that was sufficient to render our meeting in Wiscasset, a pleasure, Mr. Herick is only a farmer, and was at court, on business. He staid during my visit, and of course we were often in company, and what was still better, he was the means of my becoming acquainted with a number of gentlemen, which pleasure, in another event I might not so easily have attained. It was through him I became acquainted with the hon. B. Ames, of Bath, whom I had the pleasure to see first in Wiscasset, also Messrs Ed-

mond B. Bowman, and Fariley, of Thomastown, the first Speaker of the Legislature of Maine, and both very gentlemanly men. I was pleased to see them, as I intended visiting Thomastown, the seat of the beautiful marble of which I had heard and seen so much.

I was also introduced to hon. Stebbins, hon. Smith, and hon. Bayley. The first is a mean man, the second meaner, and the third the meanest of the whole. This is making short work with the honorables, but I have not time to throw away on them, besides it is hard times—constant rain, I shall not make my paper, and neither of those honorables, (I am sorry to say it of any citizen of Maine,) would give me a piece of bread, if I were perishing—orthodox certainly—outright—orthodox doubtless. This Stebbens has an orthodox face.

These, however, do not, except one, live in Wiscasset, where, though there are a few ignorant people called Calvinistic Baptists. The people are polished, generous and hospitable—of those who live in the town, I found but three exceptions, and I ransacked it through; one lived on the hill in great style, his house stands on a line with the court-house. I must say he was mean, though he had misfortune enough before, I mean the bad habits of his wife, but bad or good, there is a certain deference to be paid to strangers, which this great man may learn by the time I call again; and nothing but the hope that he may reform in his manners, and his wife in her habits, has saved them from a most dreadful lashing. My landlady was another, and a tavern-keeper, back from Turner's where the baboon lawyer put up. Now this lawyer with the rat-tail, never did me any harm, (nor good either,) and yet "I do not like you Dr. Fell, I find that all the mean people,herd together, every where, in all countries and climes, they were all mean at this tavern; my landlady, I will speak of when I get through, I mean when I am perfectly at leisure, the next rainy day. Amongst my favorites, I mean those worthy of favor, are the attorney general of the State, who resides in Wiscasset, Rev. Dr. Packard, Mrs. Lee, captain Boyd's family, T. Brentnel, Esq., Lucius Bernard, hon. E. Foot, and hon. Abel Wood, (some

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of these probably do not reside in the city,) Col. Bryant, Maj. S. Page, and Capt. Tappan. I believe all this a hoax, but the good natured, saucy Yankee Major Page, himself, gave me the names, just as they are, and laughed while he did so, and I suspect he has done the same in regard to other names, as he is the most saucy black-eyed Yankee I ever met with. He and Mr. Tappan, with the good natured Dr. instead of colonel, all live and keep shop in one house, or store room rather—on one side, according to custom, is a book store, and on the other a doctor's shop—at the end of the room, outside of the cross counter, sat a settee, stretching quite across the room, snugly fitted in between the doctor and the bookseller, and here the friends of both recline, or sit and chat, read a paper, look at a book, or talk of Esculapius. The cordiality and friendship subsisting between those people, is certainly one of the most pleasing sights in the world—always a seat and cordial welcome for the weary, in all the stores in Maine, while if you are fainting from fatigue you find nothing to sit on in the other States.

Mr. Tappan is the proprietor as well as the editor of a newspaper, and a most worthy man, no brother could have been kinder to me, for his sake alone Wiscasset would ever be dear to me. Mrs. Lee is also a most amiable female. In saying this however, I am not to be understood that other ladies in Wiscasset, are wanting in that hospitality, kindness and refinement, which are distinguishing traits of New England females, but particularly of Maine. Mrs. Boyd, (formerly of Newburyport,) is one of the most accomplished females of New England, and the captain is one of the most noble men in the world, and equally so are their daughters. Most of the citizens of Wiscasset are Unitarians, at the head of whom is the Rev. Dr. Packard, both as pastor and principal of an academy. He is a man of extensive learning, talents and piety, and has contributed largely to the improvement of society in his day, being considerably advanced in years, such a man in our country, is of incalculable worth. Beloved and admired by all sects and parties, his life and talents are wholly devoted to the good of mankind. He

lives in the edge of the town, and hearing he had a large family, and was always giving to the poor, even to his own inconvenience, I did not call on him—spending one Sunday in Wiscasset, I went to hear him preach, which was the only time I had the pleasure to see him. Mr. P. is over middle age, a tall, majestic figure, with a grave countenance, his voice is loud, clear and harmonious, and take him altogether, he is one of the first orators of our country. His style is neat, chaste, and spontaneous, and his reasoning clear and logical. The first citizens of Wiscasset attend Mr. Packard's church, and the ignorant or lower class attend the Calvinistic Baptist; these, as I said before, are a sort of demi-d—l's, much more involved in ignorance than the common orthodox; my landlady was one of them, a perfect she devil, as all those priest-loving women are; she is the first of the sect I ever saw, and I hope the last, though I saw one of her religious paramours one day in close conversation with her, from which I presumed he was one of the sect. This woman having lost her husband, and being possessed of some property, picked up a soft fool some where, and married him.—But he has no more command or authority in the house than an utter stranger, and not half as much as the priest I saw in company with his wife—I pitied the man, he had not independence enough to say his life was his own, and how he, a good natured soul, come to be linked to this she monster, is unaccountable; it is flint to cabbage emphatically. Leaving him therefore to repent at his leisure, I shall merely notice his pious lady, as respects her conduct to him and myself. There is an excellent tavern next door to her's, kept by a Col. Turner, where I might have been comfortably accommodated, but always on the wing, the short time I had to spend at Wiscasset, was a matter of so little concern, that I made no enquiry, but stopped at the stage house.

The lady, if she deserves the name, being very fond of money (like her sex,) was all molasses at first, she was pleased to get all the passengers in the stage, but her eye soon turned from me to the gentleman who accompanied me; when she saw his pious coat, had you seen the pious

languish, her very eyes giggled, she smirked, she giggled, I was astonished, and thought he must be a suitor of the lady—no, she had a husband—what a risk those men run who have pious wives, as I see they are almost always with other men, pious men I ought to have said, but so were the priests and the nuns before the reformation: say what you will about pious young men and pious women, there appears rather too much intimacy between them; forsooth, I cannot see that it is serving God, (though I ought not to judge of matters so far above,) for those sly long faces to be so very very thick with men's wives—I thought that none but single ladies were partial to those black coats, but I find that the married ladies lay claim to them in Maine and New H——r. But when the lady found I was opposed to missionaries, she flew out of the room like lightning, and said as she went out “she would have no such person in her house,” and said “we are bid not say God speed,” or words to that amount; now see the scheme of her religion—she was in favor of missionaries—what is the meaning of the word missionaries? If it mean any thing, it is a converter of the heathen; supposing, for the sake of argument, I was one of those heathen, was this the way to convert me? But this was nothing to what follows—sometime in the night, she came into my room, with all the rage of a d——l painted in her countenance, the vulture, the hiss of the viper, the shrieks of the panther—the fiercest wild beast had less hideousness in its voice, or bitterness in its aspect, than this she demon; her eyes glistened with fire, and murder was pictured in her assassin face which added to confirmed brutality. She was the most terrific sight under heaven. Choking with color* she said I “must go out of her house instantly.” I was studiously engaged in writing and after turning round to see whether it was a goblin sent from H——l or an earthly inhabitant, and discovering who it was, I betook myself to writing, and very deliberately finished the piece I was about. Finding she could not irritate me she stamped, she raved, she foamed at the mouth till

*Doubtless she had just left a missionary.

she became choked, and was silent, but there she stood and said she would not leave the room until I went out. I then resolved to question her christianity, told her I was a stranger, and a female; told her it was dark, and any thing that came into my head, but it was like reasoning with the raging ocean, and though she was then suffering the torments of the d--d, I must confess, I was so mischievously inclined as to add to her tortures, by sundry little loving remarks upon her phiz. After amusing myself until I was satisfied with this literal hydra, I locked up my papers and walked down stairs; I found her husband sitting in the bar-room, apparently in the deepest distress, I pitied him sincerely, for though he had not the courage to assert his independence, he was an amiable good natured man, as opposite to his wife as gall and honey; he knew what was going on up stairs, and was sadly mortified, he was holding down his head, and heaved a deep sigh as I approached him; not a living soul in the room but himself, and the lamp à burning. I asked him to be so good as to go and hunt me a lodging, a room some where near, as it was fearfully dark; he remained silent—"will you go Sir?" said I, "will you not oblige a female who has patronized your tavern?" I stood still, waiting for him to say yes or no—at length he shook his head, and said "he could not," "you dare not, you mean." Not the least doubt but his wife would have whipped him. I would have left her that night, had I been her husband—had there been no other woman in the world; I ought not, however, to say this, as it may confirm report, it was said she was *jealous* of me. It is provoking and extraordinary that none but the meanest women get jealous of me. If they were decent women it would not be so mortifying, and now a thought strikes me—a little brandy might have had a hand in it too; but brandy, rum, fire and sword, hail-storms, thunder-bolts, and forked lightning, were nothing to this woman. But all that has gone before is nothing to what is to come yet. Turner's was just across the street, from Col. H's—no less than a colonel, a nick-name doubtless. I stepped over to Turner's to obtain a servant, to go with me to my friend Pages, I was to have called

there conditionally, to spend the evening, and I now wished to engage him to procure me a lodging, knowing that Mr. Turner was full.

As I stepped out of the she tiger's den, I saw a man standing a little way from the door, I took little notice of him; but walked on; not finding Mr. Turner readily, and the lamp in his passage giving a light quite across the street, I set off to Mr. Tappan's book store, which was still open, and the light shining into the street, it was nearly opposite to Turner's, a few steps only.

Stepping into the street, (I saw the same man again; I walked on, and hearing some person behind me, I looked round, and the same man was following me, I walked on pretty brisk, suspecting him for the first time; when I arrived at Tappan's where I expected to find Page, he was not in, and Mr. T. having no person to leave in the store could not go with me, and though it was but a few steps, I disliked to go by myself, and mentioned my suspicions to Mr. T. He laughed me out of it, and said there was no danger. Mr. T. however, was little aware of the resources of a treacherous woman—not wishing to force him out of a favor, after receiving directions from him how to find Mr. P. I mean the major's house, which was but a few steps; I left him, when lo! my evil genius who had stopped in the shade of the house, followed me again, I then turned round to him, and asked him who he was and what he meant by following me? He replied, "I am the driver madam, who drove you to Wiscasset." I then thought I recollected his voice, though it was dark, and my suspicion rather subsided—not thinking he could possibly mean any harm, as he was so ready to tell his name. He said "it is very dark here Mrs. R., take my arm;" I took his arm, but finding he was going beyond Page's, my suspicion returned tenfold, and dropping his arm, I ran across the street to the house. Finding a man in the store; kept in the under story of the house, I asked him to show me up to Mr. Page's room, he replied that Mr. P. and his wife had spent the evening out, or had walked out, whether he told the truth or not, I never heard—but the ruffian, whoever he was, in pursuit of me was listening to every

word—he was standing not far from the door. Little, however, was he aware that I had a friend near at hand, that sticketh closer than a brother. Mr. Brintnel, a mason, lived, or kept his store on the opposite side of the street, a few doors below the parallel of major Pages, and knowing the ruffian intended to pursue me, I ran quite to Mr. B——s; I made a mistake, however, and stepped into the next store above, the gentleman walked in with me to Mr. B——s, when I told him my situation, and that if it were not too late, I would have the fellow taken up. Mr. B. was astonished, and hardly believed me, nay he did not, though he saw the ruffian standing in the street. I told him he must procure me a lodging, and not only that, he must see me safe, as I would not venture into the street alone that night, that at length having found a friend, I was determined to stick to him. Mr. B. without hesitation, walked with me to a tavern, a few doors still lower down the street. The tavern-keeper and his wife both were very clever, but were full. I told the lady I would not quit the house, I would sit up, rather than trouble my friends any further—she then said she would procure me a place near her own house, and upon assuring Mr. Brintnel that she would attend to me, he left me with her. I had not observed the ruffian since leaving Brintnel's, but the lady and myself walked but a few steps from her house until we came upon him, "there is the man now," said I, but the lady, like the gentleman, hardly believed he had any evil intentions; we walked on and he followed, to the house, when the lady knocked at the door; her friend, who was just preparing for bed, said she was full, that several people who had business at court, had called, and that she could not accommodate me. I told her I cared nothing about a bed, I was pursued in the streets, by a robber, and I was determined not to go any farther; she being a very kind, though a poor woman, said if I would accept part of her bed I was welcome, and her husband could sleep on a pallet. I told her any way or any how, I could sleep on the pallet myself, on a blanket, the floor, all I wanted was to be secure from the fangs of the ruffian who pursued me. The candle shown full in our faces

and I could see by the countenances of the women that they did not fully believe me, but the lady, nevertheless, opened the door, I went in, and the other lady returned home.

But she had hardly left the door, when the ruffian, finding himself balked, calling to the woman in the house, "don't let that woman stay in your house Mrs. —, she is a bad woman, she has been turned out of four or five houses to-night." But my friends, ever watchful over my safety, unknown to myself, was hovering near me at that moment; "take her in, and treat her well, Mrs. —," said the amiable Brintnel. How long Mr. B. remained near me I cannot tell, but as we were about retiring, some person knocked at the door, "that is the ruffian now, madam, don't let him in. The man of the house, though in bed, and very unwell, was so provoked at his insolence, that he jumped out of bed and ran to the door, but the ruffian fled. Not long afterwards, some young men knocked at the door, who were, I think, relations of the family, and it was not before they spoke, and intreated that the lady would let them come in. I was well pleased at this, as I was now safe enough, being afraid that the ruffian, who was bent on breaking the house, could master the landlord, who was very unwell; seeing two or three stout men enter the house, he was doubtless afraid to attempt it. The accommodation was none of the best, but the honest kindness of the woman, and generous courtesy of the man was every thing. But how much do I owe my kind and steady friend, Mr. Brintnel. So much to the honour of masonry. Though in haste to pursue my journey from the approach of cold weather, I would have had the fellow taken, could I have been certain of identifying his person. The woman said she thought she knew his face, as he looked through a broken pane in the window, when I first entered the house, doubtless, to see the situation of the house.

It would be too favorable a construction to say that Mrs. H. hired this ruffian, whose paramour doubtless he is, as I wanted no better evidence than those of my senses to be satisfied on the score of her virtue, she was jealous

of the poor woman he brought from Bath. But the most abandoned bawd would not have laid such an atrocious plan of wickedness as this. He was the most determined, most daring ruffian I ever heard of. What the object was I have no idea, it could hardly be to rob me, as they had no reason to suppose I had money worth the attempt. But if that were not the object, what was it? There is evidence enough in Wiscasset of this fact, and the people may put what construction they please upon it, if it was the stage driver, he carries the mail, being employed by the lady, who owns the line; as to the poor henpecked husband, he would not be trusted to contract for a pin. Next day, when I was about to leave Wiscasset, the stage stopped at the door, and her husband, who, like another lackey, was fixing something about the mail—she standing in the door, quite chop-fallen, a great number of gentlemen standing round the coach, though they and I pitied the man, for his meanness. I asked him “how often his wife whipped him in a week?” and dropped a number of remarks upon hen-pecked husbands. But the poor creature was so good natured, he showed no sort of resentment. This woman had four or five little girls, who were nothing more than so many little gloomy fanatics, the smile banished from their countenance; it was misery to look at them; so much for Calvinistic Baptists, of all brutes in human shape, she is certainly the greatest.

Instead of brick or flag, the side walks of the streets of Wiscasset, are neatly laid with plank, but the middle of the streets when it rains is a perfect mire.

VOYAGE ON THE KENNEBECK.

In pursuing my route up the Kennebeck, I was obliged to return to Bath—a steam boat, I was told, plied between Bath and Hallowell, and wishing to see the beautiful Kennebeck river, I preferred the steam boat to the stage, so returning to Bath, I ordered my baggage to the river, and prepared to depart. I forgot my tavern-keeper of Bath,

Mr. Blish, he is a pretty clever Universalist, and an excellent tavern-keeper; both his wife and domestics, are well calculated for the business, he has the largest house in Bath, an elegant brick building, on an elevated site.

Upon going to the river to embark, I was astonished to find an apology for a steam boat not near so large as a common horse-boat, and withall, instead of meeting us at the wharf, it passed by us, in spite of the efforts of the hands to bring it to land. After so long a time it came alongside, but the tide being down, the top of the boat was considerably below the level of the wharf, but by the aid of the hands we made shift to get on board. But such another dirty, littered up hole I never was in before, there was but one cabin for men and women, and lumber, and here were old coats, old hats, jugs, and bottles, and bundles and blankets. Filled up with rubbish and dirt to our knees, we scarcely found room to sit down—an old settee or two was all the furniture, and something like a table. But as usual, on all boats, there was a bar, which contained a brandy bottle or two, and not a few glasses. After leaving Providence, going North, or N. E. rather, you are done with steam boats which deserve the name. A small steam boat came from Portsmouth to Exeter, while I was there, and the novelty attracted as many spectators as though it were the first steam boat ever launched.—Steam boats have not found their way into this country, and yet doubtless, nothing would facilitate the improvement of the country, particularly those beautiful majestic rivers, which pierce this great State, like so many grand canals communicating with the ocean—now what is to hinder a steam boat for instance, from running from Portland to Hallowell, every day in the week? a fine boat, fine captain, fine band, and fine gentlemen and ladies, under a well regulated police, would soon allure sufficient patronage to nett something worth the trouble, merely for the pleasure of society—air, relaxation from business, every citizen would take a trip once a week, during the summer—a young gentleman could take his belle, if he had one, or a friend if he had not—every gentleman could take his wife, and every lady take her children. The

ignorant could learn politeness, from mixing with the better sort, and would be awed into civility at least. I had finished these remarks, and looked round upon the company in the boat, when my attention was attracted by a bustle on the stern. "It can't go, it will keep us all day, we will never get on in the world with it, leave it behind;" upon going out, I found that they were in the act of fastening a great long gondalo, twice as long as the boat we were in, filled with some hundred hogsheads of molasses and New England rum, to our steam boat, with a view of towing it to Hallowell.

The principal objector was a long bodied, long faced, long nosed missionary, who had his wife, whom he had just married, on board. He had a spice of the fop mixed with the tyranny of his sect, and assumed the most unpresidential airs of low life consequence. The captain seemed to hesitate, and the hands went on slowly in their duty; we had been detained fully an hour, I wanted to be moving on the river, and provoked with the low consequence of this man, who appeared to consider himself and his wife the only persons on board, I told the captain to take it along, and never mind that long faced missionary; fasten it on, I want to eat some of the molasses myself, fasten it on, and let us be off. The thing was soon done, and we under way. The missionary frowned thunder clouds at me, but said not a word. He was formerly a professor in the Watervil Seminary, but had been discarded for marrying, it being against their rules, so it is said. He was a man of contracted manners, but his wife was a genteel lady-like woman, I dare say she will mend his manners—she had been married before. Besides Mr. Torry, who edits a paper in Bath, there was another editor, whom I had not the pleasure to see—I called at his office, also a reading room, with a view of seeing him, and whether he be a missionary or not, is of no divine importance, he carefully avoided my presence; not knowing I was a passenger, doubtless, the gentleman editor was one of the passengers; as he had no place to fly to now we soon came in contact. He had, however, a great advantage over me, as he knew who I was, whilst I was to-

tally ignorant of him—seeing he was rather a genteel young man, I entered into conversation with him, to which he did not seem averse, though I saw something like astonishment mixed with guilt in his countenance, and soon ascertained from some of the passengers, who he was. I laughed at him for being so cowardly as to hide from an old woman. Ah, said he, “if you had heard what I did you would have been afraid too,” meaning, doubtless, the slanders of the missionaries. But why do not people exercise their own judgment? why will they not be governed by reason? It is this neglect of thinking for ourselves that leads us into so many serious errors. This man’s own common sense ought to have pointed out to him—ought to have convinced him, that his personal safety could not be endangered from an old woman, whatever it might be from a young one; as to my pen, only the missionaries and other evil doers need dread that—virtue and merit will always find in me a friend. The gentleman, like Mr. Torry, said that “he soon discovered he had been greatly imposed upon by my enemies;” and that I should have enemies is extraordinary! Besides these, there were only one or two rough scrubs, but the most agreeable passenger was a miss Dole, from Hallowell. She was a well informed witty Universalist, and nothing pleased her better than to hear my sentiments about the missionaries, whom she despised as cordially as I did. She was all life and spirits, and kept us continually laughing at some humorous anecdote about these godly people, or some witty remark upon the cargo of molasses, which cut a very ludicrous figure on our right; we concluded between ourselves that there ought to have been another gundelo (the way they are pronounced,) on the left, to keep our balance, and agreed to propose it to the captain. As there were no upper deck, by the aid of the captain, who held a small ladder firm against the boat, so as to prevent it from slipping down with our weight, till we ascended, we emphatically scaled the ladder, and the captain handing us a couple of chairs, we enjoyed at once, an extensive view of the river, the country, the gundelo, and what was equally pleasant, the uninterrupted pleasure of laughing at the grim-

aces of bigotry and hypocrisy. But the gondola retarded our progress greatly, and our voyage promised one of some tediousness—our opinion was, that as we had no guns we would easily be captured by a ship of the line, or even a common frigate, and let me say, the prize would have been quite important, taking the nature and value of the freight into view.

The Kennebeck is a large, smooth flowing river, navigable for sloops to Augusta, forty-two miles from the sea. Its placid bosom, always smooth, whether the tide ebbs or flows—yet it wants that culture on its banks, and scenery of hills and rocks, which distinguishes the Hudson.—It runs a southern course, and the land on its shores is fertile, and covered with farms, villages, sheep, cattle, and a few horses. The scenery, however, is not without variety—its villages running parallel with the river, appears to great advantage, from the nature of the site, the land rising up from the water's edge to a considerable height, every house is in view, and the streets appear like so many steps.

Every thing looks thrifty, the farms, orchards and meadows, neat, and the cattle sleek, large and numerous; no peach trees are seen after leaving Massachusetts, and very few after leaving New York; now and then a few pear, cherry, and plum trees—but apples abound. All Maine is an orchard of apple trees, though the apple is inferior in size and flavor—Indian corn, rye, wheat, oats, flax, and potatoes, very few pumpkins. I am told this is a bad year for pumpkins; the people will hardly have enough for thanksgiving.* Now and then, a clift of wild rocks relieves the scene, and the land grows more fertile, as we sail on. The forest consists of fir mostly, some larch, hemlock, and spruce, but the juniper is a great curiosity, it grows in poor rocky soil, flat upon the ground, adhering horizontally to the earth, with the apperance of fern, which it very much resembles, except that the one

*Thanksgiving, is a great day of feasting throughout New England, towards the last of the year. It is always proclaimed by their governor's several weeks before, and is preceded by weeks of preparation.

grows upright, and the other, excepting a small twig in the centre, lies flat on the ground; it has sundry small berries on it, of a greenish color.

While Miss D. and myself were amusing ourselves, at the expense of every thing we could lay our eyes, or tongues upon, we saw a small boat putting off from a village on our right, with two rowers and one passenger; they drew near our boat, and a signal proved they were bringing a passenger on board. They soon came alongside, which, at the rate we were sailing, a mile an hour, was quite easy to do. An ill, ruffian looking man came aboard, and the rowers returned—I disliked the appearance of the man, and the captain, passengers, and crew, not being clearly the best-looking people in the world, I felt a cold chill or two run over me. There was something so very appalling in the man's eye, black complexion, and lowering look, though he had a soiled ruffle sticking out of his bosom, that I lost somewhat of my spirits.

The wind rising, it became rather cool on the top of the boat, and I descended, but Miss D. was not quite so active, and required the aid of the captain to help her down.

When I went into the cabin, the first thing I saw was the ill looking stranger, looking at my subscription book, and upon saying something to the captain, about not attending better to my baggage, the surly man was very insolent, and the captain was little behind him, and ultimately proved him a dangerous man to travel with. I withdrew to the stern of the boat, where the missionary and his wife had retired, and though bad company, it was better than the pirate looking man, and the brutal captain. I sat there until dark, and was somewhat amused by the facetious Miss D. who was on the gondola, getting molasses out of the hogsheads, while she said, "she did not want any of the New England rum—she got in favor with a little boy to stew the molasses into candy, and brought me a plate full, though I ate but little of it; her facetious manners and remarks upon the cargo of New England rum and molasses, served to beguile the tediousness of the time—growing dark, I was compelled to go into the cabin, when

the ruffian mentioned, seeing I despised him, commenced an outrageous attack of words, cursed me in the most brutal and shocking manner. I appealed to the captain, and requested him to drive him out of the cabin, or I should call him to an account for it, when I got to Hallowell, "may be you will never get there," said the ruffian, "if you don't take care I will throw you overboard."—The captain only smiled at this plain language, and proved very clearly, that he was on the side of the robber, as he doubtless was. I had no friend on board, that I could rely upon, but Miss D. But recollecting the appearance of the cook, a good looking white man, who waited on us at dinner, I went to the kitchen part of the boat, to enlist him in my behalf, as I passed on I met with a couple of the hands, and expressed to them my fears, told them what the ruffian said, and requested their protection.—They started at the news, and said I had nothing to fear, they would protect me. I went on to the cook, and he was equally surprized, he was a very amiable man, and setting me a seat, I sat with him some time; but the best of it was, that I found him a friend, and I returned to the cabin, quite unconcerned, but spoke to the captain in very plain language, telling him I had secured his hands in my favor, and my party being the strongest, by far, I set him and his brother brute at defiance.

I perceived the boat was merely used as a tow boat and such blackguards as thought proper to encounter every indignity, and repented sorely I did not take the stage. How Miss Dole came to travel with such a ruffian of a captain, I was at a loss to tell, though she appeared to have been previously acquainted with him, and his knowledge of her numerous friends, might have secured to her a safe passage. I was now quite victorious, my independent and decisive measures having effectually checked the conspiracy, if such existed. But such another dangerous and blackguard boat I never was in. It is criminal in the people who keep public houses at Bath and Hallowell, not to put strangers on their guard against insults of this sort, though it is quite probable, had my landlord who was (as most of the tavern-keepers are, at stage houses,)

a proprietor of the line, have tried to dissuade me, I should have suspected him—no one, however, will do so hereafter, and the tavern-keepers, both at Hallowell and Bath, will be highly justifiable in preventing for the future, a similar occurrence, at least, while the same captain commands on the river. It was very late, near twelve o'clock, before we arrived at Hallowell, where I thanked my brave friends for my safety, and my friend the cook, shouldering my baggage, conducted me to Mr. Brown's tavern, one of the best in Maine. Miss D's friends met her at the landing, but though they did not meet me, I also had many friends in Hallowell, who had been expecting me, and amongst them, my old acquaintance Mr. Otice—but it was too late to see him that night, and I retired to bed, after relating to Mr. Brown and his lady, my strange adventure in the boat.

HALLOWELL.

Next morning, I was surprised to see a beautiful, thriving, populous town, so far in the interior, fine large brick houses, vessels in the basin, a fine prospect, and an immense number of genteel people in the streets.

Hallowell is a port of entry, and has much trade, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons come to Hallowell. It is fifty-four miles N. E. from Portland, in a rich fertile country. It contains two banks, four churches, two printing offices, and about two thousand inhabitants.

Like all the towns on the Kennebeck, its length is parallel with the river, and its width embraces a lofty rise, ascending quite from the river, until it attains a very considerable eminence. On the top of this eminence, great part of the town is built—most of the merchants, and all the wealthy citizens live on this elevation, and their houses, furniture, and equipage, display a superior style of taste, wealth and elegance. Their houses mostly, have gardens attached to them, of inimitable beauty—nor do the owners yield to any town on the continent, in hospitality

and polished manners. Kennebeck is principally settled by the enlightened Unitarians, and Universalists, who carry their souls in their bodies. Hearing of my liberality of sentiment, and that I was meting out justice to the missionaries, and above all, that I was one of those impartial people, who, though a stranger to them, and their country, and once infected with strong prejudices against them, dares do justice to a Yankee.

Those amiable people received me with great kindness, as they had heard of my intended visit, they were prepared for it, and vied with each other, not who would slander me most, but who would show most kindness, charity, and hospitality. Every one gave me something, if but a kind word, or look; the farther you go into the interior of Maine, the more kind and hospitable the people are, partial, as I am to Yankees, I never found any that were a match for these. On Kennebeck, and in fact all Maine, except that little sharper, the tavern-keeper at Portland, whom every body knows, and whom every body despises, but who happily does not belong to Maine—I mean B. of the stage house in Portland. I have scarcely paid any thing in Maine.

I arrived in Hallowell on Saturday night, early on Sunday morning, or at least after breakfast, several of the citizens honored me with a call, and invited me to take a seat in one of the pews of the Rev. --- Everett's church, a Unitarian of course. Amongst those who called, was my friend Mr. Otice, of the Bath adventure—he, notwithstanding, is a kind hearted soul, and apologized, said he would give me a handsome puff, if I would make up; I joked him about the old maid, and we laughed it off. But I did not want for puffs, and though he was not the first, in justice to him, he gave me one that did him much honor. But the church—my friends, punctual to the hour, called to attend me to hear Mr. Everett, a celebrated preacher. Mr. Everett is quite a young man, of middling height, and size, his countenance grave, but stamped with learning and intelligence; his complexion is between dark and fair, his features are good, his eyes keen, and very black, his hair is also of the deepest black, his voice is melodi-

ous and varied, now sinking lower, now rising higher, and his language fine, though his attitude and manner is very timid. His sermon was short, but clear and comprehensive. The church was large, and the congregation consisted principally, of the first citizens of the place—it was the handsomest congregation I remember to have seen in any country, both men and women were fine tall figures, fair, and well featured, with a nameless mixture of flitting graces and thronging charms—the waving form, the sparkling eye, the glossy curl, and jetty tufts of hair; the generous manly cheek, the snowy forehead, and soft damask blush. But above all, the kind glance of friendship and classic fire—it was impossible to resist them.

At Hallowell dwells general Wingate, and his all accomplished wife, hon. Peleg Sprague, representative in Congress, hon. Ariel Morine, and general S. G. Ladd—these would give tone to any society they might honor with their residence. But the pride of Hallowell is the venerable and wealthy Mr. Vaughan, an English nobleman, who has vast possessions both in this country and Europe. He married the daughter of Sir William Manning, a distinguished banker, in London. By her he obtained a large fortune, and falling heir to a large fortune, principally in land, on the Kennebeck, he removed to America, though his children live in England, to enjoy their estate in that country. Mr. Vaughan, who inherited the most of the land where Hallowell stands, is, with his wife far advanced in life—shrouded in humility, meekness, and philanthropy, their large fortune is principally devoted to the benefit of mankind, relieving the poor, enlightening the ignorant, and promoting the public good, has been the business and pride of the long life of Mr. Vaughan—he was a pupil of the great Dr. Priestly, and was the first Unitarian in the United States—he has been the bulwark of the Unitarians in America, and the champion of arts and sciences, a friend to liberty, loving and beloved, this amiable man, modest and retiring, and plain in his equipage, I found on the banks of the Kennebeck. His house is at the lower end of the town. Without ought to intercept his view from a lofty eminence, he looks

down upon that noble river, which, with the adjacent scenery, forms a delightful prospect. It is certainly the most delightful spot on the Kennebeck.

Though Mr. V's house was neat, and richly furnished, it was void of show or empty parade, yet kind charity filled each room. He has taken much pains to cultivate the production of the southern states, particularly fruit, and has succeeded in various descriptions, viz: grapes, peaches, &c. The season for peaches was over, but better grapes I have eat no where—wine of their own making, which I suspect was excellent, for though I tasted it, to say I had eat and drank in his house, I am by no means a judge.

Mr. Vaughan had been pointed out to me by a friend, who gave me the foregoing sketch. My curiosity being awakened, I called at his house, he opened the door himself, and making one of "St. James' bows," (as I conjectured, for I never saw any thing like it, before or since,) he asked me to walk in, and showing me into a parlour, instead of ringing for a servant, and overturning every thing, he apologized, and walked off himself, for Mrs. Vaughan—after introducing Mrs. V. he took a seat, and entered very familiarly into conversation. Mr. Vaughan is rather a small, spare man, over sixty years of age, his face thin and emaciated, his eye large and blue, his countenance serene as the ethereal sky; but his manners and conversation so simple—his language, the ease and grace that accompanied every word and gesture, was as peculiar and novel as it was pleasing.

Mrs. Vaughan is about the age of her husband, though she looks younger, she is also under common height, with a round, plump full face, a small mouth, and a sweet pretty smile, and no little girl can trip over the floor quicker than she can, I could but look at her with astonishment, to see her light fairy step. In their manners they resemble, and both appear to live for the benefit of mankind; several called while I was there, attending to which, must be very oppressive to a gentleman of Mr. V's age and delicate appearance. That I might enjoy the pleasure of their company the very short time I had to spare, a small

table with every delicacy was set by my chair, without suffering me to move, but the house soon filled with company—one gentleman in particular, a clergyman, (if I am not mistaken,) who seemed to be a stranger, and had very particular business with Mr. Vaughan, who, contrary to our Americans, at least some that I could point out, would have been glad of an opportunity to have such an excuse to withdraw, discussed the business, whatever it might have been, without rising from his seat, and without ceremony, I took leave, not wishing to intrude longer upon so much goodness. Mr. Vaughan accompanied me to the door, and whilst his illustrious eye rested upon me, he put a bank note into my hand! This was better than breaking my ankle.

Mr. Sprague is also a very gentlemanly and hospitable man, he is quite young to be a member of Congress. He is a tall, spare man, with rather a dark complexion, but a round, intelligent face, and clear dark blue eye; he is said to be a man of the first talents in the State. Gen. Wingate I have noticed before.

Besides these, Hallowell contains many gentlemen equally respectable, amongst these are, Messrs. E. H. Lombard, K. G. Robertson, Simeon Whittier, Charles Dummine, and J. Leonard, R. K. Page, Franklin Glazier, and Calvin Spaulding—the two latter are booksellers; most of these are gentlemen of wealth, and would do honor to the enlightened city of Boston. They are people of education and family, kind and hospitable, and affable in their manners. I am under eternal obligations to Mr. Lombard, the first gentleman who called on me in Hallowell, and continued to render me every service in his power, during my visit. Mr. L. is a young man, just beginning the world, a lawyer by profession; he is a gentleman of middling height, spare make, and fair complexion, his face is oval, with a soft blue eye. But in his countenance, "the heavenly charities dwell," the very milk of human kindness, and manners of the first order. I shall ever remember him and Hallowell—I spent some time at his house, he had not long been married to an amiable female, who appears to be worthy such a husband. There

is very little difference, however, in all the gentlemen of Hallowell, I thought Mr. Glazier was a little on the orthodox, though he was equally kind. But Mr C. Spaulding is a Unitarian in body and soul. Now for Mr. Editors, Col. Otice, and Mr. Baker, of the Hallowell Gazette.—These warm hearted men vied with each other which should testify the greatest respect and regard, for my person, and both gave proofs of talent, abilities, and taste, far beyond their years, being both young men—not being a judge, and if I were, I should not express my opinion, from motives of delicacy, but for the honor of the corps, I must say what others said, that both were well done, some gave it in favor of one, and some in favor of the other, and though I honor and esteem them alike, I was more forcibly struck with the appearance of the Gazette. Mr. Otice is a lawyer, much older, of more experience and doubtless, has had more advantages. He is descended from the great Otice family, of Massachusetts, and is quite a gentleman in his appearance—very lively and gay as his countenance denotes, he is a small man, of light figure, round face, dark complexion, and blue eyes, his countenance is open and gay. On the contrary, my friend Baker of the Gazette, has nothing to recommend him but his virtues, a poor young man, who, without friends or fortune, a printer lad, has astonished every one, by his steadiness, sobriety, and uncommon display of talent.—Being told by Mr. Spaulding, there was a paper published over his bookstore, I walked up, and meeting a youth at the head of the stairs, I asked him “if the editor was in,” “I am the editor,” said the young man. He was quite ordinarily dressed, with his apron on, and though he said this with great seriousness and modesty, yet from his youth, I could not believe he was serious, and walked on, and upon gaining the interior, I asked the hands “which way the editor was,” “that was he madam, you met on the stairs, take a seat, he will soon be in.” I sat down till he returned, and observed to him, “I could hardly believe he was an editor.” He paid very little attention to me at all, but began to apply himself to setting the types, with as much unconcern as though I were a kitten—struck

with his mild countenance, seriousness, and a depth of thought uncommon in so young a man, I kept my eye upon him some time, without speaking—now and then he would turn his eye upon me, as he picked up the types, with meaning and kindness, but never spoke a word, and the next day, I think it was, one of the ablest pieces that ever appeared in the papers, came out in the Gazette. Though in the constant habit of observing the human countenance, I am confident I should never have noticed this young man; so true therefore is it, that talent will force its way through every obstacle, if those who possess it will persevere. With proper encouragement, this young man bids fair to be useful to his country, and an ornament to society. He appeared to be about nineteen years of age, low but of stout make, his face round and fair, his eye blue; but it is his countenance and dress, you are to search for good sense. Intent upon the one thing needful, the acquisition of knowledge, he pays little regard to outward appearances, than which he could not give a greater evidence of good sense. He has the steadiest and most intelligent countenance in the world, for one of his age.

Like a ferret, while hunting up the good, I often come in contact with the mean, and ignoble. If they are mean it is no fault of mine, and requires it of me to hold them up to public view. Of this description, I found in Hallowell, Icabold N*****, Charles C*****, Benjamin W—s, and Dr. N****. The latter an unlucky name, I never knew a good or a wise man of the name. These will be found upon trial, to be mean unprincipled men, the post master, (Dr. N.*) particularly, ought to be turned out of his place, as a man unworthy of public trust. He is never in place in the first instance, and in the second, he keeps an idiot in the office, who is incapable of doing any business, much less one of such importance; this idiot is a nephew of his, which he puts in the post office, to keep off of the parish, loud complaints are made of his conduct.

*A great tall, black looking, rude man, without two ideas in his head in shape, he resembles a — case of tooth-picks.

This fool grins for half an hour before he will attend to people, who call at the post office. But he may look to the poor house hereafter, he has insulted the government long enough. Hon. A. M. and general Ladd, I had not the pleasure to see; but the nephew of Mr. Vaughan is a very gentlemanly man.

But the best of the story remains to be told. I am a great admirer of the Unitarians, particularly, as they are intelligent people, and my main friends and supporters.—Therefore, I make it a point to call on them—they, like the quakers, are generally wealthy, and more liberal; there are some exceptions; though fewer than amongst any other sect.

I called to see an orthodox preacher, not expecting a cent out of him, but what was the same thing, something to put in my book. If I am not mistaken, his name was Chessman. He was not at home, and I was most agreeably surprised to find a very amiable family, indeed—the lady and her daughters were most charming women, the mother particularly, she was from Connecticut, a state that excels in fine women; nor do I believe there is a spark of orthodox about them—had I been a sister, just returned from a long absence, this lady could not have showed more kindness, she was highly accomplished, so also were her daughters, they were sweet tempered and pretty.

She was sorry her husband was absent, saying, she was sure he would be glad to see and patronize me, but she had not a dollar in the house. But her sympathy and good will was worth an hundred dollars. If all the orthodox were like her, they would be an honor, instead of a disgrace to the christian religion. But, as the boy said, I am too fast in my story; on my way to the parson's, I met a gentleman in the street, and made some inquiry of him how to find some gentlemen I intended to call on, viz: the Rev. Everett, and Merrick, Mr. Vaughan, &c. He told me, Rev. Everett was then very ill, and that Mr. M. was not at home. Having my paper in my hand, I held it out, for him to look at the names, and from his countenance, guessed his name was amongst the number, and asked him

"if it were not," "no," he said "it was not," "then it ought to have been there," I repeated—you look like a good respectable gentleman, I am surprised they did not give me your name. He said he would be glad if I would excuse him, as he was upon a very charitable business, meaning, that he was going for a doctor, for Mr. Everett. I was quite pleased to hear that he was so laudibly engaged, though it would have sounded better to have come from another person—at this we parted, in opposite directions.

The place of our meeting, was near the orthodox parson's, let his name be what it may, and the moment I entered the house, pointing to the gentleman, I asked whom he was, "Mr. Merrick," they replied—upon looking at the paper, his name was the first upon the list, it was even placed before Mr. Vaughan's and Mr. Sprague's. I repeated to them our rencounter. They looked at each other and smiled, but I laid it up for him.

Now, those ladies passed this circumstance over as a mere trifle, whereas it made me shudder, to see the pitiful meanness, and littleness of soul in man, which is not to be found amongst the savages of the forest, or even the rough sons of the west. Is this the fault of improvement, or the result of it? Education, if it cannot alter principle, undoubtedly fixes the manners. If this man did not wish to encourage the literature of his country, or give a piece of bread to an indigent stranger, why could he not refuse to do so in a gentlemanly manner? as many gentlemen did, even in Hallowell, which did not lessen them in my estimation. Had he said, "this is Mrs. R." or, "yes, madam, there is my name, you honor me, and I am sorry it is not in my power," or "have the goodness to excuse me," it would have proved that he had the manners of a gentleman at least, and as to saying, "I would be happy to see you at my house, madam, before you leave Hallowell," or "can you not spend an evening with us before you leave town," no such thing.

The lady sent one of her daughters with me, to show me the houses, and calling at a school, kept by one of her little daughters, I was astonished to see so young a female thus engaged, she was as beautiful as a seraph,

about fifteen, and deported herself with that matronly attention, which belong exclusively to riper years. She had a large school of small children, and though unassisted, was able to exact complete subordination.

I did not intend to let Mr. M. off so, as he was a good Unitarian, but supposing that he would not be at home for some time, I returned to the tavern.

When I thought he had had time to perform his *charitable* deed, I set off to his house, almost a mile. I kept the lower street till I arrived opposite his house, to which he has a considerable orchard attached. As I was looking towards the house, I saw a man come out, and turning round the end of it, he took a barrel from amidst a cluster of fruit trees, and hammering the hoops upon it, as if to tighten it, he then rolled it toward the apple-trees, doubtless to gather the apples which were lying on the ground, (it was the 8th of October.) The house stood upon a considerable hill, upwards of two hundred yards distant, and though there was a fence to climb, I preferred taking a short cut through the inclosure to going round, particularly as I could keep my eye upon him, for I discovered it was Mr. M. himself.

Accordingly I crossed the fence, and bent my course up the hill. I had proceeded about half way, when he saw me, and doubled his diligence with the barrel. He began to roll it faster than at first, and farther into the orchard than he seemed to intend. I mended my pace, lest I might loose him amongst the apple-trees; but the faster I walked the faster he rolled the barrel, until perceiving it was inevitable, he dropped the barrel—it rolled down the hill, and he took a circuit, as I supposed to enter the house; when I came up, I asked some people whom I found in the yard, “what was become of Mr. M.?” they did not know. I went to the door, and rang the bell, which a servant opened. I asked her “if Mr. M. was in,” “No,” “He cannot be far off” I said, “for I saw him just now, and as I want to rest, I shall wait for him,” taking a seat on the sofa.—Doubtless he heard every word, for in a few minutes he came out. I laughed at him about

denying his name, but he took it in good part, and laughed too. He lives in great style—an elegant house, and well furnished, the fruits of his own industry doubtless, and of course he has a right to do as he pleases with it.

After chatting some time, I adverted to business which brought me to his house, which was to sell him a book; but he refused. This I did not regard much; the incident was worth two or three books, so that I got something out of him in spite of him. In justice to him, however, he behaved very polite in his house.

Relating the incident to some of the citizens, who appeared rather to apologize, they said “he was a very *odd* man, and very satirical”—No doubt but he often meets with his match.

Hallowell was first settled by a gentleman whose name was Clark. Mr. William Clark, the son, now lives in the first house built in the town. It is a two-story frame building, and stands on the principal street near the river. I both eat and drank in the house—Mr. Clark is a very affable gentlemanly man.

Cows walk the streets in Hallowell, returning home from the woods, tingling their bells, this was very gratifying to me; the first time I witnessed the sight, since I crossed the Alleghany.

Accustomed to this, since I can remember, the music of the best band was not half so sweet. I never failed to linger at the window in the evening, to feast my senses at once on the present, and recollections of the past. Nothing affords us that pleasure which we derive from an incident, but particularly objects which reminds us of our childhood, and this is still more augmented, when we are in a strange land as I am.

“Scenes of my youth ye still to me are dear,
As thro’ the veil of time thy charms appear.”—WATERSTON.

Here too I saw children barefooted, and the dogs barking at night.

From the badness of the weather, I was detained two

weeks at Hallowell, and about to take my departure,* it remains to introduce my landlord Mr. Brown, the best christian, the best man, and the best tavernkeeper I had met with in New England. His wife and his domestics, were as amiable and obliging as himself. This amiable man is of good size, middle age, a middle complexion, oval face, and a countenance the most pleasing and winning in the world: His manner unaffected and affable—his house large and table good; no man is more deserving of patronage. Success to him—May he long continue to receive the reward of his virtues.

It gave me infinite pain to part with those amiable people. He and his wife are Baptists, at least they attend Baptist church, but they were not like my landlady of Wiscasset. A poor man with one leg, stopped with them while I was there. It was the most gratifying sight in the world, to see the amiable Mrs. Brown, going round herself amongst the gentlemen, to solicit money for this unfortunate man. How much more amiable she appeared than those tract-women, begging money for lazy hog-ish priests. They kept him gratis a week besides; these are christians! imitate them. No one would guess in a month, what my bill was, \$2 for two weeks! He made out the account at \$3, but said it was too much, and took it off. These are the money-loving race!—What did I pay in Richmond, Norfolk, and all the southern country, from a dollar to one and a half per day. Mr. Brown's charges are generally low, but he said he "charged me lower because I gave so little trouble." See the delicacy of the man! I went with Mr. and Mrs. Brown to church; their preacher was a very handsome tall man, a Baptist, and spoke well—not a word about Missionaries, or spreading the gospel, for this plain reason, he spread it more effectually by letting it alone, and preaching up charity to the poor. It is said, his congregation gives him little or nothing—this is shameful, for I believe he is a good man, and aims to make others so.

* Hon. H. H. Gurley, now a member of Congress, from Louisiana, was formerly of Hallowell.

I called on the Methodist preacher, a most amiable man, also very poor. At his house, however, I met with another preacher, the most disgusting, canting hypocrite I ever seen, and the greatest fop.

AUGUSTA

Is only two miles from Hallowell, at the head of sloop Navigati, and like it, lies on the Kennebeck, upon a declivity—but with this material difference, Augusta lies on both sides of the river, over which there is a very handsome bridge. These Yankees excel for roads and bridges. Hallowell town, but not the village, also lies on both sides of the Kennebeck.

A beautiful grove of white birch on one side of the river, to the left, and an extensive quarry of white granite, with a deep strong soil brings you to Augusta. Here again is another wealthy flourishing town; large splendid houses, some of brick, and some of wood, but much larger than the houses in the towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut; so are all the houses in Maine. Augusta however, lies more upon a plain than Hallowell; the top of the hill being a perfect level, and handsomely decorated with trees and gardens. Augusta is the capital of the country, and is soon to be the seat of government. It contains two churches, a court house, jail, an academy, a bank & about two thousand inhabitants. The citizens of Augusta appear to be wealthy, but excepting a few, they are a long ways behind the citizens of Hallowell, in urbanity and good breeding—no comparison. It has till very lately, been an orthodox town, and of course not much can be expected of it. In Augusta dwells judge *Western*, whom I had the pleasure to see, on the bench, at Wiscasset, but was not introduced—besides him Col. Fuller, and a Bostonian, and the editors, (one of whom formerly lived in Washington City.) The people of Augusta are not worth naming, were it not for that respect I owe to the public. I do not know that there is a lawyer in the place,

though I saw a little bit of a quack Doctor. But judge Western and his family alone, would secure the reputation of any place which might have the honor of his residence

The judge is low of stature, but very dignified; he said he was forty years of age; I would suppose him at once, not more than twenty-five—he is the youngest-looking man of his age in America. His features I described under the head of Wiscasset. In his manner he is frank, polite and easy as the evening gale, and at the same time the most commanding and dignified man in the United States, and I would suppose among the most learned judges; there is something in the tone of his voice originally pleasing; and take him on any ground, he is altogether one of our *first* men; he is a long way ahead of any judge I have met with north of Washington City.

Mrs. Western, in few words, for a lady, may rank with her husband, being quite as affable and interesting. Their daughter, Miss Sarah B. Western, the picture of her father, is a small ærial nymph, handsome and accomplished as her parents. But of all the families I saw, most astonished at a little girl in the capacity of a servant. I generally (and doubtless others, do too,) form my opinion of the master and mistress of a house by the servant who opens the door. If I find the servant civil and polite, the master is certain to be so. But if I find the servant insolent, I never fail to find a thorough proud v——n, in the house—but I always let my subject slip from an unconquerable species of vanity, (which I am told is the peculiar foible of female writers,) to display my reasoning powers, and illustrate truth by facts.—When I knocked at the door of judge Western, it was opened by a little girl of about eleven years old, who saluted with inimitable sweetness, and with a graceful wave of her hand, invited me to take a seat on the sofa. I knew her to be a servant, which surprised me the more. Stepping back as she opened the door, with an air of the most accomplished lady—I forgot to ask for the Judge, but began to question the little girl respecting herself.

"A lamb, a dove so mild."

What an easy matter it must be, I thought, to be polite when this child has become so perfect in the art. After exchanging salutations with the family, I could not forbear a remark upon the little girl—expressing my astonishment at her graceful manners, when Miss W. informed me, she was a poor orphan child, whom she took and raised. This is saying enough for Mrs. Western. This deed had more goodness in it, than all the bible and tract societies ever performed in their lives.

Col. Fuller, and the Boston lady with her husband, judge W. and two young gentlemen who edit a paper, are the only ones who deserve the name of gentlemen, or a place in the history of their country. So far from being gentlemen, they are the greatest clowns in New England. This must be the hive from whence those swarms of Yankee tin-pedlars come. I have been wondering all this time from what part of New England they emanated, but facts will set the matter in a clearer point of view.

Court was setting at Augusta, his honor judge Melin, of Portland presided, of course a number of gentlemen, principally lawyers, put up at the tavern, and hearing I had arrived, came in to satisfy their curiosity—Amongst these, were two young men of silly fopish appearance, who approached nearer than the others; would pick up my books, open them, look in them, look at each other, and grin with a wink at the company, and look at me awry. Not satisfied with this, they began to ask me a number of impertinent questions. It may be supposed, they met with that sort of treatment their impudence deserved. They were both young, but men grown; one of them had had a dreadful gash on his temple, which left a fearful scar; this accounted for his being a fool, as doubtless his brains must have escaped when his scull was cracked. His face was little and pointed, forming a triangle; his complexion was a sickly white; and take him altogether, he was the most insignificant p——y that ever fell in my way, the puppy-skin parson not excepted—to save trouble, his friend resembled him, except that Mr.

Gosh wore a most abominable flat cap, which made him appear the greater fool of the two. These fellows, however, received such a warm reception, that not being able to stand the laugh of the company, they ran away, and I walked out about my own business; but to my surprise, who should I meet at the house I called at but my two young sparks. I said nothing to them, but walked down the hill to a book-store on the river. I had hardly entered the store, before they were there. Supposing their aim was to rob me, I inquired for a constable, and they took to their heels. Returning up the hill to the tavern, I had gained but a few steps, before, upon looking behind, I saw those fellows watching me from a door. I had a friend close by, as I always have, when it comes to the pinch. One of the editors being a mason, I went into the printing office, and related to him the incident, and appealed to him for protection. He thought me mad; said I could not be in my senses; it was impossible any person in Augusta could be so brutal, particularly those men, one of whom was named B*****, and the other, the cut-scull was named G***—the father of the first, cashier of the bank, and the other, one of the first gentlemen in Maine. Mad or not mad, I told him I should not leave his office without he either went himself with me, or send some person to protect me to the tavern, which was some distance. I was not afraid, had there been a dozen of them.—But I was determined not to be insulted. Saying this, I very calmly set myself down, telling the gentlemen I could enjoy myself as well there as any where. He again tried to remove my fears, and persuade me I was dreaming. At length I told him to go and search, and if he did not find them lying in wait, I would agree that I was wrong. Seeing I was so confident, he showed some signs of conviction, and dropping his work and walking down stairs. I went with him saying “I would help him to search.” There was a reading room at the foot of the stairs, on the left, which I resolved to search first, as it was probable, though they never (from appearances) read, they might use the reading-room for a hiding place. My friend followed close, and there squeezed close in an obscure

corner, we found the gentlemen. My friend never uttered a word, though he looked mortified, but went up stairs and sent a young man with me to the tavern.

I never saw B. afterwards, I am told, his father upon hearing it, was highly displeased. But displeasures can not mend past faults; this young man ought to have been taught better than to use the least disrespect to a female; he ought to have been taught practically from his infancy, that respect for women is alone the characteristic of a gentleman, and let him have whatever advantage he may, without a proper respect for the sex, he is a brute. But I presume this self-evident principal, is above our spark's comprehension, and will be lost upon him, but some young man may avoid the eternal infamy these young men have incurred. It cannot reclaim them, but the incident may be a warning to others. Doubtless their object must have been to rob me, for what other purpose could they way-lay an old woman. But admitting they were robbers, or no matter what, their crime was not a single one, they violated every law of society. Their intrusion into the parlour where I was engaged in conversation with gentlemen, was grossly indelicate. Their taking hold first of my subscription, and then my books, was insufferably rude, as they were not introduced, and had no intention of purchasing. But their language and sneers full in my face, and their affrontery in intruding so near my person, in the presence of a numerous company, was insolent; and as to their pursuing me from place to place, which it is well known they did—also that I had to call on an officer to apprehend *them*; and after that, caught lying in wait for me; I leave to the world to judge, what name they deserve, taking into view my age, my sex, and my motives in visiting their town, to say nothing of my claims on my country; it was the most beastly violation of the laws of hospitality ever heard of; and every citizen in the place ought to be held answerable for the conduct of these men, whose conduct ought to place them in the class with savages and out-laws; I was pleased to hear the citizens did resent it highly. I did see G. afterwards, he never said

a word, but looked as much condemned, as though he were going to the gallows. Now for the father of G.

Being told he was one of the first gentlemen in the place, on the very same day, without knowing it was his son who acted the part just mentioned; I went to his house, on my way thither I met with judge Western, who was likewise going to the house. The judge showed me into a parlour, and telling me to take a seat, said he would go and bring Mr. G. to me—I sat back towards the window, so as just to have a view of the stairs, the parlour door being open. This happened without any design at all—presently, I saw both the Judge and Mr. G. descending the stairs on tiptoe, G. walked out at the back door, and the Judge walked softly out at the front door, doubtless ashamed to deliver so mean a report of his neighbour, as well he might. After sitting some time, the madam came in, I told her “I wished to see Mr. G.” “He an’t at home,” she replied, “He cannot be far off,” I said, “I saw him go out just now.” Is it any wonder those people’s children are so mean, with such examples as this? He could have come in, and have apologised like a gentleman, and have welcomed me to the country, and have wished me success if no more, as all gentlemen do, whether they patronize me or not; I do not esteem a man a whit the less for not buying my books, it may not always be convenient, but I always blame a man for acting like a brute.

When they told me, this Mr. Cutscull was his son, I was not at all surprised.

Augusta, it has been said, lies on both sides of the river, on the opposite side lives Judge Coney, a very respectable man, of great age, the father of Mrs. Western, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. General Coney, who is married to her cousin of the same name, all these with an unmarried brother of Mr. Williams, live here by themselves—are people of great wealth, and Unitarians. The desire of seeing an old fort, but particularly expecting to make up on that side of the river, what I lost on the other, who were mostly blackcoats; I expected every thing from the Unitarian—I find nothing can change men’s principles—I walked over the bridge and up a pretty steep hill, came

near fainting on the way from fatigue, and arrived at R—— W——'s. There I found some very accomplished young ladies, and my young friend Miss Western, but neither Mr. or Mrs. W. was at home. I wanted to rest and Miss Western played me a few tunes, which she performed with much taste. After a while Mrs. W. came in, and several other young ladies, some daughters and some friends who were on a visit to Augusta—all very genteel, very accomplished, and very friendly, but “pa, (who is a great lawyer, was then attending court, but at that time court was adjourned,) never came home until in the night, sometimes quite late;” I saw through the thing instantly, but resolved to catch the gentleman, either that night at his office, or next morning, or, at any rate in the court I was sure of him.

I wished to see Judge and Gen. Coney, and took leave, the young ladies walked over with me—only across the street—Mrs. Gen. Coney, the lady of the house, is a very exalted female, and by far the most hospitable of the two sisters on that side of the river. Seeing I was fainting from weariness and fatigue, she had tea prepared instantly, and made herself every way agreeable; Judge Coney was indisposed, I could not see him. General Coney is remarkable for nothing but his great size. I met with a very pleasant lady at Gen. Coney's, from New-Orleans, a relative of the family, who was in the country upon a visit, she was a most charming female.

On my return over the river, I called at Mr. W——'s office, but no Mr. W. there, next day I addressed a note to him, purporting I would be happy to see him at the tavern, not more than thirty or forty paces distant: He sent a trifling excuse in writing—thinking, doubtless, his wonderful condescension in scribbling a pitiful excuse, was an equivalent equal to an interview. I ought to have mentioned, the family invited me to call again. This was all fudge, I saw through it; if the girls had all been diamonds, and I could have had one, I should not have returned to any man's house who was mean enough to play at hide and seek with me. Why did he not act like a man?—Why did he not call on me, as other gentlemen did?—

His brother, the younger Mr. Western was absent with the governor, when I first arrived, he returned, however, before I left Augusta, and I had the pleasure to say, I had seen all the world and the W——s. I met with this miracle of conceit, next day at the bank—was introduced by our friend, Col. Fuller, all very fine—he made his bow, and said a word, now and then, I felt somewhat disappointed, I expected to have seen either one of your keen, intelligent, wisdom-fraught men; I expected to have seen a countenance of placed sageness, indicative of deep thought, and glowing with Unitarian kindness; I expected at least to see a gentleman—instead of all this, I found a great bold swaggering, conceited, rough, black complexioned man, with a whistling air, in manners and appearance like a Kentucky bully, thus ended my interview with the W——'s.

But the best is to come yet—I was apprised by Judge Western, that a son-in-law of my friend, Hon. Winthrop of Boston, lived in Augusta, a Presbyterian, by the name of T——, “And doubtless,” said the judge, “When he finds the signature of Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Dearborn, and such a number of respectable Bostonians, on your list of subscribers, he will patronize you.” Whether the judge really thought so, or whether, as a man of mirthful and gay disposition, he wished to have some amusement, I cannot say—accordingly, I called on the Rev. T——, as I walked through the gate, I saw a number of females standing before a window gazing at me, with great effrontery. This did not savour of Boston politeness, and I drew a bad omen from their rudeness. The door was opened by a servant, and who showed me into a parlour on the opposite side of the house from the gazers—it was some time before a gloomy looking man, came into the parlour, whom I was afterwards told, was the parson's brother, he had just joined the Presbyterian church. This man, said Mr. T. would be in in a few minutes and we sat silent; at length the parson came in, but no lady came near me—he was a stout pale looking man, and between *his* brimstone and my charcoal, we almost blew off the top of the house; when I announced my name to him, he twisted his Rev'd mouth to one side and assumed a smile—it was

not the smile of soft charity—it was not the smile of benevolence—it was not the smile of christian love, or that which we might expect to emanate, from one whose heart and soul was devoted to the cause of the gospel; (the meaning of the word *gospel*, is good news;)—it was the smile of malice, when in the act of taking revenge—it was a supercilious smile—it was a sarcastic smile, in short, it was no smile but a malicious Shylock *grin* of triumph. I showed him my patrons' names, but his Shylock countenance was vacant, his mind was bent inward, instead of recognizing the names, he turned the leaves over with a vacant stare, and was doubtless meditating how to season his refusal with sufficient scorn and contempt—how to show *his* religion in its true colors—but finally, resolved it should have gall enough, and well there might be enough, for there was nought else in his composition, if we except the sulphur. At length, he shut the book up and gave it to me, saying, he “Resolved not to patronize me before he saw me.” I told him, “I thought it was better to break a bad resolution than to keep it;” and begged to know the grounds upon which he founded this resolution, that “to condemn a person unheard, or even seen, was contrary to the laws of God and man;” he said, “he had heard enough, that I was a woman of bad character.” “But hear say is no evidence, and since you have gone so far, I shall compel you to produce your evidence, or I shall conceive you guilty of fabricating a falsehood;” and taking some letters out, I showed them to him: the letters were clear and satisfactory, and finding he had gone too far, said, “I never heard any harm of you, but I do not want to patronize you;” “then it appears you are guilty of a falsehood yourself, either in the first place, or the second; but you pretend at least to be a christian, and of course, must agree that charity to our fellow creature, is the first principle of christianity, you see that I am a female of respectability and have the strongest claims on the charity and patriotism of my country, and of whom should I expect to find it, if not amongst the ministers of the gospel.” I said this, not that I cared a cent whether he patronised me or not, but to bring conviction home to him; but

he had neither the idea or the principle of a christian.—From this lesson, the citizens of Augusta will know hereafter how to conduct themselves towards a stranger.*

I am told the legislature of the state is about to locate the seat of government at Augusta—I am sorry the citizens are not more worthy the distinction. Had I a casting vote, I would by a long ways give the preference to Hallowell, as different as two places can possibly be. In Hallowell, they are, we may say, all gentlemen.

WATERVILLE.

Late in the afternoon of the second day I pursued my course up the Kennebeck river to Waterville, where navigation ends at the falls. Waterville is eighteen miles distant from Augusta, and the road passes through the finest land in Maine. The town of Vassalborough, principally settled by Quakers, is very rich and beautiful, lies well and is thickly inhabited. The farms and dwelling-houses are more like those of Pennsylvania, than any other country I have seen. The houses are scattering, nothing like a village in it. It contains about 3000 inhabitants.

Opposite to it on the other side of the river is Sydney, another wealthy town. These are eight miles from Augusta. Nothing can be handsomer than the appearance of the country, and the river, as you drive close upon its banks; the scenery is little inferior to that of the Hudson, the land meeting it in a bold shore, in many places; it is a perfect banquet to the senses. I did not stop at Vassal-

*At Augusta for the first time in New England, I heard the Sol-fa-la. From the great number of music books and teachers which they send to the western states, I had expected to hear nothing else in New England. No such thing; nothing of the sort is to be heard, though no people have finer music; but this is the business of people who make it a business, and sing with the organ. Ladies and gentlemen of *respectability* do not sing in the churches.

borough, and night coming on, I kept my eyes on the river as long as I could see.

When we arrived at Waterville, we crossed the river upon a handsome bridge just below the falls, and though I heard them sending forth their tremendous roar, it was too dark to see them; I drove on to the tavern, where I met with one of the best men in the world.

Next morning, I hastened to see the falls—the river was much swollen from recent heavy rains, which added greatly to the sublimity of the scene. These falls are called “Teconic falls,” and appear to be about fifty feet—though I met no one who could state the height precisely; the rock over which it falls, runs in a diagonal line, and though a great part of it is perpendicular, much of the fall is gradual and extends some distance. The rock also, in some places is indented, which caused a tremendous hurling of water against water; the force of the column is so great, that it rebounds up to a great height in an entire unbroken sheet, forming a most beautiful curve. The water rebounds without breaking, as high as the surface of the rock, it then separates and falls in a white shower. The river is wide and contains enough of water at this place to turn an hundred mills.

The bridge is actually built over a part of the fall, and such is the force of the water, that it makes the bridge tremble. A dam is also built here leading diagonally from the falls, and is equally a curiosity—both for strength and beauty. It puts in operation several mills.

Kennebeck river is navigable to this place for boats, and great quantities of lumber are floated down to the several towns.

Ship building is carried on upon the shores of the Kennebeck, from the sea to the end of navigation. The interior of the country abounding with timber, suitable for the purpose. Those enterprising people are, some engaged in the woods felling the trees; some wafting it down in prodigious great rafts; others are constructing it into ships, and every thing else made out of wood. Their boats are not like our boats in the western waters; they

are narrower and quite small. I saw but one only upon the river.

Waterville, as to site, is the handsomest town on the Kennebeck river; it stands on a plain of fertile land, and the country around it to a great extent is rich, and abounds with fine farms and cattle. Most of the streets are level and regular, and the town is spread out over a most beautiful plain. It is opposite to another handsome town called Winslow. Several other towns lie on the river above Waterville, which I did not visit.

Waterville contains a bank and an academy, called the Maine Literary and Theological Seminary, and about 1,000 inhabitants. Here are two churches, one for Baptists, and one for Universalists. I found a very different reception here, to what I did in Augusta, and if possible, better still than Hallowell. The people are genteel, learned and hospitable, to a degree, which exceeds belief; all sects and parties, I found no difference, excepting a little bit of a printer, who, thought he knew something.

The society of this beautiful spot is delightful, and may emphatically be called the garden of Kennebeck.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin, president of the college, is a tall slender man, of about fifty years of age—his face is oval, large, pale and thin; his complexion dark; his countenance melancholy and serious, without any of that unbending ferocity and hypocritical compression of mouth, so conspicuous in Rev. T. of Augusta. But the eye of president Chapin, is one of singular appearance—the largest and blackest I ever saw in human head. His manners are mild, meek and artless, but very gentlemanly and dignified, and as to his deportment, as a man and a christian, he stands high in the estimation of all who know him. He has a most venerable and interesting appearance. His lady, Mrs. C. was much the youngest—she was very lively, handsome, kind and affable—their bosoms seemed to swell with emotions of kindness and gratitude at my visit, but particularly the motives. Of all men, he approaches the nearest the appearance of a christian. Pleased with his manner and conversation, as well as with Mrs. C., I was truly sorry it was not in my power to accept a very

kind and pressing invitation to spend the evening with them. As it was, I did not spend more than ten minutes.

Doctor Chapin, one of the professors, was just stepping into his chaise to ride out, as I walked into his yard, but seeing me, he stood with the reins in his hand till I came up, when returning my salute very courteously, upon being introduced by a friend who accompanied me, he fastened his horse and walked into the house, inviting me in also, saying what every gentleman never fails to say. Mrs. Chapin, who was likewise prepared to ride, very politely joined her husband in testifying her pleasure at seeing me at Waterville. She is a tall elegant figure, young and highly accomplished. Dr Chapin* is about forty-five years of age, tall, spare, and neatly formed—his complexion of the middling shade, his face round, his eye a full dark grey, very keen; his countenance open and cheerful—his manners easy and genteel. Altogether, Dr. C. is a very pleasant man. But as he was engaged to ride, and I having not a moment of time to spare, I took leave in the course of a few minutes. Professors Conant and Briggs, I did not see. The college buildings are of brick, and are large and handsome. They are in the edge of the village, rather elevated upon an extensive green lawn, stretching along the banks of the roaring Kennebeck for miles, and extending back like a vast smooth sea, as far as the eye can see. This, including Vassalborough, is the handsomest part of Maine.

Some of the principal citizens were absent, nor did I see any of the students—they were engaged at their studies.

The Appletons and Everetts, both extensive families, of Massachusetts, have extended themselves over Maine. At Waterville, I had the pleasure to see Dr. Appleton, a brother of S. & N. Appleton, of Boston. The Doctor with all the genuine Yankee politeness, or if you please, that politeness which, ever distinguishes a gentleman from a clown, called on me in a few minutes after I arrived, though it must have been 10 o'clock at least, p. m.—

*Those two gentlemen are singular--so near in name and pursuits.

This was certainly flattering. The Doctor pursues his profession in Waterville, and is about fifty years of age; not so handsome, [excuse me Doctor, I hope you are not a widower,] as those of Boston, though alike in their manners. I was pleased to see the Doctor for two reasons—first, for the sake of the city he was from—secondly, for his own sake. He did not patronise me but he did something better. He aided me, in getting patrons, and giving me information.

It must astonish those people, I mean the whole country, to find so many pages written on their towns, in so short a time. I spent but one day in Waterville, excepting about two-thirds of Sunday, which was spent at church. I generally predispose the time, and allowing but one day for Waterville, I had to be very busy. The doctor has a son-in-law, a lawyer, living in Waterville; after calling on the president and professors, I took Mr. Wells, the Dr's son-in-law in my way. He was at his office, though just married to a blooming wife. We found the lady all alone, making herself a dress! See what the Yankees can do! I suspect there were no Mantuamakers in Waterville, but this lady's ingenuity and good sense, supplied the place of Mantuamakers, so it seems—as pretty as a pink. It must be a great sacrifice in her husband, to tear himself from her; but this is the way the Yankees go on. They are kept at school—not the dunce-block schools—the sound grammar schools, and science of every sort, till they are grown—they then choose their profession—study it; marry a wife, as it might be this evening; take a jaunt in the steam-boat or stage, to Philadelphia, New-York, or Saratoga—stay a few days; return, and each goes to work.

I found Mr. Wells in his office—a tall well-turned figure, young and handsome. His complexion fair, features free and regular, his eye full and large; is of a dark grey, steady, calm and collected—he reminded me of Hon. Daniel Webster, whom he very much resembles. Upon saying this to him, he said it had been often remarked so before. He, I think, was of New-Hampshire, which is remarkable for large eyes—I mean the people, not the State—and Maine is as remarkable for good stout substan-

tial noses, and not much behind in the matter of eyes, but of a different sort. The people of New-Hampshire, have what is called the *ox-eye*—who ever has seen the eye of Hon. D. Webster, has seen what is called the *ox-eye*. I should like to know what naturalists say on eyes and noses. But to go on, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Wells will make a useful man. His even smooth countenance, and his steady deliberate manner, is very promising.

Messrs. T. Bouteller Norton, A. Lyon, A. Redington, jr. and one or two more, were all the gentlemen I had time to visit. After what has gone before, it is needless to say more on the state of improvement in Waterville. It certainly is the most desirable spot on the Kennebeck, on all accounts.

I am told, however, (though no one ought to believe report,) that the Theological students had long black faces, and put on the hypocrite to admiration. Is it not shameful that Americans are yet so far involved in darkness, as to think that the Almighty would be pleased with a long face, and the grimaces of a monkey. What fool but must know that it is all hypocrisy. But I never saw any of these; if there were any, they had the wisdom to keep out of my sight.

Not one of those abominable hypocrites, but are more afraid of me than they are of their God, which is enough to prove how much they care for him. An image carved of wood, is as good for them as any. God does not wish to be made mouths at. I abhor these fellows so much, that I verily believe, I commit a sin by hating them.

But let this be as it may, the President, Rev. Chapin, has no hand in it—he is one of the most amiable men in the world. I heard him preach, and heard nothing but good sound sense—good morality and piety; not a word about spreading the gospel, or tracts, or bible societies, and all that abomination of getting money.

In the forenoon on Sunday, I went to hear the Universalist, one of the first orators of the state. He was a young man, in the vigour of life; very handsome person, and very engaging aspect. He spoke like one who set a just value on the independence and liberty of speech, and the

freedom of religion; his voice was fine, and language pure, and simple. He represented hypocrisy and empty show of religion in its true colors, and in the most undaunted language; the music was exquisitely fine. The music is generally good throughout New England—none sing but the choir.

In the afternoon, I went to hear my friend, Rev. Chapin, agreeably to my promise. He was not so pointed or flowery as the other. He spoke slow, grave and lofty, but with a great deal of fervor—his every power seemed engaged, and his soul appeared to be in Heaven. His language was that of a scholar, chaste and classical, and he appeared to speak wholly from the heart. His hallowed face shewed a mind and heart seriously engaged for the good of his hearers, and in better hands they could not be committed. He preached the gospel, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel. He has the most apostolic appearance of any preacher I ever saw, and doubtless there is no better man; not even Mr. Burroughs, the greatest preacher in the old states, excepting Mr. B. I have heard none in the Atlantic states that equalled parson *Burrus*, of Alabama. Rev. Butler, same state, and parson McMahan, of Nashville, Tennessee, all three of the Methodist persuasion. Indeed it appears, that the best orators of all professions, remove to our states. I was astonished to see and hear the difference.

Eight years previous to my visit, the place where the academy now stands, was in woods!

The Kennebeck river, is settled some distance above Waterville, 170 miles long, and excepting the Penobscot, is the largest river in the state. Several bridges are built across it in various parts. It has two principal branches, the eastern branch rises in Moose-head lake, seventy miles north of Augusta; it contains 100,000 acres, and is fifteen miles broad and twenty-five long. The western branch called Dead river, rises near the sources of the Chaudiere, and unites twenty miles below Moose-head lake.

The tide flows up as high as Augusta, and is very strong. Whilst crossing the bridge at Augusta, I was astonished at the roaring of the tide, then flowing. The

noise it made by running against the piers of the bridge, was surprising.

The land on Kennebeck river, is said to be the best grazing land in New England.

Waterville has much trade, and promises to be one of the first towns on the river. I was now seventy-two miles from Portland, in the interior of the country, and this principally to please my friends. My pursuing the river, was now at an end, on account of the difficulty of meeting with conveyances.

The stage coming but twice a week to Waterville, from Augusta, I had to hire a private conveyance to Vassalborough, (turning right back,) where a stage was to convey me to Bangor on the Penobscot. Speaking to my landlord to procure me a carriage of some sort and a driver—I desired him to send up my bill, and went up stairs to prepare for my departure, intending to go that afternoon to Vassalborough—sleep there and take the stage in the morning. In a few minutes I received the bill, as I supposed, and a message that a chaise and driver was ready; upon opening the paper I found instead of a bill, the following note:

“MADAM,

“Be pleased to accept the amount of your bill, as a mark of the great respect I have for your person and pursuits, and am only sorry it was not in my power to render your situation more comfortably, and still more, that you cannot spend more time with us—I should be far from thinking it proper to charge a person who is rendering a benefit to the country.

Respectfully, &c.

J. DOW.”

Had this gentleman, (for a gentleman he was,) shown any thing uncommon in his manners or attention, I mean that familiar way, which is easier to understand than express, I should not have been surprised; on the contrary he seldom spoke to me, except once or twice in purchasing a book, for which he paid the cash.

Upon coming down stairs, who would you suppose stood ready with the chaise at the door, but my landlord! I was dumb with amazement at so much goodness. The whole family, wife, daughters and domestics, vied with each other, not in attending, but who should show the most kindness. Mrs. Dow is a second wife, young and handsome, and in accomplished manners, would grace a levee, and yet she works in her kitchen from morning till night; I do not know a more interesting woman—it is a pleasure to put up at such a tavern, even at the common prices—but Dow has the heart of a prince, and would scorn to exact even common remuneration—speechless with gratitude, I presented some trifle to Mrs. Dow as a keepsake. But Mrs. Dow, with a heart as large as her husband's, saw through it, and presented me with one in return, which I intend to keep as long as I live. But to go on, we had nine miles to go that evening and two bridges to cross going and two coming, one dollar—expecting, at least, he would consent to let me pay the fair over the bridges, I made the attempt, but it was rather received as an insult. Now, I should think these people who help the traveller on their way, were christians, if there be any on earth. If *they* are *not* christians, I cannot think there are any. Dow and his wife are universalists. Ever since my first acquaintance with this sect—I mean Rev. Bisby, (now of Portland.) I have been partial to them, though I believe Col. Dow himself, does not go to hear any minister preach, and why need he go for instruction, whose actions are a pattern for any preacher? Mrs. Dow dislikes the Missionaries and tracts, as much as I do. and doubtless, there is little love lost.

VASSALBOROUGH, MAINE.

It was nearly or quite sunset, when we arrived at Vassalborough, when my friend introduced me, and saw that I had supper, room, candles, water, and every thing ordered before he quit the place. I would rather be this man than an Emperor. So much for the money-loving race—so much for Yankees—so much for the tavern-keepers of Maine, excepting the sharp-nose B——g, of Portland, whose little fire-insurance heart, has not the honor, or the happiness of being formed of the generous mould of Maine. I would suppose from his hatchet-face, he was one of the *blue* law race. This shrimp, never did in his whole life, nor his father before him, nor his children after him, perform so praise-worthy an act. I remember the one, and shall not forget the other. This man and his coadjutor, at Portsmouth, are well matched; the one at Portsmouth did not cheat, the other did, and charged high, and looked surly besides—his conscience stings him no doubt.

Those little souled people never will have a friend, every one despises them, while the noble heart finds friends every where.

When every thing was fixed to his mind, Col. Dow came to my parlor door and asked "if he could do any thing more to serve me, that it was growing late, and he wished to return home. My heart was too full to reply! I got up, however, and pressed his hand, and we parted!

Vassalborough, I mentioned on my way to Waterville, and can say little more of it. It being almost dark before I was done tea, and as I observed before, the houses are scattered over the whole town. A few houses only at this place—a post-office, two taverns, a blacksmith-shop, and a large tannery. The gentlemen who own the tannery establishment are Quakers, and are wealthy respectable men. I had the pleasure to see one of them at Hallowell; their names are Southwert. They were both absent, and Sunday evening notwithstanding. As I am yet in a free country, and praise the Lord for his mercies, I

hope long to be so. Mrs. Southwert, another lady and myself, took a candle and walking down a steep hill, on the Kennebeck, there I saw the largest tannery establishment I ever saw before or since—every thing almost, was performed by water-power, but none of the gentlemen being present, the ladies could not tell me the quantity manufactured. Their buildings and vats, cover an immensity of ground.—The ladies and myself trampoozed the whole of it. I wondered we did not fall into the vats. The wind soon blew out the candle, but such was my ardor, that I would see all, and here we went sometimes clambering over piles of bark; sometimes on the brink of a vat. At length we got through, and entered that place where the leather is finished and packed. All this is done by water, the polishing and all. The workmen were then at work.* I told them the black coats would hang them for violating the *Lord's* day. These fools, or knaves, rather, by repeating the Lord's day so often and doing no good, have made it ridiculous.

I was very sorry the proprietors were absent, as this, and indeed the whole of Vassalborough, was very interesting. Those were charming ladies; one I believe was single, but the other was the sister-in-law of my friend, Joseph Southwert, whom I saw at Hallowell, not dreaming at that time, I should ever be at his town. Mr. Joseph S. lived three miles from there. All this town is farms. If that be not a paradox, I cannot tell what is.

I had the pleasure too, of becoming acquainted with another gentleman, a citizen of Vassalborough—one of the Lord's day-men, doubtless—his name was Crosby, the P. M. I saw him at Augusta, a great broad faced, roan-haired, snaggle-toothed, white-eyed man; he never called to see me, nor did I call to see him.

*This is very common in New England with the blackcoats, they keep Saturday night, and go to work on Sunday night, or as they say, Sunday evening.

VISIT TO BANGOR.

Next morning by the time I took a cup of coffee, the stage came, and upon getting into it, there sat two long-faced Missionaries! "What, more Missionaries?" I said. "Why, your name is legion, in the name of all that is good, am I to be forever tormented by this brimstone crew. Please goodness you will have a hot time of it—you shall have a foretaste of what you so richly deserve," if you travel with me to-day." It was an old man and his wife, with the true long face, as black as vengeance—the old woman was one of your slippery, sly, deceitful hypocritical, long-chinned women. But no deceit was in the man; his countenance was a hard, firm, settled representation of wrath. Can these wretches have any idea of the mild loving Jesus. No such thing; the most abandoned profligate, will not have half the sin to answer for, which those savage looking people will. They lived in Bangor, to which place I was bound.

It rained hard nearly the whole day, and as I had nothing else to do, I laid it on well. I dare say, if their hearts had not been too narrow to expend the money, they would have got out of the coach. From their gaunt looks, the Missionaries must have squeezed them well. They never opened their mouths, but sat screwed up. Iron pot, mettle, brass, could not be harder than the old man's face.—He had the most unbending look in the world. The old woman was more yielding. I saw, however, they never had met with one of sufficient independence enough to dispute their sway, and conscious guilt kept them silent.

The old woman had a travelling basket full of tracts, no doubt; every now and then I would ask her for some tracts, but she took care of that.

After so long a time, she opened her mouth and said she would show me what she had in her basket, but she was not as good as her word—at length the old man and her carried on a conversation between themselves about the weather, and the country and some of their friends.

It appeared they had been to head-quarters, Newburyport, of which place they had formerly been citizens.—He was one of those old trusty squires, who are envoys extraordinary to set up presses and Sunday schools, and doubtless, had a pocket full of instructions with him then. Let that be as it may, between the rain, the road, and myself, they had altogether a hard time of it. The old lady complained very much of the road, it being rough in many places, that is for her; I did not perceive it, we had many hills, rocks, and rough places, but I was too well used to rough travelling, and too well pleased with hills and rocks to complain.

The land was very poor and uneven lying between the two rivers—nothing but fir and other evergreens. The road in many places running on high ridges, the prospect was grand—we saw several small mountains, which being bounded by deep vallies, was very picturesque and diversified—now and then a spot of good meadow, and Indian corn, and great flocks of geese.

Geese abound in Maine. They do not however, wear corsets here as in Connecticut, where corsets are so fashionable, that even geese wear them. Seeing numbers of geese with these wooden corsets on, as I travelled thro' Connecticut, I inquired the cause, they informed me, it was a sort of penance imposed upon them, for some of their ill behavior.—Remains of the blue-laws no doubt.

CHINA, MAINE.

We stopped to breakfast at a very pretty little town called China. It is a beautiful, new, thriving town, on elevated ground, with a small lake or pond, stretching along in its front. It contains three churches, an academy, a social library; upwards of 700 inhabitants, and is principally settled by the friends. It is twenty-five miles from Hallowell.

Though our time was short, and it rained very hard, the stage-driver telling the news; a number of gentlemen

called, and expressed at great pleasure at seeing me. They pressed me hard to spend the day with them, but the approaching cold weather would not afford me time.

It was now far advanced in the season, and I had a great part of my journey to perform. The gentlemen who called, were of the first sort, and I was truly sorry my engagements would force me from them, in the course of a few minutes.

Maine certainly is settled by a most amiable people.— Those gentlemen were kindness and hospitality itself, and I found it difficult to tear myself from them. But it was amusing to see the Missionaries stare, when they found I was somebody. Nothing could exceed their amazement, when they saw a number of the most polished gentlemen, pouring into the house to pay their respects. This shows the tendency of this orthodox plan, viz:—to keep the people in ignorance. These gentlemen, the moment they heard my name, knew who I was; but those old ignoramuses knew nothing but, how much money was paid into the Lord's treasury.

The first thing they did when they arrived, was to take a good jorum of gin. The hypocrites! But they must have been mortified at the attention paid to me by the landlord of the tavern, and the company together; they were no more than cyphers. Not a word was addressed to them.

The landlord, his wife, and domestics, appeared beside themselves for joy, and flocked round me, and "would I have this, and would I have the other." This is true honor, alike to the stranger and the citizen.

For the glory of New-England, the least appearance of genius is cherished by them as their heart's core; I might have stopped an hundred times in my own country, even in my own native state, without receiving the least mark of politeness. But wise and learned themselves, they know how to appreciate it in others. Though I stopped not more than an hour at most in this delightful town, I shall carry the impression of its worth to my grave; success to it, it has my candid wishes for its prosperity.

The same appearance with bolder lines obtain to Bangor. We wound our way round some considerable hills; and the scenery was grand, as we drew near Bangor.

We called at a house to change horses, where I was struck by the appearance of a female, who, with several others lived in the house. She drew up close to where I was sitting, and standing up seemed to regard me with unusual earnestness. After looking at me some time, she asked me "if I did not want to buy a pair of stockings?" I told her I did not, and taking hold of her work, told her I believed "she was a good knitter!" Her countenance had a melancholy cast, but upon my taking notice of her, it appeared to brighten, and going off to her room, she returned with a number of rings (for the finger,) very ingeniously made of horse-hair.

While she was absent, however, some of the family informed me, she was deranged. She had nevertheless, more skill and better sense than many who are not. She showed me the rings, which were dyed of different colors, some red, some green and yellow, as fancy led her. She sold them for a trifle, and seeing she was poor, I bought a few, which were worth the money, for the sake of the curiosity. But the gospel-spreaders never offered her a cent, though I solicited the old she Dragon, to aid the poor thing, telling her, that "that was the true gospel, and that those who gave to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, who would repay them ten fold." But she was all wolf.

BANGOR, MAINE.

We had a fine fair evening, and arrived at Bangor about sundown; about sixty miles over a rough hilly country.—The old saint complained exceedingly, of the road, said she was almost dead from fatigue, and would not undertake such a journey shortly. She was surprised that I stood the jolting so well, and that I was not fatigued.

Their dwelling being at some distance, the stagedriver drove up to the tavern to set me down; but the saints never said “won’t you call and see us, as you are a stranger, we would be glad to render you any kindness in this our town.”

See their gospel! These people convert the Heathen! As well might you expect the Heathen to convert them.

Being fatigued and chilly, I retired to a chamber immediately, where I ordered tea. Wishing to learn something of the place, I sent for one of the editors, there were two in the place. Mr. Haynes very politely attended. I had no choice, as the nature of the thing bespeaks.—Knowing nothing of their persons, pretensions or politics. The landlord, I believe, followed his own inclination, or perhaps it was mere accident.

We had conversed but a few minutes, however, before a message from some gentleman below, was delivered by the landlord, expressing a wish to see me. Upon going down stairs, there was the other editor, Major Call, and several other gentlemen. Capt.* ——— from Old Town, particularly, a very gentlemanly man. This however, is not more than the others were, chatting with them some time; I was forced, on account of my studies, to tear myself from those deserving people, who expressed as much pleasure to see me, as though I had been a dear sister, and a sister I was. I am proud to call them by the tender name

*I am truly sorry, that from being so unfortunate as to have my subscription book stolen, I have lost this gentleman’s name.

of brothers.* Philanthropy, intelligence and gallantry, glowed in each face, and joy beamed in every eye. Thus they came, and thus they did. I had to change my chamber into a drawing-room, and received several others before I retired to rest.

Bangor stands on the Penobscot, another large river, much larger, and if possible, handsomer than the Kennebeck. But all those rivers, it must be remembered, are only *very* beautiful when it is high tide.

When the tide is at a stand, just before it begins to ebb, running either way like a great mirror, is beyond description handsome. These rivers ebb and flow, twice in twenty-four hours, and high and low tide may be compared to high and low water in our western rivers, with this very important exception, that our rivers are very yellow and turbid; whereas, these are as transparent as a mirror. The tide runs very swift and makes a rushing sound, if meeting a bridge or any impediment.

Whilst on rivers, the Penobscot is the largest river in Maine, and I should think in New England. The principal branch rises in the western part of the state. Another source rises near the St. Johns; it flows east by south.

The eastern branch rises near the sources of the Aroostic. After the junction, it flows generally south by west, and empties into Penobscot bay.

It is navigable for ships to Bangor, fifty-two miles.—The tide however flows above Bangor, but the falls at Old town puts an end to the navigation. The land on this river, is generally equal to that on the Kennebeck, and like it contains several flourishing towns. The land bordering the river, is not so high as that on the Kennebeck.

Bangor is the last town on Penobscot; besides it, Hampden, Camden, Frankfort, Prospect, Belfast, Northport, Lincolnville, Thomastown, Brewer, Orlington, Orono, Bucksport, Orland, Penobscot, Castine, Sedgewick, and Deer-Isle.

*All the gentlemen of Maine are Masons, which is no inconsiderable number.

Bangor, whether as to site, trade or society, is the most flourishing town of its age in Maine, and from its advantages promises to be one of the first towns in the state. It is quite a recently built town, partly on the plain of two rivers, and partly on a gentle rise, which overlooks both rivers. It lies on the west side of Penobscot river, and is divided by another river into two parts.

A bridge over the small river connects the town. This river strikes the Penobscot at a right angle, and being navigable, it answers all the purposes of a basin, by which vessels bring their contents to the doors of the ware-houses. Never was a town so well situated for commerce.

Bangor, is 125 miles north east from Portland. It contains a court-house, a bank, an atheneum*, two churches, two printing offices, (which publish two papers,) a theological seminary, (the worst part about it,) and supposed to contain between one and two thousand inhabitants—vessels of four hundred tons can come up to Bangor. It owns eighteen hundred tons of shipping. Many of the houses are lofty brick buildings, and many of the private dwellings display taste, independence and wealth.

Bangor is divided emphatically, by nature, morals, and politics. The citizens living on one side of the river, being rank orthodox, and those on the other side being liberal Unitarians, with only one exception, to which we may add the orthodox seminary. They are also divided in politics, one part in favor of the administration and the other in favor of Gen. Jackson. Mr. Haynes edits a Jackson paper, and Mr. Call supports the administration. These are both, however, liberal in their sentiments, and gentlemen of taste and talents. Mr. H. particularly is a gentleman of considerable erudition and literary taste, and the very soul of gallantry and polished manners. He is quite a young spare man of good figure, fair complexion

*Those atheneums, are always an evidence of refinement; I found none in the south, excepting Norfolk. An atheneum is a reading room furnished with newspapers and books, where all go to read, but must neither take books, pamphlets, or papers away, or speak a word whilst there; of course, no women are admitted. I hardly ever went into one but I violated the rules in the latter instance.

and good features, with a large full blue eye, and soft open countenance.

Mr. Call is more advanced in years; I think they call him an old batchelor; he is a tall stout man of gentlemanly appearance, fair complexion, good features and benevolent countenance; he deserves much credit for the interest he takes in promoting the happiness and comfort of the Penobscot Indians; he has built them a counsel-house, church, and is their principal friend and agent—he has the sole care of distributing clothes and blankets amongst them annually, the avails of an annuity due them from the state—several of the tribe called to see him on business, whilst I was in his company. They seemed to regard him with great affection, which is doubtless not misplaced—he devotes his services gratis; they were in appearance much like those I saw at Portsmouth, quite sunk in abject ignorance. I am afraid Major Call will never be able to do much with them. His plan, however, is good in respect to one thing, instead of giving them money, which they would doubtless put to a bad use, he gives them necessities to the amount of the sum due.

The wealthy people and lawyers of Bangor are mostly Unitarians, and as in all other places carry their souls in their bodies, and act like human beings. Hon. David Pecham and Major Gen. Isaac Hodson, were amongst my warmest supporters; but in saying this, I am doing great injustice to the other citizens, who evinced alike that uniform hospitality and kindness which ever distinguish the well-bred Yankees. I found but two exceptions, which I believe, is saying more than any other town can boast—these two, for the sake of their relations, I forbear to name, one is a lawyer, and the other is a lawyer and an orthodox together, though the orthodox have drove him out from amongst them.

The wags are always sending me to some obnoxious person to get them a lashing—so it was, I called on a great man and heard him praying very loud, a bad omen at once, a sure mark of a hypocrite; I stood at the door until I thought a Pharisee might have been done, but determined

to see him out, I went round to the kitchen* door and went in—after so long a time he concluded, and a little boy, his son, came and invited me into the parlor—I told the gentleman how long I had waited, and reminded him of that part of the Scriptures which reprobates long prayers—told him he ought to read his bible longer and make his prayer shorter, if he even wished no more than the appearance of a christian, which was doubtless all he had in view, and that God would rather see one good action than ten thousand long prayers—and went on in that way for some time; he looked overpoised and mortified, and quite at a loss. His wife, (good orthodox soul from her red face, she is deep in the orthodox funds,) took up the subject and said a number of pretty things rather too tedious to detail. Mean time I presented my letters to the Hon. ——— (no less.) He began to smile as he read, and was so deeply interested, that he never ceased until he read the whole—this was barbarous to detain me so long, but I consoled myself, thinking he would at least, take two copies of my work. Briefly, after indulging him about three quarters of an hour, I said, “Now sir, you see I am right, that where ever those long prayers are, there is no christianity, you have seen from my papers I deserve your patronage on every ground—you have detained me from my pursuits, and thereby have done me a serious injury—my time and talents, are my all—therefore, you have instead of doing good, done harm.” He had an angel child, a daughter, about eleven or twelve years old, who never ceased to intercede for me; “Oh pa, do buy the lady’s book, do pa, well ma, do you buy it; oh ma, please buy it, it is very cheap.” Thus she teased them—the respect I have for the feelings of this heavenly child, withholds my pen, as there never was a more fertile subject for one disposed to lash hypocrisy and meanness.

Slow but sure, I am advancing against the missionaries; they will now be obliged to run, fight or surrender; these,

*A kitchen in New-England is a part of the dwelling-house, and quite as neat as any part of it.

as we said, live over the river on the north side, while the warm hearted people live on the south. Many of the former, however, come over to pick up the crumbs and odd loaves and fishes, overlooked by the heretics on the south side—amongst these were two lawyers—calling on one of them, as soon as he discovered the object, without inviting me to sit down, or showing the least mark of civility, he jumped up and ran down stairs with the swiftness of a deer leaving me in possession of his office. This is the way they would run from the heathen; oh shocking! Being told there was another, I called on him, his office door was open, I walked in, no one in the office—seeing the door of an adjoining room ajar, it came into my head he had slipped in there; I walked in and found the gentleman hid close enough behind the door—just as I discovered him, another gentleman stepped in, who had business with him, and had the pleasure of finding the gentleman perched behind the door—now why did he hide? why did he rather not stand his ground and convert *me*? These people call me a heathen, a savage, and every thing that is bad; I come to their doors, I do not put them to the trouble of spending money and risking their lives at sea to convert me—if they refused me a piece of bread—if they were not base hypocrites in their professions of sorrow for the souls of the heathen, they would give me a word of comfort, and try to instruct me, as it appears they think I am deficient in christian knowledge—if they are, what they pretend to be, why have they not given some proof of it, in a case so notorious, that it would have wiped out the reproach of hypocrisy, under which they labor.

Willing to give the world a further proof of the religion of these people, I resolved to carry the war “into Africa,” and crossed the river; I happened to meet with a gentleman going the same way, and as we walked along I showed him a paper upon which the most respectable names were written—when we were nearly over the bridge, we saw a gentleman walking towards us, “there is one of the gentlemen, now,” said the young man, and looking on my paper for his name to know how to address

him, upon looking up, he was making the best of his way over the hill from whence he came—I could not forbear laughing at his speed, he was out of sight in a few moments—no way disheartened, I walked on and turned down the principal street to the left amongst the lawyers, doctors and merchants—but had a hostile army invaded them, they could not have fled with more precipitation—some in attempting to fly, tumbled over, some had their chaises ready harnessed, and jumping in drove off, with the utmost speed, others would dart round the corners of the houses, and were out of sight in an instant. No kidnapper ever dispersed a gang of Africans with more dispatch. The only one who stood his ground, was a doctor, a very genteel man—he conversed with me some time, and is said to be quite a moderate orthodox—he refused, however, to patronize me, perhaps it was not convenient—I shall ever have a good opinion of him, nevertheless. The cause of this general terror amongst the orthodox, may be traced to my two fellow travellers, who lived on that side of the river, and doubtless, spread the news. If these people run from one heathen heretic, or what they please to call me—can it be expected they will face hundreds? I should think not—if they run from an *old* woman, how are they to face hundreds of men—nonsense—a child may see through the trick. Why did they run? I was unarmed—and had it been my intention, it was impossible I could have hurt them; how could I, the face of the thing proves its absurdity. They were afraid of my pen. Doubtless, they took the best method in the world to provoke it; and have incurred a stigma that will descend to the seventh generation.

If every freeman, (I call none free who are under the dominion of priests,) had independence enough to treat those covert foes, as they deserve, our country would not groan, as it now does, under clerical oppression.

I see that the Episcopalians, one of the most enlightened and liberal sects we have, have commenced the missionary business, that is, keep silly women at work to educate *pious* young men. Now this is false; they do this from fear of the orthodox; no more piety amongst

any of them than among the heathen; so that between the rock of Scylla and the gulph of Charybdis, we must be wrecked. A very amiable episcopalian clergyman, in answer to my remarks upon their adopting the plan of the blackcoats, replied, "We are obliged to do it, Mrs. R. in our own defence." Oh, fye; that one christian would be wicked, to avoid the tyranny of another, a little courage, such as Luther had, would have been much better.

After putting the blackcoats to flight, I walked over to the other tavern, being one on both sides of the river. I had previously been informed that Gen. Street was in town, and had put up at that tavern. The tavern was some distance up the river, completely out of gunshot of the orthodox. I found a very genteel reception; both the tavernkeeper and the General, vied with each other in marked respect and kindness. A gentleman from Boston also met me there, and remunerated for my failure amongst the godly people.

This part of Maine was settled by the family of Gen. Street. The General is a man of elegant manners, and of considerable property, and stands high in the estimation of the community. But night coming on, I had but a few minutes of his company.

Orthodox Seminary.—I find that the first thing those people aim at, is to plant a seminary wherever they find ignorance enough to support them; and wherever *they* are, there is ignorance. Contrary to the intention, and meaning of a seminary, which is to enlighten mankind, their object is to shut out knowledge, and keep man in ignorance; well knowing that the diffusion of knowledge, would lay open their designs.

As a part of my pursuits consist in visiting seminaries of all sorts, and report them as they are, I walked up to the seminary at Bangor, about the time the professors and students would assemble for recitation.

The seminary, as well as the house of the principal professor, occupies one of the handsomest situations imaginable, high and level; it commands an extensive view of the country, the town, and the river. The house of the principal professor, Smith, stands between the town

and the academy. The house was described to me, so as not to be mistaken; and when I was about half way to it, upon looking up towards the academy, I saw a man walking from the academy to the house, very fast, and finally, after getting the house between him and me, he must have ran, for suspecting his business was to warn the President, (who was doubtless in the house) I walked very fast myself, but he out walked me, and arrived at the house first, as appeared in the end.

Upon entering the house, I found a tolerable female, neither very young nor very old, very handsome or very ugly. Taking her to be Mrs. Smith, as she appeared to do the honors of the house; she informed me she was not Mrs. Smith, without, however, telling me her name. I craved her pardon, and said, I understood Mr. Smith lived in the house, "yes" she said, "Mr. Smith did live in the house, and Mrs Smith would wait on me directly." The house was a new large brick-house, tolerably furnished.

Having little time to spare, I asked the lady to aid me in procuring an interview with Rev. Smith, Pomroy, &c. and further apprized her of my views in visiting the academy. She said Mr. Smith had rode out; there was one falsehood—Asked for Mr. Pomroy, he was not at home—there was another falsehood. At this part of the story, the same fellow whom I saw running (it might be called) from the academy, came in; the lady introduced him to me, by the name of Adams; her husband, as I afterwards understood. Giving up the female, therefore, I addressed myself to the man, habituated to few and plain words—I quickly informed him of my business, saying I should be very happy to see the professors, pupils, and the buildings of the school; and receive what other and further information they might think proper to give. That giving a general description of the country, I deemed it the first object in a writer, to pay particular attention to those Seminaries; as knowledge is the chief good in a free country. In despotic countries, it is the object as it is the interest of the sovereign, to keep the people in ignorance. But in this country, the more light,

the plainer the path of our duty and salvation. We are to legislate and govern ourselves, we frame the law and execute it. I did not however, frighten the poor fellow quite to death, though he was pale and trembling; he had held his head down till now; as if looking in his hat, he ventured to eye me askint—and said something about young institutions, &c. I told him not to be discouraged, that every thing must have a beginning, doubtless the institution must flourish. I saw that appearances were against me, and that if I did not try flattery, I should not be able to see the pupils, or their mode of teaching; having heard it was the most violent, and rigidly conducted seminary, of any in the United States. Finding he gave me no invitation or reply at all, as a gentleman—"we will be happy to see you madam! I'll walk with you! it will give me pleasure!" No—too much for him. He teach a school! he educate men to spread the gospel! No—he is void of the manners of the heathen. Is it not astonishing, that people in this free and independent country, should suffer their children to become degraded brutes under such men. Why send them to learn ignorance, and pay for it too? But let us see more of this Mr. Toothpick, for he looked more like a case of toothpicks than a teacher. "I am told professor Smith is absent—I regret this much—will you have the goodness sir, to aid me in procuring an interview with Mr. Pomroy?" He was not at home, he was gone over the river. "The students sir." They were over the river too.

Pausing for a second to reflect what to say next, "The building, is that gone over the river too?" He made no reply. "It is clear, sir, you do not wish me to know any thing of your proceedings; if you were doing any good, why afraid to let it meet the eye of the public, and thereby enhance your labours. In the mean time Mrs. Smith came in; the other one also returned, and after introducing Mrs. S., retired again. Mrs. Smith is an elegant woman; one of the first Boston ladies, with two bright eyes and not a spark of orthodox about her. I was charmed with her appearance—I wonder those Boston ladies do not recoil at the idea of those gloomy inquisitors, for such, doubtless,

must have been her husband or he would not have kept out of sight, and have been afraid to let me see the seminary.

He doubtless was in hearing all the time. One of the ladies said he rode out; another said he was sick; the latter might have been true, as they all get sick when they have no chance to run away. But let him be what he may, his wife is a most accomplished and beautiful woman.

I next produced my letters to professor Adams, thinking, as he was so godly given, he would give me something to help me on my way, if he did not choose to buy my book, which I offered him, saying, I was reduced, in old age, and had no other means of support, but my talents. He said something which I did not rightly understand, as I picked up the New York Observer, and said I never found any charity where that paper was taken*, and that I was now at no loss to understand the nature of the school, and the policy of concealing the rules from honest people, or those who might expose the designs, of those insolent, wicked priests. This was warm. He "did not know what right I had to speak so of that paper;" he thought it based on charity. I said "charity was the mark of a christian." "Yes!" "but do you call robbing the poor, and cheating honest industry out of its labor; leading silly women and children astray; blinding the ignorant, and extorting by hypocrisy and lies, vast sums of money, for no other object, but to maintain a set of lazy priests?" Charity I thought, or, religion and charity was rather quite opposed to this. He thought that "converting the heathen, and saving immortal souls, was the greatest good we could do." "Then you make saving souls the first object of christianity or charity the same thing; for I suspect you call that, and that alone religion." It was the height of religion! Did not Christ say, "go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." "True? but he did not tell them

*This is perhaps saying too much, for Mrs. S. was an evidence to the contrary; but Mrs. S. had nothing to do with the paper.

to prepare themselves at all in these sort of schools—but waving this, “how are you to save a soul?” Why, “you cannot save the life of a kitten; you could not restore a flea to life; the soul is harder to save than the body, if you cannot save the body, how are you to save the soul?” This was adamant.

Those people of old, that used to go and save souls, or preach the gospel, (we have nothing on saving souls,) could heal the sick and raise the dead. Which of you can do either? You have not the heart to give me a piece of bread. If you have not the will to do so small a thing, how can you do great things? But taking you upon your own ground, why do you not civilize the Penobscot Indians? I do not say, convert them to christianity, as it is evident, civilization must precede conversion. If you have not been able to civilize these Indians, which have always lived under your nose, how are you to convert the heathen, that live thousands of miles distant? “Oh they will not let us convert them!” Mrs. Smith finding that I was too much for the professor, put in a word here. She said “their number was too small to excite any attention.” “Then it could have been the easier done! besides, it would save a vast expense.” We need no greater evidence of your falsehood and hypocrisy than the one I have cited; one soul is as good as another. The professor was silent. It is shameful, that parents should be so infatuated and blinded by those deceivers, who are only training them up for the vilest purposes.

VISIT TO OLD-TOWN, MAINE.

Old Town is an Island in Penobscot river, and is the property of the Penobscot tribe of Indians. Being told it was a beautiful ride up the Penobscot, only twelve or fifteen miles distant, and the end of the settled part of Maine; a stage running and returning the same day.

I resolved to see Old Town, and set off accordingly. My fellow-passengers, were all of the liberal sort, excepting a little girl who never opened her mouth; in fact, she

appeared rather frightened. But saying I did not blame her, it was her father which was to blame. She was contented.

There was a good jovial soul aboard from Thomastown, and finding there was one or two with the driver, I observed "I hoped he had no Missionaries outside; that if he had, he had better keep them where they were. I wanted no Missionaries with me." The Thomastown gentleman joined me; no said he "we want no Missionaries with us."

We were well matched, the whole of us, all laughed at the Missionaries, and the driver, I suspect by appointment, called at a door for another passenger. Out came another long-faced Missionary, equipped for the stage—but upon seeing me in it, he darted off into the house and shut the door. "An't you a going!" said the driver, but received no answer. A number of gentlemen as well as boys gathered round the stage to hear the fun, which will probably afford them sport for some time.

To such a pitch of insolence have those orthodox arrived in Bangor, that in consequence of the union and christian fellowship recommended by governor Lincoln, in his proclamation, appointing a day of thanksgiving—they refused to preach on the Sunday, the Governor recently spent at Bangor. He had preceded me only a few days, in his visit through the state reviewing the troops. When attending divine service, the doors were shut against him and his suite, one of the most amiable men in the world—but had he been a robber, a heathen, or what not, are they not the people we are told to convert? "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick?" "I came not" says Christ, "to save the righteous, but sinners!" How will those hypocrites get over this? What more could an angel, even Christ himself have said, than to unite in prayer and praise to God—this was the Governor's crime, so that daily proofs are pouring upon us, of the wickedness of those people. They convert the heathen! and refuse to pray for the Governor? The abominable hypocrites. Christ says, "pray for your enemies!" Shocking perversion of common sense.

It was a fine pleasant day, 18th October—and health, high spirits and contentment, found me rolling away on the smooth banks of the Penobscot. Every thing conspired to remind me of the western country; the smooth Penobscot; the dark impenetrable woods; the silent evergreens, however, was not exactly western, nor the soil, nor the houses. But the idea, that it was the boundary of civilization, had something in it congenial with my feelings, which were completely absorbed almost the whole way. The banks however, exhibited many farms, cattle, taverns, and houses. The land bordering on Penobscot is quite low, compared to that of Kennebeck, and I should say a stronger soil, being thickly set with grass.

We passed the oldest house built in the country, and the first store, built by the family of Gen. Street. These are but a short distance from Bangor, also the ruins of an old mill. We saw no vessels in the river, but numerous long rafts of timber. Horses of a better quality than I have yet seen in New England, appear in the fields. The people live in comfortable houses, and appear very domestic.

The road was fine, the prospect beautiful; and never did I enjoy myself more than during this drive up the Penobscot. The novelty of the rafts, some with men on them, others dashing over falls and shoals, whirling about in every direction, by which many of them became loosened, and pursued their way alone.

As we drove on, the driver showed me where two out of three men were drowned the preceding winter, by falling off a raft. The river being high, the raft passed towards some large rocks, concealed by the water which ran over them; the raft got into the eddy, occasioned by the rock, and all their power to extricate themselves proved fruitless. The raft whirled round and round in the eddy. It was in very cold weather, and the men, except one was so benumbed with the cold, that they were unable to swim.

The fir is very large as we proceed up the river. We arrived at Oldtown about 12 o'clock. Here navigation and civilization ends. Here are the falls of Penobscot, which are truly grand, and here too is the Island called

Oldtown, containing 300 acres of the richest land in Maine.

My friend Captain, with whom I had become acquainted in Bangor, very politely offered to accompany me over in the boat, whilst I was all impatience to see the Indians, from whom we were only separated by part of the river, about fourteen feet deep at this place. The houses of the Indians looked comfortable, most of them frames, though a few were partly of bark.

Expressing some pleasure at the interview that awaited me, to my astonishment my friend replied, "that I would be completely disappointed! that there was not an Indian on the Island—that they never staid on the Island at all, summer or winter—that once a year and once only, the whole tribe assembled on the Island, which meeting they held sacred, and never failed to attend. A few of them come oftener on the Island, but on certain solemn days, the whole tribe meet on the Island."

Being Roman Catholics, their priest, a French Priest, from Canada, attend at the same time to grant absolution, celebrate mass, &c. the whole of the time; a fortnight is principally spent in performing the ceremonies of the church, which they go through with great devotion and seriousness.

They have a neat church, and a neat small house for the Priest to reside in, during his stay with them—also, a large Council Hall, built by Captain Call, of Bangor.—All business relating to law or religion is transacted on the Island, the whole of which belongs to them, and though a good part of it is cleared land, they cultivate no part of it.

They wander about in the summer hunting and fishing, and in the winter they camp in the woods for the convenience of fuel. The land on the Island is rich and would, if cultivated, yield enough to support them; their number diminishes daily, not being more than 300. I saw two or three of them at the village on this side of the river; they were small silly-looking creatures, with a vacant countenance, entirely void of that bold, manly look, peculiar to our Indians in the south.

We crossed the river above the falls in a craft, between a boat and a canoe, though not exactly either, it was wider than a canoe, and not near so long. The bow and the stern, terminates in a sharp point, and is much higher than the middle. With this species of craft, the white people as well as the Indians navigate the Penobscot, to a great distance above the falls.

The source of the Penobscot I have mentioned—It is 220 miles in length, though not settled above the falls.—These falls combine much beauty and grandeur, and prove the means of great wealth.

Here I find Boston capital again, to a great amount, vested in a number of mills for sawing plank and scantling, the falls affording one of the finest seats for mills in the United States. There are a number of them skilfully constructed; it is quite a curiosity to see them in operation. One, I was told, cut 1200 feet per day, perhaps more, and the quantity of logs lying in the water (which have been floated down the river,) would build a Navy. Acres in extent are covered with huge trees, lying side by side.—Here too is a new species of tree, called the Silver birch.

Before I came to Maine, I heard a great deal about the silver *fir*, but I saw no difference—when the fir tree is enveloped in dew or frost, it has a silver appearance, (or diamonds, rather) and is very beautiful, it is dazzling to the eyes.

The Penobscot river is three quarters of a mile wide at Oldtown—the rock over which the water falls, runs across the river in a zigzag line, broken, indented, into semicircles in many places; this causes the water to whirl round and round in seeking a passage, and in many places this unevenness, causes the water to rebound to a great height.

The water for the mills is taken out of the river a little above the falls.

The village at this place, is a flourishing collection of houses, inhabited by some of the best spirits in Maine. Here, even here, in the frontier of the state, I found, not friends and patrons *only*, but the cream of the state—not a spot of this noble state, but is distinguished by kind-

ness, taste and hospitality. Here lives captain — whose name, I lament to have lost; he is a lawyer and a gentleman of elegant appearance; also two other lawyers, one a black-coat! the father of the little jenny dismal, who came with us from Bangor—not a corner of the globe can escape these missionaries, but the odds is againgt them in this place, which promises to be a great depot in time. An elegant tavern also is kept here and excellent fare.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.

Whilst I remained at Bangor, the commissioners of Maine and Massachusetts, who had been appointed to survey and run the boundary line between the land belonging to each state, on the frontier of Maine, called at the tavern. One of these gentlemen was from Massachusetts and the other from Maine. I no sooner heard of the arrival of the commissioners from their tour, than I expected a call, particularly, as they put up at the same house, it was quite natural to expect it. The commissioners of two respectable states, rather inspired more than ordinary curiosity—owing to my intense application, however, the thing soon passed out of mind, and I thought no more of it.

On the day of my visit to Oldtown, when the hour of my departure drew near, I put on my bonnet, &c. and descended to the parlor, in order to be ready for the stage. This parlor was one appropriated exclusively to travellers, and being the only one, excepting the bar-room and dining-room, about the house, every traveller must sit together, if they sit at all. It was not only the sitting room, but the eating room for travellers, and was often used by myself in that way, though here, as at other places, I mostly ate in my chamber—but otherwise this was the only alternative—upon entering this room to await the stage, two gentlemen were eating breakfast; I took a seat near the window to observe the stage when it arrived, and now and then, eyed the eaters—one was ra-

ther genteel than otherwise, though he was not overdone with it—the other had a clownish aspect, and sottish face, which was pretty much bloated, spotted, and pimpled, upon a deep red ground—as he sat at the table he appeared low, inclining to the corpulent—the upper lid of his eyes, hung loosely and copiously over the ball of his eyes, (which were none of the smallest,) and projected far beyond the usual proportion—this lap-leather, denominated eyelid in other people, fell in a semicircle over his eye, which could neither be called, grey, white, nor actually red, and concealed about two thirds of the ball, leaving a triangle at each corner of a scarlet red, somewhat resembling the pieces of a patchwork quilt—whoever has seen an *old* rundown *hound*, which generally has red eyes overhung by the laxity of the eye-lid, may have a true idea of Mr. Commissioner, whose name, it is said, is White-side. He appeared on a sudden to be paralyzed, he turned pale, sat down the cup, which his trembling hand could no longer hold, and studiously avoding my eye, fixing his eyes on the window in a stupid stare, as though some one had hired him to inspect the glass.

Finding the stage was tedious in its approach, and the day far advanced, I thought it no bad plan to brace myself, with a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter. The gentlemen were sitting, one at the foot and the other, the red-faced one, at one side—I took the head of the table, and told the girl to hand me a cup of coffee—neither of the gentlemen said, shall I help you to this, that, or the other, and the blear-eyed one, with his eyes upon the window continued so till the stage called, and I departed.

Upon my return from Oldtown in the evening, seeing a brisk fire in the parlor, I stepped in there, until the servant made a fire in my chamber—I had scarcely taken my chair, when the landlord came to me, and whispering in my ear, begged me “not to say any thing to offend his boarders.” He spoke with great humility, and under great excitement—I was thunderstruck, and asked, “what was the matter, I did not, to my knowledge, know one of his boarders—never spoke to one at all—never saw them!! I never went where they were!!” He saying there was

a fire in my room, I walked up, the better to understand the man of boarders. I spoke pretty sharp when we arrived at the head of the stairs, and desired to know what he meant, that I never spoke to one of his boarders, "Oh, but," said he, "Mrs. R. one of them has complained to me, and has threatened to leave my house, and you are so good, that I know you would not wish such a thing." "Who was it," he "hoped I would excuse him, he did not like to say." It immediately struck me, it was one of the men I saw in the parlor that morning, and asked him if it was not, "no, it was neither of them."

The tavern-keeper appeared to be a very *good* but a very *weak* man; but what astonished me, was that he in the first place, should have expressed so much pleasure at my giving his house the preference, and quite in raptures at my visit to his town, and refuse to satisfy me—I had as much right to be offended as they had, and at least, the same right to protection. His wife, however, a very fine woman by-the-bye, told me it was the old flax-eyed ruffian, who took the offence at my taking a cup of coffee at the table in the morning—a gentleman would have thought himself honored. Instead of saying what he did to me, had the landlord showed the old ruffian the door, he would have acted more like a man, and instead of injuring his house, he would have greatly enhanced it. Had it been Dow of Waterville, he would have showed the old fellow the door pretty quick.

This landlord, to say the least of him, is not fit to keep a public house—it was his duty, as well as his interest, to have extended to me, while at his house, exclusive attention, my sex and my situation to say no more, deserved this from every man. There was another excellent house near to his, which I repented I did not prefer.

VISIT TO CASTINE.

The next morning, agreeably to my arrangement, I set out for Castine—we cross the Penobscot at Bangor, and take the stage on the other side of the river. It cost me no little trouble to part with my friends, and never was a man so glad as my landlord, when called to accompany me to the ferry-boat. He was a stout man, but the greatest coward in the world, a flea would make him run.

It was a perfect treat to cross the wide smooth Penobscot, at high tide, no mirror could be more smooth, though it is not transparent like the Ohio.

Instead of a stage, when I arrived on the other bank, I was met by a little wagon, the greatest take-in, in the world. But it was Hopson's choice, that or none, and away I rattled, the road bad.

The roads throughout New-England, are the best roads in the United States, and this could not be called bad, though it was bad to ride in a wagon. I scolded the driver; he said it should be better next time, he was going to have a coach the next trip; but this afforded little comfort to my poor bones.

I had intended to have gone by water, if a vessel had sailed about the time, it would have been charming at that season of the year, neither too warm nor too cold, but this time fortune was against me. I was very near, however, giving up, and certainly would have trusted to chance, but the driver said he would get a chaise at Bucksport, which he did.

The borders of the Penobscot, though not so populous as the Kennebeck, are more level, and equally as fertile.—Many fine meadows and fields of Indian corn appear at intervals, and great industry and enterprize mark the face of the country, whilst the noble Penobscot with a few vessels moving up and down amuse the eye of the traveller.

To these we may add various constructions raised in the river, for taking fish in the fishing season. My driv-

er was unable to tell me the name of these structures, which consist of upright pieces of wood, about the size of hoop poles; one end of these is sunk in the channel of the river, while the other remains above low water. They are closely connected, so as to keep in the fish, but let the water out, and an opening left to decoy the fish within it.

When the tide is up the fish swim in and are caught.— This is all I was able to learn on the subject.

BUCKSPORT, MAINE,

Is a very pretty village, (though it is called a post town,) 14 miles from Bangor. Here I got rid of my driver and wagon; got an excellent dinner, and the best attention, at an excellent tavern. Put two or three Unitarians to flight, (they must have been cowards; and doubtless took me for a Missionary!) and found a very gentlemanly lawyer, the only gentleman in the place, and if I am not mistaken, he was an orthodox. Let this be as it may, he is an amiable man and has a very interesting family.

His house occupies a charming situation, commanding one of the finest prospects on the river.

Bucksport stands upon an eminence, which descends to the river. The town contains nearly 2,000 inhabitants—has a good harbour and much trade. Ships of the largest size come to Bucksport.

The scenery at this place is very handsome; the land swelling into bold hills, on both sides of the river.

After spending about an hour at Bucksport, I set off to Castine with the mail in a chaise, and a boy to drive, and without much variety arrived at Castine about dark.

As a warning to mail contractors, and proprietors of stage lines, the boy who drove me from Bucksport to Castine, is the greatest ruffian in the world; he was grossly insolent the whole way—a Billingsgate fellow was much more fit to be trusted with the mail! This is the coun-

try, and these are the people who pretend to convert the heathen!!

I should not have visited Castine, but from the advice of my friends, who said I would find some of the most polished people there, in Maine, and very pleasant society.

CASTINE, MAINE.

Castine lies on one side of Penobscot bay, and Belfast on the other, they being twelve miles asunder. I would have gone to Belfast on the other side of the river, but the distance being the same, and the further inducement of sailing on the bay across to Belfast, I preferred the advice of my friend!

It being dark I was unable to see the town, and found no one at the tavern but a great monster of a man, who appeared to have a paralytic. He had a partly colored face, and could scarcely speak a word. His wife, who can speak enough for both, was gone a visiting with her sister, who was on a visit from Belfast.

I was very hungry, and pressed the landlord for something to eat, and a place to lie down, being fatigued for the first time by travelling, since I travelled in the Atlantic states.

The landlord seemed quite stupid, but a girl from the kitchen coming in, I, with two gentlemen who just arrived, was soon accommodated, and I retired to bed.

It now began to be too late in the season for pleasant travelling, nor does any country appear to the same advantage. Here I was almost at the extremity of Maine, the 20th October. I had to retrace my way back to Portland, and had all New Hampshire, excepting Portsmouth and Exeter, to visit, the white mountains or white hills, and all Vermont.

This was terrifying, but I resolved not to shrink from the task, and of course, as I had but little time to spend in a place I had to be more industrious.

The steamboat was expected in the morning, (Sunday,) about 10 o'clock, on its way to Belfast, and should I miss the opportunity, I might not have another for several days; therefore, after taking a cup of coffee, I walked to the top of a very considerable hill, to feast my eyes upon the prospect of the bay and numerous Islands, with which it is overspread.

This bay lies on the south coast of Maine, eighteen miles wide and thirty long. It embosoms Long Island, containing the town of Islesborough, the Fox Island, containing the town of Vinalhaven, and several smaller ones, which presents a beautiful prospect.

Castine, like all the towns on the rivers of Maine, is built on a declivity, ascending from the water to a considerable height; to the top of this height, nearly a mile, I walked before sunrise, to take a view of this far-famed bay, than which nothing can be more beautiful. As far as the eye can see, the bay is dotted with Islands of all shapes and figures.

Many of the houses of Castine stand on this eminence, the most charming site in all New England.

Here too are the remains of an old fortification built by the British, when they were in possession of Castine. It was large and strong, and must, from its situation, have been impregnable. Some person had set it on fire some weeks before my arrival, and it was still burning.

From the nature of the harbor, I am told it is impossible almost to fortify it against approach by water. If this be true, it is a great pity, as it is finely situated for commerce, and would command the trade of all the rich Penobscot country.

Castine contains a court-house, a jail, a bank, one Unitarian church, and 1050 inhabitants. It has a fine harbor, carries on a considerable trade, and is a very flourishing town. It is 122 miles from Portland, and about 70 from Eastport, the end of Maine. My friend Major K. of Fort Independence, now resides at Eastport—out of my reach, he is safe enough, though the captain of the steam-boat said he would take me there gratis, if I would go, but it was growing too late in the season.

The society of Castine is not inferior to any in New England. Though my time was short, and withall Sunday, yet many of the gentlemen called on me. Amongst these was Col. Upton, a most gentlemanly man, formerly of Boston. He, with his son, (a most amiable youth) Mr. Otis, and Mr. W. Gilman, all of whom appeared to be men of taste and talents.

Mr Otis, particularly, the editor of a paper, gained much upon my esteem, which was by no means enhanced by a sheer puff I saw afterwards in his paper. I was the more surprised at this, as he is certainly a man of learning and taste, and appeared to be a man of candor. He and Mr. Gilman are lawyers, the latter a very gentlemanly man. I suspect Mr. Otis was influenced by a patched up Unitarian preacher. No great things—these priests will rule the roast, let them be of what sect they may, but they shall never rule me. I despise a mean man if he were my brother.

VOYAGE ON THE BAY.

A steam-boat runs from Eastport to Boston, once a week; and touching at Castine, crosses the bay to Belfast, and passes on to Boston. She was expected in port at nine o'clock, A. M. but did not arrive till in the night. My friends accompanied me to the boat, which I found pretty well crowded with male and female passengers; some from Eastport, but the most of them from Canada. Whilst I sat in that part designed for females, surrounded by a number of rough looking women, the door open which displayed the gentlemen's cabin, and a number of passengers. The boat had been under way some time, when to my infinite joy, whom should I see walking in from the deck but my friend Col. Upton! I do not know that I ever was more gratified in my life. I had no idea

*I met with a gentleman at this place, a sea captain, who was kept alive nine days without water by bathing often in the salt water.

of his being a passenger, though his son waited on me to the boat. I now felt as happy as a princess, and no brother could have been kinder.

The captain of the boat, captain Coffin, was also very attentive, and quite a gentleman in his manners. He was making his last trip, though he said he would go once more to Eastport, if I would go with him, an honor far superior to my merit. Doubtless had Major K. known I was so near him, he would have met me at Castine.

It is twelve miles across the bay, and we had a very quick and pleasant passage, a little over three hours.

I was no little amused by my female companions during our voyage, their mutual love for toddy, snuff, and slander, made them very sociable with each other; whilst they appeared to look down upon my humble self with all contempt imaginable, until they found, from the attention paid me, I must be some body, when they became as troublesome the other way.

The night was dark, and the distance from the landing to the tavern was considerable; but I stuck to my friend Col. Upton, or rather he stuck to me, till I was safely housed, and with his own hands he brought my trunk to my chamber door.

BELFAST

Is another beautiful flourishing town, more populous than Castine. It stands on Belfast bay, at the mouth of a river of the same name, at the N. W. part of Penobscot bay. It has a safe harbor, and great commercial advantages; and is increasing rapidly in wealth and improvement. The situation is one of the handsomest in Maine, and the prospect delightful. It is a seaport town, contains two churches, an academy, and about fifteen hundred inhabitants.

Here my tour through Maine ends, from the lateness of the season. I was obliged to turn round and seek my way back to Portland, through which the shortest rout

lay to New Hampshire, I was now, the 22d of October, 120 miles from Portland, in lat. 44 deg. and 25 min. N. This sacrifice of risk and fatigue I encountered for the sake of the people of Maine, and I should have encountered ten fold as much without murmuring.

I have some where observed that the citizens of Maine, take them all in all, are a long ways before the other New England States in urbanity of manners and warmth of feeling, but particularly in hospitality. This may be gathered from the preceding tour. These traits are more striking as you advance through the interior. But of all the towns I have visited Belfast exceeds. The kindness of the citizens was absolutely oppressive, as it laid me under obligations which I shall never be able to repay. That masterly text of scripture which comprises the Christian religion as respects the conduct of man to his fellow creature—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," is emphatically fulfilled in Belfast.

My friend the Colonel took care to introduce me to the principal gentlemen in the place; amongst these were a Col. Lane, who came passenger with us from Castine, and several others. The people of Belfast, however, do not wait for formal introductions, they came pouring in from all quarters and took me at once by the hand. Even in the streets, knowing there was a stranger in town and seeing me from their windows, the dear creatures would rush out of their houses and tear me in in spite of cold ceremony and all the nonsense of empty formality "I know this is Mrs. R.—you must excuse us—we have heard so much of you that we all want to see you—we were so 'fraid you would not come to Belfast." All glee and buoyant spirits, they appear to enjoy a superior sort of happiness.

"Witty, wise, though social-hearted good."

But nothing astonished them more than that steady, uniform and determined course I had laid down and pursued in exposing those enemies of all that is good, the mission-

aries; and so formidable have those ruffians become that I was received every where with astonishment and delight. Bad as those missionaries are and formidable to life and liberty, little did those amiable people dream that their insolence would carry those monsters so far as to attempt my life, which they did shortly after this. But the cause in which I nearly fell a sacrifice was glorious and has done more to open the eyes of mankind to the frauds of those wicked priests than an hundred books.

I am under deep obligations to every citizen of Belfast, not even excepting the little, canting, political, insignificant editor, who, in imitation of other silly men, said, "I was upon an electioneering expedition." He took care, however, not to say it until I left the town. I pity such little p——s; they must have bad hearts who can never think well of others. But, to begin the portrait of my friends—which every one will expect after what I have said—Col. Upton, though he does not live in Belfast, he ought to live there—he is a stout man, of middle age, dark complexion, round full face, with regular features and the finest eye (large, soft and black,) ever placed in human head; respecting his manners and philanthropy, we will leave it shrouded under that modesty where true greatness loves to dwell. Col. Upton has a son, the image of himself, who already rivals his father in the beauty of his person and the elegance of his manners.

Amongst those gentlemen who are distinguished in Belfast, are Col Lane; Hon. Wm. Crosby, Hon. A. Johnston, Rev. Frothingham, Messrs. R. C. Johnson, John Anger, Joseph Williamson, William White, Stevens, Allen, E. Fellows, James White and Dr. Munroe. Col. L. is of common size and middle age, his face round, fine, fair and full, with a rolling black eye and great benignity and modesty of countenance. His manners are easy though manly and dignified; he is Collector for the port, and no better man could have been pitched upon. Hon. Wm. Crosby is of middle age, common size, fair complexion; round full face and soft grey eye; his countenance open, mild and benevolent, his manners gentlemanly and polite. Hon. A. J. did not strike me particularly

—but R. C. J. is very distinguished for his amiable manners and disposition. He is a tall, noble figure, with an oval fair face and the finest countenance in nature. Rev. Frothingham is a Unitarian Preacher, very different, as we might have supposed, from his brother of Castine: the latter a clown of consummate meanness*—the former one of the most noble of the human race—learned, accomplished, humane, modest, polite; he stands unrivaled amongst his fellows. He is the most singularly amiable man I ever saw. If he has a fault it is that of being too diffident. Mr. Frothingham is of middle age, rather under, with a round full face, fair complexion, and soft intelligent blue eye; his countenance—what his actions bespeak—benevolent, and his manners gentlemanly and pleasing. He is about the common size.

Col. Joseph Williamson is one of the finest looking men in the place and deservedly ranks amongst the highest. He is quite a young man, a fine figure with a fair oval face, gay countenance and soft dark grey eye. In his deportment he is manly and dignified.

Mr. John Anger is of middle age and spare make, with great dignity of countenance and very genteel manners.

Mr. White is a young man, with a mild blue eye and very engaging manners. Dr. Munroe is no ways behind his neighbors in every thing that constitutes a gentleman.

But of all the gentlemen of Belfast, a Mr. Allen, a lawyer, excited not only my wonder but the highest admiration. He boarded at the house where I put up. He is a thin spare man and very distant in his manners, he scarcely spoke a word to me while I was in Belfast, though he would sometimes walk into the kitchen-part of the house, where I always took a cup of coffee as soon as I arose in the morning—on these occasions he would walk the floor backwards and forwards, now and then bestowing a look of benignity upon me, but interested me in no

*Though I have a most exalted opinion of those Unitarians, as I have ever found them the best people in our country, dispensing every kind of good, yet they must not expect me to connive or shelter those amongst them who disgrace the sect. Of course there are mean people in all societies.

other way—merely saluting when we would meet at the table; he was remarkable for using few words, and under the show almost of misanthropy concealed one of the most generous hearts in the world. When I was about to leave Belfast I asked my landlady for my bill—"Your bill is paid" said she. "Who paid it?" "Mr. Allen." There is a Christian! which of the missionaries ever did such a thing? After doing this generous act he took himself off, lest I might thank him. I did, however, find him and took him by the hand, but he would hear of no thanks.—I shall be pardoned for this digression. To return—the people of Belfast take the sure road—they take the best means to keep alive those generous feelings:—love and good will to mankind. It is truly a town of brothers united in every effort to improve themselves. They all meet at appointed periods for the purpose of improving themselves in debate, being formed into a regular society for the purpose, with a President at their head. This society consists of the principal gentlemen of the place, old and young. One of those meetings took place while I was there, which I attended. The discussions were conducted with seriousness and decorum, and exhibited a fine display of wit, taste, learning and talent. My friend Col. Williamson presided in the chair, and, though I am no judge, doubtless he filled it with honor and satisfaction to his friends. The audience was crowded, of both sexes, the subjects were various and afforded much amusement from the fire and spirit of the speakers. Of all the questions debated of course I was pleased with one introduced by a gallant young gentleman, who undertook to prove the superiority of women over men in many instances. I could see a smile of approbation flitting from face to face amongst the fair ones, and doubtless a part was designed for myself, though he did not exactly say so in so many words—but all will grant the thing was very appropos. May the fairest of the fair nymphs of Belfast reward him with her hand. I never lamented old age before.

But we were all amused with an elderly gentleman, the father of the Johnstons, one of the most interesting men

of his years amongst the human race. His fine face dressed in smiles—every feature stamped with the impress of innocence, wit and humor was at any time sufficient to promote the best of feelings. But unfortunately, or fortunately rather (as it afforded us great amusement) Judge Johnson was compelled to answer himself, one of the young gentlemen his opponent, being taken suddenly ill, or from some cause declined speaking, and no one could be found good natured enough to speak for him but Mr. Johnston, which occasioned a great laugh.

This is a much better way of spending time than tippling at the taverns. It is a great pity that other towns do not imitate their example.

I had the pleasure of meeting with a gentleman at Belfast who was a citizen of Boston; he subscribed for all my books, or at least put his name on my subscription book, and from that day to the present I have never seen it: being so unfortunate as to have my book stolen and some of the leaves torn out. Doubtless his name must have been amongst the number. I deeply lament this misfortune for my own sake, but particularly for the sake of mankind, as this amiable man, who like my Mend Allen, "does good by stealth," would shrink from applause. I have written to my friends at Belfast to furnish me with his name, and should I be so unfortunate as not to obtain it, as a last favor, I implore the gentleman when he sees this to apprize me in a letter; he can state a circumstance (to prevent deception) which is only known to his God and ourselves. This gentleman is tall and finely made, graceful in his manners, of young appearance, of a meek and placid countenance, and, take him altogether, an honor to the human race and to the fraternity which claims him as a member. I shall never be happy till I once more see him, or by some fortunate means discover his name.* Thus do these Bostonians honor their city wherever they go.

But the incident I am now about to relate settles the question as to Maine in general, and Belfast in particular

*As I wish to deliver him his books.

I had been out of books some time, having sold all on the Penobscot and about in the stores excepting one or two which I parted with at Bucksport and Castine—so that I had but one when I came to Belfast. When I was just going to set off on my journey those immeasurably kind people flocked around me to take leave, and upon shaking hands, every man left a dollar in my hand!!!

There are, unfortunately, a few orthodox in Belfast; their preacher is named Wails, (a bad name by the way) but not one of these came near me. Which are the Christians?—instead of coming to administer kindness and relief to a stranger, than which nothing exalts the human character higher—those monsters would have taken my life, for no other reason but because I had independence enough to tell truth, and yet they have the effrontery to talk of converting the heathen.

Belfast was settled by Mitchell and others in 1770.—A man by the name of Etemson was the first who built a house where Belfast now stands.* One remark is alike due to Belfast and Castine, which is, that there are no rabble in either. At length the hour of parting came, and with a sigh—and a long lingering look I parted from my friends—dear people, my last pulse shall beat for thee.

RETURN TO PORTLAND.

The road from Belfast to Portland lies on the sea shore for near 100 miles, and but for the day, which was cold and blustering, and withall accompanied with a little snow,† I should have had a perfect banquet. As to scenery, there cannot possibly be a more beautiful prospect than the sea shore presents as you travel from Belfast to Portland, spotted with fairy islands that look as

*It would have given me great pleasure to have given the history of all the towns in Maine, but so imperfectly is the history known, being blended with that of Massachusetts, that I found it impossible.

†It will be recollected that the winter began some weeks earlier this year than common.

though they were taking a sail to themselves, All sizes and shapes, some square, some round, some long and others broad, and there are several thousand of those Islands, I am told, many of which are inhabited.

There is one in particular as you draw near the town of Lincoln, its symmetry and beauty must be remembered by every one who has travelled that road. The country being level you have it in view for several miles. I think it is called Round Island. This was the 29th of October, and though the snow melted or was blown away before it reached the ground, it was quite cold and the wind was troublesome, yet I bore it all and kept the windows up to feast upon the scenery, which for extent and variety is by far the handsomest in the United States. Whoever travels for the sake of amusement in the United States ought not to stop short of a trip upon the shore of Maine, say from Portsmouth to Eastport, for beauty it cannot be exceeded.

Without any one but myself I arrived at Thomastown in the evening—not the *yankee* evening—I mean about sundown, almost frozen. There were two taverns in Thomastown, and in order to be near my friend Mr. Frailey I stopped at the first.

THOMASTOWN

Is the most flourishing and wealthy town of its size in Maine, owing to its vast and extensive quarries of black and white marble and endless quarries of limestone. The wealth and activity of the place was very apparent long before we reached Thomastown, the number of men at work in the quarries on each side of us—the great ox-teams strung along the road—the road cut up with the vast number of carts and waggons and the richness of the soil evinced wealth and industry. The celebrated Thomastown marble I had often seen in my travels through Maine—sideboards, tables, chimney-pieces and hearths are made of it, also tomb-stones; it is of a deep blue or

rather black, or perhaps the best definition would be to say between a blue and a black, for it can properly be called neither. It is very handsome, and takes a fine polish; and I should say it was the handsomest American marble I have seen. Its color is not uniform but clouded, with deep spots and veins. I believe in my heart that it is the limestone; it is precisely like the blue limestone in the limestone valley of Virginia. I stopped the carriage to inquire of the men which was the marble and which the limestone. They told me it was all alike, and so it appeared in fact.

I likewise examined it at Thomastown, at my leisure, and found no difference whatever; burn the marble and it makes lime. I have been told that naturalists say that limestone is a species of marble, which this would seem to confirm.*

Thomastown is forty-two miles from Belfast, or the river St. George, a few miles from the ocean, and the river is navigable to this place. Great quantities of lime and marble are exported from Thomastown, annually. It is a very handsome town, and contains two churches, a bank, a printing office, and the whole town three thousand inhabitants; the state prison of Maine is in Thomastown.

I spent a day here looking at the marble, and the state prison, which last appears to be well kept, though the keeper was absent at Portland. The whole of Thomastown is situated on a bed of limestone, or marble if you please, and the prison being surrounded by a high wall, the prisoners, about 50 in number, are employed in quarrying this stone during the day. They have almost undermined the prison by an excavation of vast depth. The people of Maine missed it, that they did not build their prison nearer the water to save the carriage.

Thomastown was the seat of Gen. Knox, of the revolution, and his splendid house and pleasure grounds are still in being. His seat occupies a beautiful situation on the river, and the house is one of the most superb build-

*I did not see any white marble.

ings in the United States, though it is now falling into decay. His daughter and her husband, who have no children, live in the house, but have the appearance of being very poor. The house was not well furnished, though it contained many handsome paintings, principally the ancestors of the general and his wife.

The lady appeared to be a very genteel woman, but her husband was distant and gloomy, and of unpleasant manners; he had a very dissipated countenance.

A son of the general lives in Thomastown, as deaf as a post, I was told; I called to see him, but he ran into his office and locked the door.

The citizens of Thomastown are principally orthodox, unsociable, unfriendly, and even insolent in their manners. The tavern-keeper where I put up, was the most insolent ruffian of all the missionaries I met in my travels, he was absolutely dangerous, so much so, that I had to quit the house; he is one of your rank, brimstone, bloody Presbyterians. But the cream of the story is yet to come. My friend Mr. Farely (whom, with the Speaker of the house, I had met with before on my tour) introduced me to several of the masons, and other gentlemen of the place. I believe, however, they were all masons, these men, I mean gentlemen, subscribed for my book, to the number, I think, of thirteen, and as I had no books with me, I was to send them from Portland, and they were to send me the money. I sent the books, which were received, as the post-master informed me by letter, but I never received one cent from that day to this, [nearly ten months.] This is very different from Belfast; they gave me money without books, those took the books without paying for them. If they were masons, I should think they ought to be hauled over the coals for their conduct. Even the proprietors of those great quarries, whom I have so generously patronized, never came near me or showed their faces. Thus it is with society which receives tone from those orthodox; this is decidedly the meanest town in New England. Hereafter, when these Thomastown men go abroad to dispose of their lime and marble, it will be said, "you are from the town who took the widow's books and nev-

er paid her!" I am sorry for Mr. Farely, the only gentleman in the place, if you except the Speaker of the House, Bowman, who was absent.

PORTLAND.

I left Thomastown the second day, and spent the night at Wilderborough. I arrived there in the night, and left it next morning before it was light; of course I can say nothing of the place, except that it contains 1900. tons of shipping, and about 3000 inhabitants. With one passenger in the stage, next day, we passed through Nobleborough, which contains upwards of 1000 inhabitants. This town is principally settled by Roman Catholics, as the gentleman in the stage informed me, who was himself of that religion. He said the town of Limerick, of which he was a resident, was likewise settled by Roman Catholics, and were quite a wealthy, reputable people. This gentleman was a very young man, a student of Bodoine college; he was very promising, and appeared far advanced in his studies; he spoke in rather contemptuous terms of the orthodox, and related many mischievous pranks they had played off upon their president.

We breakfasted at Wiscasset, already famous in history for my adventure with the Calvinistic-Baptist-she-tavern-keeper, and her paramour, the stage driver. I did not have the pleasure of seeing her, (a great misfortune) though I inquired very kindly after her health, of my friend Turner where we stopped.

My friend Tappan just had time to walk up from his office and take me by the hand, before the stage was off. We passed through Bath, (for the fourth time) and also through Brunswick. But as we drove on from Wiscasset to Bath, who should take us up but the poor henpecked Col. H. I asked him how many times his wife whipped him, since I saw him, but though the simpleton did not seem to relish the joke, he was silent. I stopped at Brunswick to dine only, and arrived at Portland about dark.

In the course of my journey from Belfast to Portland, it was my misfortune (and a greater one can not befall one of us poor mortals) to take up one of the most insignificant, impertinent, froward, impudent, squeaking, tormenting fops in the world. How envious those fops are. If I travel much more I shall find out every thing, and perpetual motion, and the philosopher's stone. But who would have thought that a gay and learned young gentleman would envy the reputation of an old woman, poor soul! has he not all the world before him. For the honor of Columbia's sons, he, I believe, is the only thing in the shape of a man, who is not only pleased, but proud of my success.

When I first went to Boston, in 1825, I stepped into the Hon. D. Webster's office. He was not in, but this same little fopling, dandy, or what you please, who was then studying law under D. W. squeaked out something—every body knows little P. Y. fair-face, with the squeaking voice. This pest, finding himself in the same coach with the Mrs. W. S. of America, teased my life out by alternately praising, and criticising my works. He squeaked, and squealed, and grunted, and whined, the booby. He is of New Hampshire—but I would as soon undertake to make a lawyer out of a gourd.

The little swindler B. was in the act of moving, and one A***** whom I saw at Belfast, had taken possession of the tavern, and I am sorry to say he is no better than the other; he is the most palaverer, sycophant in the world—a real sharper—and whoever stops with him may expect to be shaved. There are, however, several taverns in the place. I saw this fellow in Belfast, and no one could be more polite; I should pay nothing; he had kept a tavern there, and in every town in the country, and after all his rolling about, he is poor as Lazarus, and poor may such a man be, that deserves no patronage, and whoever goes to that tavern will never fail to find a parcel of sharks, ready to pick their pockets; it is a very bad house. But let facts speak. I had ordered a bundle of fifty books from Boston to Portsmouth, which were intended for Dover, Concord, &c. in N. H. as those places

were in direct opposition to the course I marked out for my tour through Maine. I designed that my bookseller, Mr. Shores should send them to Dover, that they might meet me there, after I finished my tour through Maine, for which I left instructions.

The tavern-keeper R——, in Portsmouth, (whom I promised to bring on the stage again,) being concerned in the line from Portsmouth to Portland, without orders or consulting any one, sends the bundle on to me to Portland.

Astonished when the bar-keeper told me the stage-driver had brought a bundle from Portsmouth, I went to know of him how he came to bring it. The driver said; "it was put in by the tavern-keeper?" and demanded the fare. I told him he must take it back, that I did not want it there, and should not pay him. He said "he would take it back, but I should pay for it." I made the ruffian no answer, and thinking perhaps Mr. Shores misunderstood me, I wrote back to him to know "whether he sent the bundle, and how it came to be sent at all." Mr. Shores wrote in reply, which I now have before me, "that he never saw nor heard of the bundle!" and there was no more said about it.

It stood some time in the bar, and finding they would not take it back, I took it in possession. I went on thro' Maine, which turn I have just closed—was absent about three weeks, and have just returned.

After resting a day and paying a bill, I walked into the front room to see if my trunks were forthcoming, and if the stage was ready. I had engaged the afternoon stage, intending to go no further than Saco, a considerable town in Maine, where I intended to spend a day.

I found the stage ready at the door, and my trunks sitting together in the front room. I asked the driver "if he was ready?" "He was!" "There are my trunks," said I, "put them on!" But seeing he paid no attention, I spoke to some of the servants, to put my baggage on the stage, when a man whom I had often seen about the tavern, ran up to the servant and jerking the trunks out of his hands, piled them up on each other, and said "they should not

go out of the house until he was paid." "And pray, Sir," said I, "who may you be, and what should I owe you—I never had any dealings with you." "I am one of the owners of the line, and the agent, and you pay me for bringing the bundle from Portsmouth, or you take no trunks from here to night."

I had become so confident that they would not attempt to enforce the unjust claim of the books, that I had entirely forgot it, and was completely astonished. "But friend," said I, "would you take the law in your own hands! If I owe, and refuse to pay you, why not get a warrant and go agreeably to law?"—An hundred persons might owe you *just* debts for instance, yet you cannot without due process, seize their property by violence, as you have seized mine; you have committed robbery, and have laid yourself liable to heavy damages, as well as a criminal prosecution, which would subject you to the state prison. He replied in a very insulting manner, "he knew his own business, I should not manage him like I did other people, he would let me know who I had to deal with"—"When I paid him seventy-five cents, I should have the trunks and not before." "But Sir, I owe you nothing, I never employed your driver, I gave him no orders to bring any thing for me, show me an order from myself, or my agent? Here is his letter, he never employed you! go to those who employed you—I am always willing to pay my debts." "He wanted no body to tell him, he knew his own business." But friend, would you take all my trunks for seventy-five cents—you are greedy! Even in a just debt, where you have a legal process, you cannot take a woman's clothes, or her papers, even should she have nothing else, but I have. There is fifty dollars worth of books in that large trunk, and were there nothing in it, the trunk itself is worth ten times the money."

I had three trunks, one was filled with books, one contained my clothes, and the third my papers. "I shall take this one which contains my clothes," said I, taking hold of it to have it put in the stage, not dreaming he would carry his insolence so far as to prevent me, but I was mistaken, the ruffian jerked it out of my hand.—"Well,

certainly you have enough now," said I,* and taking hold of the third one, which was quite a small trunk, containing my papers. I walked along with it and threw it into the stage, and was going to get in, when the ruffian called out to the driver, not to let me in the stage, and like a true brother he shut the stage door, & swore I should not go.

Now I should wish some lawyer to inform me, what this last movement meant—what more did he want? his object to secure his pretended claim being accomplished, when he took the trunks.

I intended, as I was compelled by appointment to go to Saco that night, to return and prosecute the ruffian whose name is P****. He knew this, and no other stage going this way, I was compelled to give him the money, or be disappointed. "I have a great mind you shall not go now," said the robber. The driver was also very insolent, and said, if I did not hold my peace, or words to that amount, he would throw me out of the stage. Had he thrown the bundle out that bred all this disturbance, he would have done right.

While this farce was acting, from twelve to fifteen men, (part of them doubtless, belong to the gang,) were looking on, my new tavernkeeper (who, after saying I should never pay a cent in his house, charged me the highest bill I paid on my tour,) never showed his face. Had he not been a fool, as well as a knave, as he was just opening a tavern, he would have come to the door, and protected me against the insults of this ruffian. Had he regarded his interest, he would have paid the price charged for the bundle himself.

There are a number of these pirates leagued in this public robbery. The tavernkeeper R——, of Portsmouth is one of them, he doubtless put the bundle in the stage. P—— just mentioned, is another. The late tavernkeeper B—— of this place, was another, and his successor doubtless is to take his place.

How many more there are I do not know, and the worst of it is, they are the mail contractors. These are fine

*This was a valuable travelling trunk, which cost ten dollars.

characters to be in the pay of Government, but the Postmaster General, one of the purest men in the Government, will doubtless break up this nest of robbers.

Not satisfied with what they get by transporting the mail and passengers, they lay all schemes to swindle innocent and unprotected travellers. B——, the tavern-keeper, kept a house of ill fame; prostitutes were openly entertained with their paramours at his house, and allowed to sit in the parlor, and at the tables with decent travellers, and yet this wretch has been patronized by Government.

Such an open outrage against the laws of the country, as that just related of myself, is without a parallel. Had it been in an obscure part of the country, or amongst the savage tribes, it would have been resented and the perpetrators punished agreeably to their crime. But for such an outrage to be committed in Portland, under the very eye of the United States' judge, I leave to the world to judge of the state of society; and these are the people who send the gospel to the heathen—vile hypocrites! Thus to rob a stranger openly—an aged unprotected female, whose life and talents were devoted to the good of her country, not only rob but insult her, ought to call up the indignation of every man, who does not wish to see his country degraded, far below that of the most ignorant savage.

When we coolly reflect upon the vast number of travellers who pass through this line, it is enough to make one's blood run cold, to think of the hazard they run from this band of pirates. Had they attacked the coach on the road, and demanded my trunks, it would have been a gentlemanly act, compared to the low sneaking plot they adopted.

It is hoped the citizens of Portland, will be upon the alert, and make examples of every ruffian who robs people in the very face of noonday. Never was a villain so perfect in his trade as this P——, or showed more profound ability in his art.

The wisest sage could not have timed a plot with more probability of success—to put it off till the very moment I

was ready to step into the stage, well knowing that had he attempted it sooner, he would have paid dear for his insolence. But all strangers I hope will take warning, and be guarded, not only against them but the *dens* that contain them both at Portsmouth and Portland, and as to the line, I'll answer for it, the Postmaster General will take care of that; such men as these are dangerous to the whole community, and every citizen in the Union ought to unite in suppressing this knot of pirates; how admirably they work to each others' hands, strung along the road like a string of pickpockets.

This P—— has the most brazen look in the world; he has a brother studying law with Mr. E——y, of Portland, young, common size, fair complexion, face broad across the cheeks, and tapering to a silly chin, with a sillier pale blue eye, and vacant countenance, to which we may add an unmeaning grin. This miracle of law is doubtless to help his friends out of scrapes; the robber would have made much the best lawyer.

As might naturally be expected, the ruffian driver (as no decent man would engage with such a crew,) insulted me the whole way, singing lewd songs and using obscene language.

There was another elderly lady only in the stage, and thus were we insulted: if such conduct is allowed, travelling on this line in stages, will soon be at an end.

After I arrived at Saco, this ruffian driver had the insolence to come into the parlor where I was sitting, but the tavernkeeper, a very gentlemanly man, soon made him decamp, with a sharp reprimand. Thus villians are scattered over the world.*

*I wish to be understood distinctly, to say, that the citizens of Portland were not only ignorant of this inhuman conduct, but I am very sure it would have been the last town in the Union, that would have suffered or countenanced such conduct. The suddenness of my departure, and eagerness to escape such a den of thieves, put it out of my power to apprise my friends, who would doubtless have brought the principal to punishment.

SACO, MAINE,

Is the last town I notice in Maine, and is going to be one of the most flourishing towns in the state. It is fifteen miles south west from Portland, on Saco river; is a port of entry; contains a bank, an academy, and a population of about 2,500 inhabitants. A large manufactory of woollen and cotton is just completed at this place and will soon go into operation.

This establishment belongs to a company in Boston, and cost \$400,000. The building is seven stories high, and is one of the largest and finest buildings in the United States. It is built on the falls of Saco river, which is at this place, forty-two feet in height. Below the falls, there is a basin to which large vessels come to take in their cargoes. It owns upwards of 4,800 tons of shipping.

The buildings of the factory stand on an Island; this and the falls, the town of Biddeford on the opposite side of the river, containing nearly 2000 inhabitants; the bustle of the workmen, the noise of the numerous mills, &c., the view and roaring of the falls, renders Saco a lively, delightful, and picturesque town.

The scenery is by far the most handsome and variegated of any town in Maine. The land on the opposite shore being hilly and wooded—the falls in the centre of the town. It has a most wild and fanciful appearance.—There are three bridges over Saco river at this place, connecting it with Biddeford, and the shipping in the harbor, all adds to its beauty.

I felt much interested at Saco, having been so long in Maine, it had become natural and dear to me. I was now to leave it perhaps forever.

I dreaded New Hampshire, which I was told was far in the rear of Maine in improvement; and orthodox abounded there.

The society of Saco is of the best sort; principally Unitarians here and the adjoining town Kennebunk.

When I say Unitarians, I do not wish to be understood in the light of a Sectarian, which I am not, nor applying

the epithet to them in that light. When I say Unitarians, I mean by it, people of good, *sound* sense, in the first place—sound hearts in the second place; and in the third and last place, people of enlightened minds and polished manners; the cream of the country, whose religion consists not in a long black face, and callous heart, but in instructing the ignorant, promoting the arts and sciences, and relieving the distressed.

If a man possess these qualities, it matters not what sect he belongs to; he stands on a rock that can never be shaken. Such a man, however, confines himself to no sect, as a christian ought not! he loves all mankind, such are the Unitarians, and such are the Universalists!

I find, however, that the Unitarians have the most wealth, are more numerous and have it in their power to do most good.

As respects society, Saco in proportion to its population is not behind, if it does not excel the society of any town in New England—generous, noble and hospitable.

I was charmed with the citizens of Saco. They are people of industry, wealth and enterprize, and have great commercial advantages. The soil around Saco, is level, rich and well cultivated.

Mr. Sheply, Solicitor General, lives in Saco, a very gentlemanly man—a tall, noble figure, of young appearance, and said to be one of the first lawyers of the State. Also, Mr. Thatcher, a son of the famous Judge Thatcher, of Massachusetts. He is of middle age, polite and gentlemanly; gay, familiar and generous as a prince.

Here too, I found another Mr. Emery, a relative of Mr. Emery of Portland, and no ways inferior to him, either as a lawyer or a gentleman. Also, Mr. Green, quite a young man, but highly accomplished, learned and promising. All these are practising Attornies.—Also, Mr. Fairfield.

Mr. Maxwell, a gentleman of considerable wealth, lives just over the river at Biddeford; his situation is enviable for its splendor, beauty, and scenery. Mr. M. is advanced in life, and has a most amiable family. But my time was so short in Saco, only one day, that I was

unable to see half the people, particularly at Biddeford; I merely exchanged a few words with Mr. M. and was compelled to return without seeing more of that town excepting one more gentleman, a Mr. — who lived near the bridge.

Notwithstanding what has been said, I found a few orthodox here, and where are they not? those were as they always are, dark, unsociable, and gloomy.

I could not but observe a silly fop—why do these fops cross my path? I have as great an aversion to them as I have to the missionaries, and sure I am to meet one, at least, in every town. This one was a Mr. T. G. O. a shallow dandy, with a round face, sly, satirical countenance, a nose like a boom, a great deal of white in his eye, which was fringed round with red.

At Saco I found my sketches, which was much admired, and better than this; I found a handsome patronage, also the pleasure of seeing the son of Col. Lane, at Belfast, a most amiable and modest young man, who was studying law with Mr. Shepley.

A paper is published here, edited by Mr. Putnam, a young man of taste and ability, and with proper encouragement, will doubtless attain that standing in society which his merit deserves. As in all other towns in New England, here is a reading room kept by Mr. P.

My landlord of Saco, a most amiable man, is highly deserving of public patronage, he keeps an excellent house, and obliging servants. I was particularly interested by a young woman who lived at the house, who was hardly ever out of my room. After looking at me a long time, the second evening of my visit, as I was studiously engaged with my pen, she at once broke silence and made the following remark: "Mrs. R. if you had a little neat hut of your own, pen and ink, and plenty of paper, would you not be the happiest woman in the world?" I was forcibly struck by her deep penetration, she was a great discerner, and the plan she mentioned would not only have been my choice, but the height of my ambition. "How would you describe me," said she, "if I were worthy of it?" I immediately took the following sketch:

"Common height, good figure, oval face, regular features, dark complexion, black eyes, auburn hair, and white, beautiful teeth." It was done so quick, that she was astonished.

SUMMARY OF MAINE.

About to quit Maine, where I spent two months to a day, (this was the 3d of Nov. and the 3d of Sep. I arrived in Portland the first time) it only remains to say that this state is large, well watered, and a great part of it fertile; the climate mild, the country healthy, the people sober, enterprising, and industrious. They are well educated, kind, and very hospitable to strangers; in this respect it greatly excels, as well as in the beauty of their persons; there can not be handsomer people in the world than the people of Maine. Both men and women dress neat and becoming, and in such a manner as sets off the symmetry and beauty of their persons. The ladies do not wear great false hips as they do in New-York, nor great bolivars as they do in Baltimore, they wear their bolivars in their minds.—(the children are remarkable for beautiful hair.) In their manners they are affable and modest, and the men are open-hearted and generous.

Of all the states in the Union, Maine has the greatest commercial advantages; its whole length from Portsmouth to Eastport, is one continued seaport; every farmer can ship his produce from his own farm, and every town on the shore; and every town on the great rivers owns more or less shipping. Their extensive forests furnish them with timber for ship building, and other purposes. You see the whole shore lined with barrels, bark, plank, shingles, staves, scantling, butter, cheese, tallow, fish, and potatoes. Teams of large oxen are strung along the roads, conveying produce to the towns and wharves, others are ploughing in the fields, I have seen as many as six oxen drawing one plough, others are grazing in the fields.

I had expected to find Maine a cold, dreary, barren region, and the people rough and barbarous, (I always heard they were kind) no such thing. Frost seldom appears there till the middle of October. I saw no difference between it and the other states, east of the Hudson. I should think it was milder than the climate of Albany.

Maine was settled in 1635, by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and for a long time went by the name of Yorkshire. It has suffered greatly in our wars with the British, for want of proper fortifications; about three fourths of Portland was by them, at one time, laid in ashes; and it is now greatly depressed in its commerce. There are no mountains in Maine,* though it contains many swelling hills of singular beauty.

DOVER

Is a great manufacturing town in New Hampshire, 12 miles from Portsmouth. It is the oldest town in N. H. and stands upon Cocheco river, which is navigable from Portsmouth to this place. It contains a court-house, a jail, an academy, a bank, a library, and publishes two newspapers. It has three churches, one of which, a Unitarian church, was established the day after my arrival, the first sermon being preached by the Rev. Weare, of Boston. It contains thirty stores, eight mills, very extensive cotton and woollen manufactories, and 2,871 inhabitants. Dover is a handsome and romantic town, rather situated, partly, on the Cocheco, and partly on a gentle rise from the river, where it spreads out upon a beautiful, undulating surface. The falls of Cocheco, which give rise to those great manufactories, is thirty-two feet in height, nearly perpendicular, below which the stream winds through wooded hills to the sea.

*In my description of Maine, from misplacing my notes, I overlooked in its place, accidentally, meeting with Mr. D. Agrey, of Ozono, a most amiable, generous man, I met with him at Bangor.

These falls are in the centre of the town—the vast number of hands at work in the factories, the elevated shores, and a view of the distant hills, added to a great concourse of strangers, who travel through the town, gives to Dover a very lively, gay, and beautiful appearance. The “Dover cotton factory company,” was incorporated in 1820, with a capital of \$500,000; it manufactures 10,000 yards of cotton cloth per week; it has 2,500 spindles.

A new manufactory has just gone into operation, with 4000 spindles, and makes 20,000 yards per week—1,700 tons of iron are rolled and slit here annually.

Calico-printing is done here to a great extent, and in a superior style.

The great capital invested in Dover, is principally owned by gentlemen in Boston, who certainly deserve the highest credit for scattering those vast sums of money amongst the poor working class of their own country, instead of sending it off to enrich thankless foreigners. Thousands of people are benefitted by their wealth—the farmer as well as the mechanic and planter, are enriched by the wide defusion of Boston capital, and Boston enterprise; their noble example in promoting the happiness of their own country, and advancing the arts and improvements, will, doubtless, be imitated by other states, and other towns. The people of the United States owe much to this great and patriotic city, the first in every great national improvement.

The proprietors are, however, overseen in one respect, and no very unimportant one, I mean that of placing unworthy men at the head of those establishments, and being at such a distance from their employers, the proprietors are little aware of the conduct of those men. It was with the greatest difficulty I was admitted into the buildings, and had it not been for the politeness of one of the under managers, I should, doubtless, have failed; and as it was, I was grossly insulted—not only insulted in vulgar language, but assailed in a hostile manner by one of those managers, or head men, I think his name was B*****; and F*** a mechanic who married a girl out of

the factory, is another ruffian unworthy of patronage. But I have invariably found it to hold true in my long series of travels, that wherever the head of a family, company, or what not, is mean, the rest are so too. This ruffian B. if that be his name, occupies a part of the same building with Dr. Porter, and one of the proprietors, the only one who resides there, who can be nothing extraordinary, or he would not associate or patronize a set of men who have no more breeding than to insult females. Dr. P. is at the head of the calico business, and no great things either; he appears to be a poor, narrow-minded, miserable wretch, who, though he was very anxious I should patronize him, had not the heart to patronize me. The mean, pittiful actions, and low principles I bring to light in these towns, is incredible. Doubtless not a man, who has known this Dr. from his youth up, has discovered what I did in the course of a minute; nor will they believe that he took the greatest pains to cut a piece from all the patterns of the different prints to put in my reticule, and made me wait some time till he procured a pattern of a superior quality, and desired the men to give me all the information possible, and show me the whole process of printing, and refused to give me a dollar for a book.

There is where we miss it—we ought to assist each other. Genius ought to support industry and enterprise, and enterprise and industry ought to support genius. They cannot exist independently of each other, or, what I meant to say was, that the best interests of each mutually rest on each other. Now I commend a man who refuses to buy those religious books knocked off by the million, generally in Connecticut, because they are not the works of genius—they are the works of unprincipled sharpers—to buy their books would be to encourage knavery, swindling and finally tyranny. These writers, or scribblers rather, ought to be condemned to eat their own books.

I found, however, some very deserving young gentlemen belonging to the establishment who, though nothing more than clerks, had more of the gentleman in their

manners and appearance than the principals; these were Messrs. Dana, Sewall and Hale—much better qualified to conduct the business than those who are placed over them. They deserve to be promoted.

Here I, for the first time, saw the process of printing calico, of which there is a great quantity done in a very superior style, I should say equal to that at Chelmsford, Mass. In printing calico it goes through a great variety of courses: The cloth is first whitened, it is then died all of one color, that colour is to be the ground of the calico let it be what it may—black, purple, red, green, or blue. Black is first died red. It is then washed clean, the figure of the pattern with which it is designed to be stamped is engraved on copper rollers, the roller as long as the cloth is wide; a chymical mixture is put on these figures on the roller and the cloth is laid tightly on it, and as it is let on at one end it is let off at the other. The roller being horizontal the cloth runs up perpendicularly turning the roller as it is drawn up. The striped and cross-bar calico is spread smooth on tables and done with stamps which are as large and about the size of a horse-brush. The workman having his dies ready mixed up by him, which is very thick like mush, he dips the stamp lightly on the top of it, and then claps it on the cloth. Every time he dips the stamp on the die tub a little boy, who stands ready with an instrument for the purpose, draws the instrument over the top of the mixture to make it smooth, when he has finished one color he puts on the next in the same manner, but the calico must always be washed and dried after one figure is finished before it receives another impression, and so of the figures done with the roller; when it is finished it goes through a thorough rinsing again and is hung up to dry in an upper room of the building, each piece separate. I saw more calico in this building than I should have thought could have been consumed in the United States in fifty years. A large building some hundred feet in length, five stories high and every room filled with calico; the drying room, however, was the most astonishing. Every thing about

these establishments is wonderfully astonishing;* the length of the rooms, height of the houses and quantity of cloth, the noise of the machinery, the rapidity of the looms, spinning and carding, all going on themselves without manual aid, and the great quantity performed in a day; it is worth a trip to see it. I am truly sorry I was unable to obtain an accurate statement of the whole amount of cost, hands, &c. but the people employed by the company were not enough interested, or polite enough, or something enough, to furnish me with any information whatever. All I obtained was through the politeness of a very amiable young man who looked over the spinners, who ashamed of the conduct of the principals, walked with me over the whole of the buildings, a labor which in my worn out situation put my strength to a severe trial. I am sorry I do not know the young man's name who attended me but hope he may be promoted as he deserves, and I hope likewise the proprietors, for their own sakes, may change the managers, as no stranger would wish to run the risk of being insulted by the ruffians now at the head of it. One would have thought the proprietor would have furnished me with information, but from his looks I would suppose he had too much of the pedlar in him.

These manufactories of themselves form a large town—but the society is not the best, being mostly poor females. There are, notwithstanding, fine people in Dover, much more liberal and polished in their manners than those of Portsmouth, allowing for the difference of population. It is much like the towns in Maine, in fact there is only a river between it and Maine, the Piscataqua. They are mostly Unitarians which is gaining ground fast in New England. I was most agreeably disappointed in the society. Amongst the distinguished gentlemen of the place are Dr. Green, Maj. Noble, Rev. Clary, Hon. Judge Durrell, Col. Pearce, Col. Gass, Dr. Kitteredge, Messrs. Asa Freeman, Samuel Stevens. (though a book-

*The vat which contains the water in the event of fire is as large as a common house.

seller) Barnes and Moses, Hodgedon. Several gentlemen were then absent at Concord attending the Legislature, amongst these I was sorry Col. Pearce was one, being told he was a very amiable man—nor did I see Dr. K. —Dr. Green is one of the most extraordinary men in New Hampshire, he is 86 years of age, six feet three inches high, his form is without fault, being one of the finest figures in the world, straight as an arrow, keen and active, not a boy in Dover can step over the ground with more activity; he served as surgeon under Paul Jones and was in the whole of the revolution. What a phalanx of great men New Hampshire has produced. Great in size and great in virtue, this amiable man is quite a show, the image of Gen. Washington, his activity, agreeable conversation and engaging manners is one of the greatest treats in the world, every one who travels calls, or ought to call, and pay their respects to this “worthy;” he is a man of wealth and has a most charming family. His wife, quite a young looking woman, as well as his daughters are very amiable and accomplished women. It is astonishing to find no poor people in this country except the foreigners, and notwithstanding their fortunes are the acquisition of their own actual industry yet such is their generosity that they will divide their last dollar with the indigent stranger. Rev. Mr. Clary was an orthodox but he was kind and generous to me. He is Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of N. H. and a most amiable man; no less so was Col. Gass and Mr. Hodgedon, both are very gentlemanly men. Hon. Judge Durrell is a gentleman of large fortune, of middle age and lives in fashionable style. He has an amiable family of children which he is educating in all the accomplishments the country affords. I had however but a few minutes to spend with each gentleman, as the cold weather was approaching and I had still a great deal of ground to go over and particularly the White Mountains. Mr. Samuel Goodwin and Maj. Noble, both rightly named; are also gentlemen of the first distinction. The kindness of Maj. Noble is written on my heart and is alone known to God and ourselves. Amiable man, may heaven reward thee with its choicest blessings! In short I found

much more liberality and intelligence in Dover than in Portsmouth—too many orthodox there, the scourge of our country. A society is forming here by the *young* men to improve the manners and keep down vice; this is alone sufficient to stamp the place with unfading honor when even old men in other places are unconcerned at the bold strides of that fell destroyer. From the *great* number of females in the manufactories it has struck those noble youths to take all possible means to instruct them and inculcate virtuous principles and by every possible means advance their happiness.

It was late on Saturday when I arrived in Portsmouth and on Sunday I had the pleasure to hear Rev. Weare, of Boston, preach the first sermon to the first Unitarian church at Dover, this is the best evidence of its improvement. He preached in the court house, as they had not as yet built a church. The congregation was large—scarcely room enough in the building to contain it. Here was to be seen the cream of the country. It was the handsomest congregation I ever saw—large, fine looking men—the music was also very fine. It is needless to say any thing of Mr. Weare, as he is well known to be one of the first orators in the Atlantic country. I question much whether there ever was a more solemn, a more impressive, or a more masterly sermon preached than the one preached by Mr. W.—I mean the forenoon sermon. (He preached two.) The music of these Unitarians always excels—very different from the caterwauling of the black coats. But as there were no choir established as yet, a few of the gentlemen sung. I think I have observed elsewhere that none but the choirs sing in well regulated churches; these are qualified for the purpose and accompany the organ.

My landlord—I put up with Mr. March. He is a good man, and keeps a good house, not better, however, than his neighbor, next door. Mr. M. overwhelmed me with kindness, at first; but grew cool toward the last; the cause of which I neither know nor care for. But of all females I have met with in my travels, none can rival

Mrs. March—kind, hospitable, polite—benignity itself—the princess of landladies. She stands unmatched in goodness and female excellence. Her person as well as her mind has few rivals. Amiable woman!—May thy sex take pattern by thee! and may sorrow and pain never visit thy couch.

HISTORY.

Dover was settled by two fish-mongers, from London, in 1623, by the name of Hilton. What of that? The father of Sir William Pepperhill was a poor fisherman, and yet his son was knighted for his merit. The first settlers, as I have remarked elsewhere, were a set of rank hypocrites and enthusiasts mixed up together; and wo to the man, woman or child, who dared to think different from them. Here, as in Connecticut, the laws of Moses were made the law of the land; and the bloody Hugh Peters sat in judgment amongst them twenty years. These laws forbid all intercourse between the sex. Courtships were regulated by law,* and even their mode of dress. At one blow they cut off all who were not members of the church from all civil privileges. They hung, banished, imprisoned, fined, branded, and run red hot irons through the tongues of all, but particularly the Quakers. “I look upon toleration,”† says one old monster, Oaks, (God’s minister,) “as the first born of all abominations.” Take warning by this, ye who prize liberty and religion. These were the same bloody Calvinists that are now trying to establish their religion. But to go on.—These were then, as they are now, missionaries; and whilst they pretended to convert and civilize the Indians, on the one hand, they butchered them like hogs on the other. Once in particular, (says Belknap,) one Maj. Waldron, by deceiving the Indians by a sham treaty, got two hundred of them in his possession, and re-

* The missionaries take a different plan—they must have women; therefore those godly men, it is evident, were no christians.

† Belknap.

gardless of the oath to which he swore or affirmed, hanged some and sold the balance as slaves!! And these were God's people. We have a few of them in our present day.—The Sunday School Union. Do you hear this gentlemen? If you do not, we do. The Quakers and Indians may look to Dr. E——'s election; when he carries the polls, as he boasts he can do, those may prepare for death. This is all he wants; he has every thing else. What does Dr. E. lack but power. Calvinism cannot live if it be not fed with blood. But let us go on. It appears that God gave one of his people up. The Indians, enraged at the conduct of this godly man, came suddenly upon him and killed him with twenty-three of his brethren, and took twenty-nine prisoners.

But the following is amusing:—"Once," says the historian, "the Indians could have killed the whole town, it being on a *Sabbath*, the people were at church, but the Indians passed through it without doing any injury;" imputing that the piety of the people had such an effect upon God, that he withheld the savages. But, about the same time, this, or another church, was struck with lightning, and laid in ashes; so great was the heat that it melted the bell. The vile hypocrites! Who did this? They would make God as great a monster as themselves, to intimate that He had any thing to do with such literal butchers.

But they were children to our godly men. If they had had Dr. E. and his Sunday School Union, and the tracts, and bible societies, in addition to the *power* they possessed, not a single Quaker or Indian heretic would have escaped. All those godly people, it is evident, must have gone to hell, as they had no tracts or Sunday School Union books, &c. &c. But enough of this.

It is well known and admitted, that if Charles II, had not put a stop to this butchery, doubtless, the settlement would have become exterminated. So weak did they become at last in number, that they were compelled by the Indians to pay tribute to them.

After spending three days, one of which was Sunday, at Dover, I pursued my way to Concord. This memora-

ble 7th of November, it began to snow early in the morning, and continued with little intermission, till I arrived at Concord in the night, forty miles west from Dover.

I suffered greatly this day from the wind and snow, and would certainly have frozen, had it not been for the kindness and forethought of a friend, who furnished me with a warm cloak. This dear woman will readily recognize herself in this poor tribute, to her memory.

The land from Dover to Concord, in some places looked rich, in others, covered with Spruce and Hemlock, mixed with Pine. The yellow Pine also, makes its appearance. But it was impossible to judge of the country, as the snow completely prevented it.

CONCORD, NEW-HAMPSHIRE,

Is the seat of Government, of New Hampshire; situated on both sides of the Merimack river, in a rich alluvion soil. It contains a state house, a state prison, a town house, two banks, two churches, 170 dwelling houses, eighteen stores, seven taverns, five printing offices, five book stores, and 2,800 inhabitants. The site is level and the streets regular and handsome; the principal street about two miles in length, is planted with beautiful elms, which from the fertility of the soil, have attained to a great size. The smooth Merrimack, over which there is a bridge, adds no little to the beauty of the prospect.

The state house, is a large and very elegant stone edifice, in the centre of the town, and cost \$81,827. It is one of the handsomest buildings in the United States.—The state prison, is also a large well built edifice of stone, surrounded with a wall. The prisoners are kept at work in the day, at the business of cutting stone, and appear to have attained a competent knowledge of the art. There were very few comparatively, about fifty, and bore all the marks of mild treatment.

The society of Concord, is not equal to that of Dover. It is, however, as good in proportion, as that of Ports-

mouth. The Blackcoats unfortunately, have got a pretty strong footing here, but are diminishing daily; all the editors being liberal men.

Here, as at Dover, they have recently established a Unitarian church. It is impossible to blind the people by juggling any longer—light will force its way.

There are in the whole town of Concord, which contains 2,838 inhabitants, twenty schools! of course bigotry must soon disappear.

I just arrived at Concord, upon the rising of the Legislature. The Governor merely met, with his Secretary, at the state house, to sign some papers, the morning that succeeded my arrival, and I had only time to be introduced, and take him by the hand before he departed.

His excellency Governor Peirce, is another revolutionary hero, about seventy years of age; a tall, noble figure, and one of the most benevolent men of the age. He is active and vigorous, affable in his manners, and very familiar. He served the whole of the revolutionary war, and bore the reputation of a gallant and tried soldier; he was in the memorable battle of Bunker's hill, and has filled many civil offices, with honor and trust. Thus the man who shouldered his musket at Bunker's hill, has lived to reap the honors due to his virtue.

New Hampshire deserves much credit for her patriotism, in elevating him to the place of Chief Magistrate.—

Governor Peirce is a farmer, who was one of the first settlers of Hillsborough, and with his own hand felled the first tree, where his elegant mansion now stands. He was dressed quite plain, but wore a cocked hat.

Though the weather was very unfavorable during my visit to Concord, yet I formed many pleasant acquaintances, and found a number of genteel families, and a few *warm* friends, as usual—affable and accomplished.

Here are two parties in politics, which preponderates I do not know, but there are some of the first men on both sides. I found no difficulty in securing the friendship of each, without siding with either.

I told the saucy Yankees, I would be the tribunal in justice to them, they used no means on either side to influ-

ence me—well knowing it was useless, and nothing more absurd, than dragging old women into politics.

Hon. Isaac Hill, heads the Jackson party, and Mr. Moore opposes him with all his strength, though a brother-in-law of Mr. Hill's. Mr. Hill is said to be the ablest editor in New England, and Mr. Moore, who learned under him, is little behind.

I was, however, truly sorry to see a great deal of bitterness between them, being both not only very amiable men, but learned and accomplished.

Hill edits the "New Hampshire Patriot." Mr. Jacob Moore, his opponent, edits "the Journal," so that it is "Isaac and Jacob."

Mr. Hill is a middle aged man, of common height, and very light, thin person; his face is thin, round, and furrowed; his features are good, and his complexion sallow; his countenance is grave, but his eye which is black, is one of indescribable fire; it flashes with uncommon brightness, when he is excited. He appears to be oppressed by unwearied application. He is much interested for the party he supports.

Mr. Moore, on the contrary, is a young stout man; a good figure, fair complexion, and full oval face; his eye is blue, his features handsome, and his countenance open, gay and benevolent.

They are both booksellers, and both very pleasant men, and much respected in concord.

Hon. Isaac Hill has a brother, Horatio, quite a youth, who acts as clerk in the book-store of his brother, a very pleasant agreeable young man, though I threatened him with my Black Book for some of his pranks, the pure effects of joy to see me.

But my favorite editor was George Kent, Esq. and his friend Abbe Cady. If I am not mistaken, Mr. K——'s paper is called the "Statesman;" it is a moderate paper and ably conducted, I think it supports the administration, but has none of that bitterness which distinguish most of the party papers. Mr. Kent, a brother of Col. Kent's, is quite a young man, of common height and light well turned figure, his complexion is fair, his face

oval, with handsome features, and a mild azure eye, his countenance effeminately mild and alluring, his manners easy and familiar. He writes with much ease and taste, and proves to be one of the first discriminators of character:

"Thus in my soul thy features deeply graven;
Nor time, nor separation, shall efface.

Mr. Abbe Cady, also a great favorite of mine, is rather older, (and I believe, in a state of single blessedness,) he is a stout good natured man, very jocund and lively—whenever I was low spirited, I was sure to call on him, who, always cheerful and gay, never failed to have a chair and a smile, and to throw out some sprightly sally.

All the chairs being occupied one day in his office, (which was near my room,) some gentlemen happening to step in, he pointed to a long plain bench, and said, "Gentlemen please to take a seat on the bench." It is reckoned the most honorable in our country. He was himself a magistrate and one of the commissioners of the state house.

Besides these, however, I found many amiable and polished men in Concord, and none more so than Dr. Peter Renton, emphatically a Scotch gentleman, my first patron in Concord—he is quite a young noble looking man, and much esteemed as a gentleman and a physician in Concord; General Low the Postmaster, is also a very amiable and friendly man; Col. Keith, Messrs. Fletcher, (a lawyer,) Wm. Low, Wm. Galt, Abel Hutchins, Jenness, Charles Hodge, Joseph Manchon, and Honorable R. Bartlett, (Secretary of State,) and counsellor Fisk, are distinguished in whatever light they may be considered—but Sampson B——, J. C. W——, Dr. R***** , Parson F——, and one or two more, were proportionably mean and ungentlemanly.

My work, towards the last, became so crowded with matter, that I am sorry I cannot find room to describe the latter gentlemen—as for the former, they speak for themselves at all times.

I had like to have overlooked my friend Mr. Williams, a merchant, for which I should have been extremely sorry, and though the last, he is not the least amongst my friends in Concord, a true warm-hearted Yankee, I shall never forget him, particularly as I afterwards met with a brother of his at Haverhill.

The famous count Rumford, so celebrated throughout Europe for his philanthropy, was once a schoolmaster and lived many years in Concord, though he was born in Massachusetts—Judge Morrel, whom I was told lived in Concord, I had not the pleasure to see.

East Concord, is also a very handsome town, and inhabited by wealthy and respectable people. Here lives the Eastmans, descended from the first settlers of Concord—Col. R. Ambrose, S. Ambrose, J. Pecker, and Heard, Esqrs. Having but a few minutes to stay, I only saw Gen. Eastman and Mr. S. Ambrose, both very amiable men.

East Concord is a beautiful village on the opposite side of the river, over which there is a bridge—there are two bridges over the Merrimack in Concord.

Concord enjoys a handsome trade by means of the Middlesex Canal, which communicates with Boston, and is a very flourishing town.

HISTORY.

Concord was settled by Capt. Eastman, in 1728, and was soon followed by others. It was at first called Penacook, after the tribe of Indians who lived there. Afterwards, Rumford, which name Sir Benjamin Thompson assumed, upon being made a Count, by his serene highness, "the Elector Palatine, Duke of Bavaria," in honor of his residence, in the now town of Concord. It was finally called Concord upon the termination of a dispute between it and the town of Baw.

Concord was sadly harassed by the Indians, upon its first settlement, and being good sound orthodox christians, they would often apply to the Governor for assistance, with which, "under God," (I find in their petitions) they might kill the Indians.

The blasphemous wretches, to take God's name in vain, for the purpose of murder. When they were surveying the town, they had a minister with them, to pray for them, and they "thanked God the rattlesnakes did not bite them!" I never heard what they said to God when the Indians bit them.

It is amusing, that *under God*, they passed a law to prosecute some poor Irish, who like themselves, having fled from oppression, had settled on some waste lands, and *under God*, these good sound Presbyterians, (as we are all heretics,) would cut our throats this moment

But let us see how the people of Concord went on *under God*.* The first thing they did, was to get a minister, but he did not seem to trust much in God—he seemed rather to put his trust in wood, as he built a strong fort around his house.

How those hypocrites gulled the ignorant. Could not that God that kept the rattle-snakes from biting them, protect them from the Indians?

The Rev. F. their present minister, is no longer under God—he is under tracts and Missionaries—and latterly, (as the key-stone of the orthodox Grand Arch) under the Sunday School Union.

The base traitors, to carry on such a treasonable plot, under the mask of religion, and so ignorant are the people, that two-thirds of them are ignorant of their danger. Let them watch the Sunday School Union Board, and Dr. E. of Philadelphia.

But Concord is no longer under the dominion of Priest bigotry. Hypocrisy is flying before light and intelligence.†

During my stay at Concord, I put up at Gen. Wilson's tavern, a tolerable house; though I can say nothing of the General, as he was absent during my visit.

*Their cant words now are the holy Sabbath, and the holy Bibles, and tracts, and Sunday School Union.

†There is a paper called the "Reformer," published in Philadelphia, monthly, at \$1 per annum, which every man ought to take, who wishes to detect the danger of Priestcraft. It is edited by a number of gentlemen, and most worthy of patronage.

JOURNEY TO CHARLESTOWN.

From Concord, I went to Charlestown, (New Hampshire,) on Connecticut river, intending to pursue the river, till I should be opposite the White Hills.

When I was ready to start, I stepped into the front parlor to take a look at the passengers, bound to Charlestown. I found none but a missionary woman. Just as I stepped in, she was asking the barkeeper, in a friendly whisper, "to bring her a little drap of gin!" "O, ho!" said I, "you are one of the gin drinkers; by your long orthodox face, I see what you are! and you love gin do you?" "I see your trade, and you may rely upon it, if you go with me, you will have a hard time of it!" As I said this I turned to come out, and heard her ask the barkeeper "who is that, who is that—I wont go with such a woman, she must be a bad woman!" (and what was she?) The Lord amongst other good things, has blessed me with good ears. I turned back and told her "I thought she had better not, for of all people, I had the least charity for drunken women and she missionaries, that there could be no worse women than such characters." I then stepped into the stage.

What the barkeeper told her, I do not know, but after a while she came creeping out, trembling from head to foot, the barkeeper holding her arm, (the jorum I presume inspired her with courage,) and *under* God, she got into the stage, and taking my advice, she took the further seat.

Doubtless, she heard I was somebody, for never did any poor creature humble themselves as she did. I was sorry for her, and was forced to treat her with kindness, and forgiveness, and a more pleasant woman need not be, than she was before we parted.

She excused herself about drinking, saying, "it was a cold morning!" but said it was a bad practice, and she would remember the lesson.

This was a bitter cold day, it snowed, it blowed, it rained, and I suffered prodigiously from an abominable open coach. It must have been an orthodox coach.

The land generally is good, from Concord to Charlestown; a few oaks, and pitch pine, begin to appear.

In the course of the day, we passed the residence of Gov. Peirce. I was truly sorry I had not time to call on him, being told he is a prince in his house. At the village where he dwells, we took in two very beautiful and accomplished young ladies, who had been at school and were going home. These ladies travelled within a few miles of Charlestown, and by their engaging manners, were a great relief to the tedium of the road.

I was sorry I could not visit Hillsborough, the native place of Hon. D. Webster,* which lay on our left. It was late when I arrived at Charleston, almost frozen. The stage drivers on this route are very unprincipled and insolent men, and the proprietors are not much behind them. Their charges are nearly double what others charge, and *they* are impudent.

CHARLESTOWN, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

Is on the Connecticut river, fifty-one miles west from Concord, the river is the line between New Hampshire and Vermont. From Dover to this place is ninety-one miles, which, in order to see these towns, I have travelled directly opposite to the course, which would have led to the White Hills.

The Connecticut river ought to be called the Nile of New Hampshire and Vermont, as well as that of Connecticut, as it bounds these states quite through, and also passes through Massachusetts. It rises in Connecticut lake, is 410 miles in length, and flows through the richest land in the Atlantic States. Its banks are covered with handsome towns, large meadows, and great droves of cattle.

Charlestown, is situated on an alluvian plain, a most beautiful and flourishing town. It contains an elegant brick

*Called after Col. Hill, of Boston.

church, a court house, a jail, a library, and 1,700 inhabitants. New Hampshire and Maine, both differ in one respect from the other New England states, as you recede from the great commercial towns in the former, the people become more friendly and hospitable. At Charlestown I found much taste, wealth, and refinement, and the citizens vied with each other who should bestow most pains to render my visit pleasant.

I had not, however, much time to spend with those amiable people, though short as it was, I shall ever retain the recollection with the most cordial gratitude and respect. From the situation (being upon an open plain) it was very cold, with high winds during my visit—yet it must be one of the most charming spots in the state, in summer, having extensive lawns. The streets wide, straight, long, and regular, with rows of tall elms, and elegant houses, many of them large brick buildings, and ranged with the most exact symmetry. I know of no town on the Connecticut I would rather visit in the summer season.

I had cards and calls continually while I stayed.

Amongst the gentlemen of Charlestown I became acquainted with Col. F. A. Sumner, Rev. Crosby, Messrs. George Olcott, W. Briggs, Sylvester, Enos Stephens, A. Dean, and my friend Dr. Weber, who, for the sake of his friends, I believe, I must let escape, though he does ride like John Gilpin. Besides ammunition is growing low, and I have no wish to waste it on small game, I never discharge my artillery at flies.

Col. Sumner is a middle aged man, and common height, dark complexion, round full face, with a full black eye, the finest in human head, with all the warm-hearted softness of his country beaming in his countenance, at once, one of the best, and the best looking men in the world. His family, at least, a son and daughter, all I saw, rival their father in all the virtues. Miss S. particularly, is one of the most fascinating females I have met with in my travels.

Rev. Crosby is of middle size and age, full set, fair complexion, round full face, mild blue eye, which is not

more mild than his sweet open countenance, flowing with the milk of christian kindness, joined to the most accomplished manners, he honors alike his cloth and his God. He is called a congregationalist, but I should think he has none of their religion; his hair is of a golden hue—Mrs. C. is also a very amiable and lady-like woman.

Mr. G. Olcott is a lawyer, of very genteel manners; he is a gentleman of young appearance, middle size, and light grey eye, his countenance open, manly, and intelligent.

Mr. Brigs is about middle age, a tall, manly figure, and fine open countenance; his manners natural, kind, and affable.

Mr. Enos Stevens is a very pleasant gentlemanly man, with an oval face, fair complexion, good size, yellow hair, and dark grey eye.

Mr. Sylvester, likewise, ranks with his friends in elegance of manner, kindness, and hospitality; his face is round and intelligent.

Deacon B. West, Esq. is also amongst the good and the great of Charlestown. He is of middle age, a good figure, with dark blue eyes, and very benevolent countenance.

I had not the pleasure to see the Hon. Henry Hubbard, he being absent. He is much esteemed in Charlestown.

Mr. A. Dean, a gentleman of considerable wealth, I did not see; he was indisposed, but his daughter is the handsomest mortal of her sex, and very accomplished.

Miss Mary Willard is also a distinguished female; she is a grand-daughter of the unfortunate, but intrepid Mr. Willard, father of the famous Mrs. Johnston, whose story is before the public. Willard was killed just behind the house in which Miss Willard now lives.

One W. G***** a thin, sallow-faced man, is the meanest man in Charlestown; and one James C. (no kin to parson Crosby) with a thin hatchet face, is not far behind him.

While speaking of the gentlemen of Charleston, I am by no means to overlook two worthy young men, Messrs.

Jewett and Gilchrist, the former conducts the academy, and the latter is studying medicine. These gentlemen were the first who waited upon me after my arrival, which is saying enough for them; had they not been gentlemen they would not have given those proofs of politeness inseparable from the character of gentlemen.* The whole town contains eleven schools.

HISTORY.

Charlestown was settled in 1737, by Parker, Farnsworth, and Lartwell, from Massachusetts.

Like all the frontier towns, it suffered much both from the Indians and French, though it does not appear to have been so ridiculously bigoted under God, as the other New England towns in their career. The citizens instead of combating the enemy with long prayers and long faces, and praying the governor for help, met them with something like common sense, they opposed them with courage, and fought like men, nor do we ever hear of their praying to God before they engaged in battle. Charlestown is distinguished in its early history for its courage and bravery. Capt. Stephens, the ancestor of the present E. Stevens, with only 30 men defended a fort (the remains of which is still visible in Charlestown) against 400 French and Indians, with the most intrepid bravery—the assault lasted three days. During the fearful conflict, every stratagem was resorted to, to set fire to the fort, all of which failed. In the mean time an interview took place between Capt. S. and the French commander, who threatened to massacre every man if they did not surrender. “My men are not afraid to die,” answered Capt. S. and the enemy withdrew to Canada, and left Capt. S. in possession of the fort. He was presented with an elegant sword, for his gallantry, by Sir Charles Knowles, from which circumstance the town was called Charlestown.

Charlestown has been eminently favored by some of the most distinguished lawyers, soldiers, and statesmen

*I still retain their kind note, a precious memento.

in New England, of whom hon. Simeon Olcott, col. S. Hunt, and hon. Benjamin West will forever live in the page of history.

The capture, sufferings, and release, of Mrs. Johnston fills a large page in the history of Charlestown; a minute account of which will be found in "Historical Collections" for 1822. She, with her husband and several others, were taken prisoners by the Indians in 1754:—on the 2d day of her capture, she was delivered of a daughter in the wilderness, about fifteen miles from Charlestown.—She called the child *Captive*, who afterwards married Col. George Kimball. The sufferings, fortitude, and strength of mind, displayed by the renowned Mrs. Johnston, is truly interesting, and almost exceeds belief. The tavern-keeper where I put up, is a grandson of this distinguished female, a very amiable man. His name is Hassan. His sister, a young woman who lives with him, shewed me the portrait of Mrs. Johnston which was taken when she was very old—she has not long been dead. Her portrait is also to be seen at Miss Willard's; the face is round, and appears to have been one of great beauty and singular expression.

BELLOWS FALLS.

During my visit to Charlestown, I went to Bellows falls on the Connecticut river, about eight miles from Charlestown, deservedly reckoned a great natural curiosity. It consists of various pitches and windings through lofty hills of craggy rocks, and precipices of the wildest scenery, which, added to the roaring of the falls, and the velocity of the stream, which being hemmed in by vast steepes, is narrowed to a few rods, which rushes from pitch to pitch with great noise and fury. The whole fall is fifty feet. The main fall is divided by a large rock, but in low water the water flows in one channel.

There is a bridge over this part of the river, from which you have the grandest view of the falls, and no

little terror from a perpendicular mount of wild rocks on the N. H. shore, which seems ready to start from its centre and bury you in its ruins.

On the Vermont shore there is a handsome though very romantic village, called Bellows Falls, some parts high and others low.

On the New Hampshire shore, there is a beautiful mansion, over which, the vast steep mentioned, seems to stand centry. I am astonished, any man would tempt the Lord, (as the pious fathers used to say,) by daring this hill, which consists of loose rocks, that seem to totter on their foundation.

Who ever is fond of rich scenery, may gratify their wishes to the full, at Bellows falls. Terrific rocks, hills, towns, cataracts, boats, canals, with mills and saws, and continual thunder. It attracts the attention of all travellers of taste.

It was called the great falls at first, but a grant of it, and other lands being made to Col. Bellows, it has ever since gone by that name.

If I am not mistaken, these falls now belong to a Col. Nathaniel Tucker, a gentleman of the first respectability. It is he who owns the mansion at the end of the bridge on the N. H. shore.

This gentleman of immense property spends most of his time in Europe or travelling in the United States. but fortunately he happened to be at Bellows Falls when I called. It is superfluous to add that he is a gentleman of superior accomplishments—beloved and admired by all classes of people. He is a young, active man and of most pleasing manners. He and a very young man, a silver-smith, by name of Buckland, (in Vermont) were all that were worth naming at Bellows Falls, though the population is considerable. This gave me rather an unfavorable opinion of Vermont. The people of Bellows Falls are grossly ignorant and bigoted, though mostly Episcopalians, though it is not worth while to mention sects, as all ignorant people are alike, and the same of those who are enlightened. It is ignorance pretending to what it does not know and neglecting what it does know,

that makes mankind ridiculous. The Parson, however, *was* the meanest of the whole; a great chuckleheaded ignoramus, who knew about as much of the christian religion as a horse, and not half as genteel as many a horse I have seen.

There are a great many mills at these falls, and a canal cut round them, with nine locks.

The country from Charlestown to Bellows falls, is one of inexpressible beauty. Flat alluvian meadows covered with droves of large cattle, and the meandering Connecticut in view, the whole way returning to Charlestown. I took the stage to Windsor, it lying on my route just across the river.

WINDSOR, VERMONT,

Is on Connecticut river, in the state of Vermont, eighteen miles from Charlestown. I had a beautiful ride on the bank of Connecticut to Windsor, where we cross the river on a very elegant bridge.

Windsor is the largest town in Vermont, and well built. The houses are close and compact, and many of them are very handsome buildings, of brick. Many of the streets are planted with trees, which with the large public buildings, their steeples and cupolas, and a great number of stores, gives the place an air of wealth and grandeur.

Windsor contains three churches, a bank, a courthouse, a state prison, a female academy, twenty-five stores and shops, and 3,000 inhabitants. The site is uneven, ascending from the river, but the scenery is rich and beautiful, the distant hills and mountains gives a variety to the prospect, very imposing. It is a lively place, and does much business. I cannot however, say much in favor of the society; it is a great way behind its neighbors in taste and refined manners. Most of the people are orthodox, of course they will not improve. There is one Episcopalian church here, but, as they are engaged in the same trade with the orthodox, I mean that of educating pious

young men, and home missions—there is no good to be looked for in that quarter.

The pastor of the Episcopal Church however, Rev. Mr. Leonard, is a most amiable and enlightened man. He is a tall, fine figure, of rather young appearance, very engaging aspect and of very pleasing manners. I was much struck by his gentlemanly appearance and shall long remember him. Besides Parson L. I found several gentlemanly men in Windsor, notwithstanding, of true Yankee hospitality.

Of these first were Horace Everett, Esq. an eminent counsellor of the bar, of the family of Everetts of Massachusetts. He is of young appearance, well made, though a robust figure. His complexion middling, his face round and well featured, his hair, of raven blackness, drops over his large open forehead, his eye is full, black and rolling, his countenance manly and dignified, his manners in the highest degree polished and affable. Mr. Hunter, also a lawyer, redeemed my good opinion, having always been prejudiced against the name, he is the second man of that name I ever saw that I could praise.

Mr. Wm. G. Hunter is a young man of middle height, fair complexion, full face and soft blue eyes. His countenance has great expression—his manners of the finest order. He is a most amiable man.

Gen. Forbes also ranks high amongst the gentlemen of Windsor. He is a tall, elegant figure, of very genteel manners and fine open countenance.

Messrs. John Leverett, Edward R. Camble and Isaac W. Hubbard are likewise entitled to more than a place in the history of their country. Mr. L. is of middle age and size, with a fair complexion and very benevolent pleasing countenance. Mr. E. R. C. of good figure, fair complexion, clear blue eye and auburn hair. Isaac H. Esq. is a young man of promising appearance, light make and soft benevolent countenance. Messrs Edwin Edgerton, Charles Coolridge and Samuel Shuttleworth, alike amiable, deserve to be noticed—nor must I forget my friend and favorite Mr. Simeon Ide, the editor; though I believe he is a little inclined to orthodoxy, he

was a warm friend of mine. His kind and gentlemanly attention to me I shall never cease to remember. He is a small man and one of unbounded goodness. I do not say these are all the gentlemen that can be found in Windsor—by no means; many were absent and my time was so short and I so constantly engaged that I was unable to call on the citizens.*

The state prison of Vermont is located in Windsor. It is a stone building, rather small, contains about 100 prisoners, all confined in the prison and kept mostly at weaving. I was astonished to see double the number of prisoners here that were in New Hampshire or Maine State Prison, while the population of the State is not so great by some thousands. This ought to open the eyes of the people to priestcraft: the whole State, I am told, or at least a great majority, are your godly orthodox. Whence then comes all this wickedness. The abominable hypocrites—why do they not employ their missionaries at home. I always try principle by facts. I met with one of those vile hypocrites at the tavern where I put up—the brute would not let me have a cup of coffee till I sent to the landlord. She was not his wife, as he, I believe, was a single man, but she might be his mother for aught I know. I gave her a lesson on christianity that I dare say she will remember while she lives—the imposter. “Oh madam you are certainly a christian, you would let me have the coffee even without money, but I am willing to pay you double.” After convincing, nay she acknowledged she was not a christian, I left her. The landlord, one Pettus, though he is not the best man and something of a sharper, is the best tavern-keeper and the best qualified for the business of any man I ever met with in my travels. His house, servants and table are good, and himself accommodating, but his charges are high. Many a poor creature goes on in the stage hungry, not being able to pay for his dinner. A man always loses instead of gaining by high charges.

*I met with an excellent man at Windsor from Chesterfield, N. H. his name was Edward S. Harris. I am under great obligations to him.

HISTORY.

Windsor was settled in 1764 by an emigrant from Connecticut by the name of Steel Smith. The first house built where Windsor now stands, however, was built before this by one Emmons, whose wife is still living! The population of the whole town is 2956.

At Windsor, also, I met with a very amiable man from Montpelier, Vt. I was much pleased with the interview, particularly as I intended to visit his town. Mr. Upham is a lawyer, a noble looking man, a stout fine figure and interesting appearance. After hearing a good deal of the ignorance and bigotry of Vermont I was the more astonished to see so fine a looking man, liberal, affable, easy and familiar in his manners, his conversation elegant and refined. His fine features and mercy-melting eye took me by surprise. Mr. Upham is a stout majestic figure, fair complexion, with a full dark grey eye and very open countenance, a great contrast to the Hon. Wails, and much better qualified for a member of Congress; see the judgment of the people! This W. I also met at the same time on his way to Washington—the most awkward, silly looking clown in the world—he must have been elected, under God, by the orthodox. Mr. U. however, though quite a young man, has already been distinguished by his country and will doubtless continue to receive those honors his talents so richly deserve.

HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The seat of Dartmouth College is in New Hampshire, about 12 miles from Windsor. Re-crossing the river I pursued my route on its fertile banks to Hanover, which, diversified with hill and dale, together with the view of Moose Mountain, I was almost insensible to the cold, which was extreme. Hanover sits on an even plain of 912 acres, of considerable elevation, the site is beautiful and

the prospect rich and variegated. Besides the College buildings, it contains some very spacious, handsome houses and beautiful gardens, one church and about 700 inhabitants. The whole town 2,222.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Derives its name from the Rt. Hon: William Legge, L. L. D. F. R. S. Earl of Dartmouth, one of its early and principal benefactors. It was founded in 1769, and was at first intended for the instruction of the Indians, under the name of Moor's School.* But this not proving successful, it was erected into a college. The college buildings consist of two large edifices: one called "College Hall" is of wood. The other called the "Medical College" is of brick. The annual income of the college is \$50,000, and the number of academical students usually 160. It has a chapel and commons-hall and a green room, which it is designed shall be filled with plants. It owns a philosophical apparatus, a chemical apparatus, a valuable anatomical museum, and a library of 5,000 volumes, besides two libraries which belong to the students, amounting to 4,000 volumes. One of these is called "the *Social Friends' Library*" and the other "the *United Fraternity's Library*."

It has a President, 7 Professors, 2 Tutors, and a Lecturer on Chemistry.

The whole number of students (including medical) at this time is 240.

I had come on to Hanover with strong prejudices against the college, being told it was the most rigid orthodox institution in the country. This prejudice was principally excited by the State of New Hampshire itself, generally, who made an attempt to take the government of the college out of the hands of the trustees and establish it upon more liberal principles. The legislature being opposed to the orthodox and regulations

*This school still exists, at Hanover, under the name of "a charity school," and is under the direction of the faculty.

of the college, actually assumed the government of it and appointed other officers; but the trustees, by an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington City, were re-instated and the college remains as it was.

The State, however, is still strongly prejudiced against it and are taking measures to establish a college to their own taste, which is intended to counteract Dartmouth. This I had heard, and knowing the nature and want of liberality amongst this sect myself, my prejudice was wrought up to the highest pitch, and I expected nothing less than a tornado at Hanover.

I brought a letter from some gentlemen in Charlestown to one of the students, Goveneur Morris, Esq. a nephew of the celebrated man of that name. It being late when I arrived in Hanover, I made no attempt to deliver the letter that night.

Next morning, being shewn the house where Mr. Morris was said to board—which was but a few steps from the tavern, I walked over to see him. The front door of the house was open and seeing a door to the left I knocked at it, expecting to find some student within who could tell me how to find Mr. M. Some person speaking inside I opened the door and there sat a great awkward slooney at a small table, from which he never offered to rise, with a few books before him. I asked him to “have the goodness to inform me how to find Mr. Morris, I was told he boarded at the house.” He “knew nothing about such a man.” He spoke quite as rough as he looked. “Such a gentleman is a student here—you appear to be one of the students and not know your fellow student.” “No he did not know such a man.” I began to tremble for Dartmouth and told him “if he was a specimen it was in a pitiable state indeed.” He gazed at me with astonishment, and said he “wished I would go out and shut the door.” A gentleman would have shut it himself. He was one of the medical students—I should think he was too lazy for a physician. He was a hopeful convert. I turned into another part of the building where I found some of the academic students, who told

me Mr. Morris did not board there, but they knew where he boarded and would send him to the tavern, and after laughing at the poor medical student we parted. These medical students are much ridiculed by the other students, who call them by their right name, *Quacks*.

I had hardly time to return before a number of the students called to pay their respects and to say that Mr. Morris would wait on me directly. My old acquaintance and fellow traveller, Mr. Convers, mentioned toward the last of the last page in the 1st volume, was a student at this college, and hearing of my arrival sent me a polite message that he also would wait on me in a few minutes. But guess my astonishment to find those students accomplished, modest and possessed of all the ease and grace of the first erudite gentlemen. I was thunderstruck! The most accomplished youths, by a long way, of any students I have seen in the United States. In short there is no comparison between them and the students of Cambridge. I was dumb with amazement to see so much ease and grace—covered with blushes they kept their faces toward me till they reached the door; the most finished courtier could not have made a more graceful exit. It appeared to be a dream. It was some time before I dare think it reality. The very small boys, such as in other places stalk into a room like posts—every one walked slowly to the door and there made a bow, such a bow as would have done honor to Chesterfield.

I had not time to recover from my astonishment, till Mr. Converse and Mr. Morris came, with a number of other students, all the same, the same modest and respectful deportment. I mentioned my surprise to Mr. Converse, told him what I had heard, and that I was never more surprised or more agreeably disappointed, and, finally, asked him to account for it. It is impossible to portray the crimson faces at this remark, which many of them heard, and Mr. Converse very judiciously waved the subject.

I was much gratified to meet with this amiable young man, of whom I had formed a high opinion at our first interview. He was merely at the college, I believe, for

want of employment and his taste for science, as he appeared to have completed his education.* They spent the last moment with me before recitation; some of them came again at one o'clock, and in the evening the whole college turned out, and my parlor exhibited a levee! Had this been in any of the great cities, I should not have been surprised. But, unfortunately, none of our cities can boast of so much worth and innocence. These students are a century before any I have seen, in modesty, innocence and accomplished manners.

Amongst them, besides Mr. Converse and Mr. Morris, I was particularly interested by Messrs. Albert M. Egerton, of Vt. Joseph M. Gilden, of Northfield, N. H. Haven Lad, of Portsmouth, Arthur Livermore, of Holderness, William H. Duncan, of Candia, N. H. Joseph Hatch, of Norwich, Vt. Erastus Hopkins, of North Hampton, Mass. Peabody A. Morse, of Haverhill, and Dodge the Librarian. Mr. Morse was singularly kind, an illustrious example of delicacy and good feeling—I shall long remember him and Hanover, and the like of Mr. D. But these remarks are by no means to derogate from the whole of the academical students, which, take them on every ground, are the pride of America.

I was, nevertheless, rather doubtful of the faculty, as Mr. Converse said it had no hand in forming the manners of the youths I saw, they regulated their own manners—yet he spoke of the president in the highest terms, he said they had entirely been misrepresented to me. He introduced me himself to president Tyler, and a finer or more liberal man I never saw; he met me with a smile, and laughed outright when I told him I was afraid of coming in contact with him—he has no more of the orthodox in him than I have. If he has, he is the most deceiving man in his looks in the world. President Tyler is middle aged, tall stout figure, his complexion fair, his face oval and full, with a lively intelligent blue eye, and a high polished forehead. His countenance is open, benevo-

*What a shame! so many impudent drunken men get into employment.

lent, and gay. His manners are affable, and very condescending. He has none of that puritanical acid of the orthodox—as free from it as any man.

The next of the faculty is, perhaps, professor Oliver, who though evidently a man of strong intellect, (most powerful I would suppose from his looks) and high literary attainments, his manners are not so pleasing, nor is he half so affable as president Tyler. Professor Oliver is about the same age of president Tyler, but not so tall. His face is round, with a high square forehead, his complexion wan, his eye grey, his countenance grave, bordering on the austere. His manners, though not so pleasant as P. T. are gentlemanly. It is said he is the most profoundly learned man in the United States.

Professor Shurtleff is also highly spoken of, and very popular with the students, but he did not strike me at all, his manners are by no means pleasant, though he was afflicted when I saw him.

I saw but three more of the professors, alike amiable and genteel men, one in particular, Dr. Mussy is one of the most valuable men attached to the college. He is a man of deep learning, courteous, elegant, and attractive in his manners, to a degree irresistibly captivating. The impress of knowledge is stamped in legible lines in every feature of his face. Having heard much of me through the papers, he was much pleased at the interview. He is at the head of the medical department—professor Chamberlain is also a very amiable man.

Upon the whole, though my pursuits did not leave me time enough to bestow that observation necessary to form a nice judgment, were I even qualified, I would say Dartmouth college is amongst the first literary institutions in our country, and the appearance of the students in those accomplishments which are to render men useful to themselves and others, by a great deal the first.

I am aware it will be said that Dartmouth, knowing I was a traveller, and fully apprised of my unshrinking firmness as a writer, endeavored to conciliate my favor. But it was impossible for them to assume what they did not possess. It was impossible for those students to

counterfeit those indelible lines of polish, innocence, and knowledge, which I found in no students in the United States, not even in Yale.* I should have formed my opinion of Dartmouth just the same, had I never seen one of the faculty. The true way of judging in such cases is always to look at the pupils. I care not what people say of principals and teachers of any seminary or school, I always form my opinion of the pupils. The object of colleges is to civilize mankind, and if he is without politeness, he is no better than a brute. So much for Dartmouth, success to it! may it long continue to polish the youths of America.

I have since been told that the faculty have, of late, relaxed much in their rigidity, as they found it was making them unpopular, particularly with the state.

The most of the students, I see, are from New Hampshire and Vermont, though there are some from all the states.

The excellence attained by the students in those accomplishments, without which all the learning in the world is nothing, is said to be the result of some arrangement and example amongst themselves for their mutual improvement, to their intense reading, and the natural situation of the college, which is free from those allurements to vice, where the population is greater. The students resist every advance of the orthodox with firmness, and are as greatly opposed to them as I am. I saw but one orthodox in the college, and he is universally despised, one of the tutors, Silas A. a great tall, gaunt, awkward, shallow sloony, a rank brimstone. This man, and a judge F. were all the orthodox I saw in Hanover. This Mr. judge F. is a perfect wild beast, and more savage. He would murder every man, woman, and child in the United States, I am certain, if his coward soul dare. The cost per annum at Dartmouth is only \$101 87. There are many very pleasant and wealthy families in Hanover, and some excellent men, particularly Messrs.

*In fact most of the students of Yale, and all I have seen, are very rude generally.

Olcott, Perley, Brewster, Man, and Dr. Alden. The ladies of Hanover excel in charms and accomplishments. Mrs. Olcott is one of the most amiable females I have met in my travels—and who should my landlady, Mrs. Mitchell, prove to be, but the sister of my friend Col. Fuller, of Augusta, Maine, here was great joy, and in justice, as well as truth and gratitude, Mr. Mitchell keeps an excellent house, and is one of the cheapest and most accommodating landlords in New Hampshire. Of all the gentlemen, however, none interested me more than Mr. Man, a bookseller of the firm of “Man and Sweet.” He was an orthodox, and yet he was a brother to me. So I find a christian is a christian, let him bear what name he may. Mr. James Pool, a merchant, I shall never forget, not only his bounty, but the manner in which it was conferred. He is the idol of Hanover.

NORWICH

Is another town in Vermont, and as it was only across the river, only two miles, and the seat of *The American Literary Scientific and Military Academy*, [I should leave out a few of them] I was constrained to see it. By the long string of names every one perceives this is another hoax of Capt. P. I sprung out of the chaise when I came opposite the building, which was readily distinguished by the colors of the Union which flutters over the house, and sending the chaise on to the tavern, I walked in through a massy archway to the building.

It was about the time of dismissal in the evening, and I met a number of the cadets in the yard on their way home. They no sooner saw me than they began to halloo, and shout, and blackguard me, and turning round pursued me to the door. In the passage I was met by another host who joined their fellows. I might as well have addressed the wind, as to attempt getting any satisfaction out of them, and it was not till after shaming them some time, that one of the larger ones told me the

teacher was not at home. "None of the professors?" he did not know the meaning, "but Mr. M'Cay was not at home, he was gone a journey!" "Is there no one here to look after the school, who teaches you?" He stared like a fool and was silent. At length a smaller boy said, "may be she wants to see Mr. Quimby!" Glad to find there was any person in except the boys, I said "Yes, show me to his room;" they said they would go and tell him to come to me. I followed the boys, while the rest were rioting in the passage, and pursuing me up to the very door of the young man; they made the house ring to such a degree, that when Mr. Q. walked out to speak to me, we were unable to hear for the noise.

At length, pointing to them, I said, "this is a fine specimen, sir, of your labors; do we pay you such a high price for teaching our sons to be ruffians? if this be the case, we had better keep them at home and save our money." Thinking, doubtless, I must be one of the parents of the children, he was extremely hurt, though he had no right to be so, as he had only been at the school a few days. I led him to the door, through the whole ranks, and showed him the cadets, some tittering, some horse-laughing, some making mouths, and some squealing like horses. That was a picture! He had some difficulty in bringing them to be silent, dismissed them, and we walked into his room, where he informed me he "only came there to attend to the school in Mr. M'Cay's absence, a fortnight since," and said he had done every thing for the best, and that he, and ten more such as he, would not be able to effect any thing with such a headstrong crew, it being fundamentally wrong, they are perfectly savage.

Now, this academy is stated to be under the direction of a superintendent, five professors, and a number of assistants. Where are they? not one in his place! thus are the people gulled, through that extraordinary infatuation in mankind, to be led away by novelty. A string of sciences is stated to be taught here, which would fill a page of my book, perhaps two—what does this signify? look at the boys, the finest youths in personal appear-

ance, of any collection I ever saw; but what is beauty when beauty is all. A great contrast indeed, between this institution and Dartmouth. But it would savor too much of common sense, to send boys there, which I believe is much the cheapest.

It is astonishing to see how this man gulls the public! Mr. Quimby is a very amiable young man, modest and pleasing in his manners. A man of science, and doubtless, very capable of teaching in any academy. But that skin flint C. P., I am told is such a miser, he has not the generosity to pay people of science to aid him.

Norwich is a very beautiful village, seated on a fertile plain. It was settled in 1762, by Jacob Fenton and others. Besides the school mentioned, it contains a grammar school, a church, several stores, and about thirty dwelling houses.

I called but at two houses, and found the people quite genteel. At this place, I saw a young female, of such beauty and accomplishments, that she could hardly be called an earthly being.

Lieut. Freelon of the United States Navy, a most engaging man, lives at Norwich. He had but recently been married to a beautiful lady. But alas! she was doomed to part with him at an early period; he was ordered to sea, on board the Spark, and was to take leave next day; hard fate!

Lieut F. is a man of superior manners, and much esteemed as an officer.

It was quite dark, when I wished Lieut. F. a safe return to Norwich, and returning to Hanover, I took leave of my friends, and late next night, pursued my course up to Havrehill.

HAVREHILL, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

Is thirty miles from Hanover, and this journey I travelled wholly in the night, which was cold and dark, without lanterns, and with a stage full of the most blackguard boatmen that ever handled an oar. A lawyer, however, from Newberry town, in Vermont, was the greatest ruffian in the whole, and this was his general character.

It was dark when I got into the stage, or had I seen the crew inside, I would have hired a private conveyance rather than have travelled with such ruffians. There was one woman amongst them, as bad as the men—the lawyer sung lewd songs. I appealed to the driver for protection, from their insolence, but he was no better—there was one tolerably genteel man in the stage, and upon inquiring of him, I learned there was a magistrate on the way, and when we arrived there, I complained to him; he reprimanded the driver sharply, which made them behave better for a while, but they began again, and I ordered the driver to stop at the next house, saying I would get out. This made an alteration somewhat for the better, and about one o'clock in the night, almost frozen, I arrived at Havrehill.

While the landlord was preparing my chamber, the ruffian lawyer had the impudence to intrude into the parlor, where I was sitting, doubtless, to get a sight of one who handled him so severely. I ordered the ruffian out with much less ceremony than I would have spoken to a dog; an animal, every way superior to him.

The village of Havrehill, is called *Havrehill Corner*. It is a handsome village on the Connecticut, in a loamy soil, and the surrounding scenery of swelling hills, is delightful.

It contains a court house, a jail, one church, a printing office, an academy, a social library, a bank, ten stores and fifty dwelling houses—the whole town contains 1,609 inhabitants.

Havrehill is the most friendly, hospitable town in New Hampshire. Settled by a noble race of people, wealthy,

intelligent, affable, industrious, and enterprising. I was overwhelmed with kindness; my patronage was greater here than in any town or village in the state. It was not who should show me the least, but who should show me the most kindness, and render me as happy and comfortable as possible.

It was my good fortune to put up with Mr. Williams, a brother of my friend Williams of Concord, a name I have ever found united with goodness and honor, excepting once. Through his means, I met with another friend, a most amiable man, and both together never ceased in their attention, while I remained there.

Some of the first people of the state reside in Havre-hill, the principal of whom are, Joseph Bell, Esqr. a distinguished lawyer; Messrs. David Sloane, (also a lawyer,) John L. Bunce, Edward and Henry Tawle, M. H. Sinclair, Moses Dow, B. Merrill, J. Blaisdell, Andrew Mack, A. G. Tassleton, Samuel Cartland, and Dr. Ezra Bartlett. These are not half, who deserve equal notice, but all my limited time (only three days, the snow deep and weather cold) allowed me to see. I found but one mean man in the place, which is saying much in its favor, his name was Henry B——. I dare say, he was an orthodox. The clerk, one W. was not much behind him.

Mr. J. Bell, is a middle aged man, dark complexion, round face, with a large brilliant black eye, and a countenance legibly impressed with talent and erudition, while at the same time, it glows with kindness and good feeling. While I was sitting in his office, a little daughter of his, (her father's image,) came in—she was about four years old. "Shall I buy this lady's book my dear?" said her father, "to be sure pa, buy the lady's book—yes, buy it, I want to read it; you must be sure and buy it!" said the little seraph with great spirit. He gave her the book and she lugged it down stairs in raptures.

Mrs. B——, is a lady of the highest accomplishments; I think a second wife—she is of Massachusetts.

Mr. Sloane is of middle age and size, with a thin face, and keen countenance, also of very pleasant manners.

Mr. Bunce is a young man of good size, with a soft intelligent grey eye, and the most alluring manners.

Mr. Cortland, also a young man, good figure, fair complexion, striking features, and a mild benevolent blue eye.

Dr. Bartlett, is one of your good, jolly, familiar men—as plain as my hand, and though a man of science, he is simple and artless in his manners. He is of middle age, round, fair face, and blue eye, in which myriads of little charities are seen to riot. He had a very amiable family, and much esteemed in the line of his profession.

Mr. A. G. Tasleton, is a young looking man, fair complexion, middle size, and very interesting countenance.

Mr. E. Towle, is of middle age, and alike worthy of a place with his neighbors.

Also Mr. Mack, the principal of the academy, is a very amiable man, and a well qualified teacher.*

Mr. M. H. Sinclair, is of good size and figure, fair complexion, benevolent, soft winning countenance, and of most captivating manners.

Mr. J. Blaisdell, is a middle sized young man, with a large full eye, and soft, open countenance, and very engaging manners.

Mr. B. Merrill, is also a very pleasant man, of young appearance, and fair complexion.

Mr. Moses Dow, is a prince in whatever light he may be considered; he is of middle age and size; fair complexion, and the finest countenance in the world.

I happened to visit Haverhill, about the time of the examination of the pupils, which I attended and was astonished at the improvement and appearance of the youths and young ladies of the academy. The exercises embraced history, grammar, reading, writing, and arithmetic, in which both sex displayed great proficiency, much to the honor of Mr. M. the preceptor. The scholars were unusually modest in their manners, and beautiful in their persons.

They were examined by the trustees, who, all attended sometimes by one and sometimes by another. The

*From the great and unexpected pressure of matter, I am truly sorry to compress it into fewer sheets than I anticipated.

trustees were men of ripe age, and sound judgement, such as it would be no easy matter to deceive. I observed they were very particular, even to minuteness, which is certainly very proper. This is the sure way to advance national happiness, and secure the blessing of freedom.—The examination took up one entire day. In short, Haverhill appears to be taking the lead in improvement, and has already attained to a high degree of taste and manners.

Haverhill is the residence of my friend Mr. P. A. Morse, whom I had the pleasure again to see at Haverhill. I am indebted to him for a letter of introduction to one or two gentlemen of Haverhill.

Here also, I met with an old fellow traveller, a Methodist preacher, a native of Vermont—he resides in Haverhill; a stout handsome looking man. We travelled together from Concord to Charlestown. He and his family insisted upon my spending an evening with them, but time would not permit.

There is an extensive square in the centre of Haverhill, of singular beauty. Much business is done in this town; it is connected with Newbury, in Vermont, by a bridge.

HISTORY.

Haverhill was settled in 1764, by Capt. John Hazen. It was granted to a company of seventy-four gentlemen of which he was one.

Hon. Moses Dow, Hon. Charles Johnston, Hon. James Woodward, Hon. Ezekiel Lad, were amongst the early settlers of Haverhill. It was named Haverhill after the town of that name, in Massachusetts. It was at first called *Lower Cohos*.

From Haverhill, I continued my course up the Connecticut to Bath.

BATH, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

Is fourteen miles from Havrehill. Blackcoats as thick as yellow-jackets; preaching here sixteen times per week! I thought these people must surely be just ready to fly to Heaven. But time is too precious to waste with them—I see they make an easy prey of the ignorant.

The scenery from Haverhill to this place is grand—very few farms off from the river; you have a delightful view of the lofty forests of Hemlock, Spruce, Birch and other trees. The river bottom narrows, and the hills draw near its banks in bold fronts.

Bath lies between the White and Green Mountains of Vt. and though neither are seen, we have enough in the shape of mountains to indicate that they are not far off. To add to the luxury of wildness, we pursue a bold, large rapid stream, part of the way, which passes through Bath to the Connecticut—this is called Amonoosuck. There is a fall in this river at Bath, which gives rise to various mills and manufactories, it is crossed by a bridge of three hundred and fifty feet.

Bath is a very romantic town, and though surrounded with mountains, and intersected with rivers, it is on an even plain of rich soil, nor is it altogether in possession of the Goths.—There are many fine well-bred people in Bath, which form a very sociable community of their own, and joined me in laughing at the blackcoats, whom they hold in the utmost contempt. I find they are always of the lower class, that is, the ignorant. They can no longer gull the enlightened.

To my great pleasure, here I found a brother of senator Woodbury, of Portsmouth. He is said to be a smarter man than his brother, and we may soon expect to see him stepping forth in the service of his country. He is quite a young man, recently married to a very accomplished and beautiful Boston lady, if I recollect, or Massachusetts somewhere.

Mr. Samuel Woodbury, is in appearance, much like his brother, the senator—he is a lawyer. I shall always

be partial to lawyers, they add tenfold more to society than either parsons or physicians, they are always learned and generous.

Mr. Jon'a. Smith, another lawyer, a very gentlemanly man, residing in Bath. He is a tall slender figure, fair complexion, with a keen blue eye, his features are regular, but delicate, his countenance strikingly fine. But the lawyer of lawyers is his partner, one P., of middle age, a shrimp in size, a sallow complexion, small face, and little blue pop eye, with a great deal of white; his manners rather genteel. He is of middle age, and quite a mean man.

Besides these, Messrs. Joseph K. Bartlett, Isaac Patterson, Asa Smith, and Free Goodall, are very amiable gentlemanly men, worth a thousand blackcoats.

The landlord where I put up, (though he was absent) is one of the liberal sort; his wife, Mrs. Markham, is a very affable ladylike woman, and the very milk of human kindness. Besides her, there are many amiable females in Bath, who have not bowed the knee to Baal, particularly Mrs. Mary Curbton.

The navigation of Connecticut river ends at Bath—here commence the falls, called "Fifteen miles Falls."

HISTORY.

Bath was settled in 1765, by John Herriman.

LITTLETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

Is sixteen miles from Bath, still up the river. At this place I was to enjoy the fruits of my labor, viz: a sight of the White Hills, for which I had toiled and suffered much.

With but one passenger in the stage, I set out early in the morning, and pursued the Connecticut, which, and the surrounding scenery, for beauty and splendor, sufficiently rewarded my pains. Nature, in this part of New

Hampshire, assumes bold features; cliffs and mountains, impervious woods, and streams, inspire the beholder with enthusiastic delight; cold too as ever I experienced, yet I scarcely felt it.

We took in a very agreeable young lady, on the way, who was going to Littleton, and of course all my talk was about the White Hills.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Whilst I was forming various opinions on the White Hills, I was on a sudden surprized by the sight of a vast mountain through the trees, which looked like a pile of snow. I hastily asked if that was not the White Hills? The driver said "yes!" but the young lady said it was Franconia Mountain, nearly as high.

When I arrived at Middleton, I did not wait for breakfast till I went up stairs to see the White Hills. They are seen very plain from the upper story of the tavern, and though I had it firmly fixed in my mind, that the vast snowy pile I had seen on the road, could be no other than the White Hills, yet I now saw my mistake. I saw the Franconia Mountains considerably to the right, different in figure, not so high, though alike destitute of trees. But I must say, that my perception being anticipated by the Franconia Mountains, were not so exquisite on seeing the White Hills, and yet there was sufficient to saturate the most extravagant fancy. But my sensations in the morning were such, that for the moment, it completely absorbed my senses—it was ecstasy. The height of the mass, its brightness from the rays of the sun; its suddenness and apparent proximity, had an effect similar to that of a loud clap of thunder, without its terror. But I cannot express my feelings for a want of words, other than it had the same effect which I imagined any supernatural appearance would produce, and not expecting to see them heighten the effect. But I expected to see the White Hills at Littleton, and was prepared for it.

I cannot conceive why they are called hills, when they are evidently mountains, and the highest in the United States, excepting it be, that they are lonely detached elevations. I see they are sometimes called by the one, and sometimes the other name.

I am very sorry I saw the Franconia first, as it will doubtless effect my description of the White Mountains, as accurate descriptions of the picturesque and sublime, can only be attained by seizing the first moments of surprise.

The White Mountains are like nothing else that I have seen in the shape of a mountain. They are different in figure, appearance, bulk and height from any mountain in the United States.

Mountains generally run in longitudinal lines. These are round, solitary conical masses. Mountains are mostly covered with wood, and hence of a green appearance. These are bare, smooth and white, at all times being covered with snow, ten months in the year, and when they are not, the rock of which they are said to consist, is white.

The highest mountain we have, viz: Peaks of Otter are 3,950 feet. The highest of the White Mountains is 6,428 feet, this is Mount Washington. Mount Adams, another of the White Hills is 5,383 feet. Mount Jefferson is 5,281 feet above the level of the sea. The base of these are said to be ten miles in circumference. There are several other peaks, but those are the principal.—They appear to run into each other at the bottom, but are distinct some distance from their summits.

Mount Washington is easily distinguished from its superior height and bulk.

From Littleton, and from every point from which I have since been able to view, the White Mountains, Mount Washington stands between the other two, and south of them, though, as before remarked, they seem joined at the bottom. They are said to be twenty-three miles from Littleton, though they appear within your grasp. They vary in color from deep black to the brightest white, as the weather and the rays of the sun may appear to strike them. Sometimes they are invisible, being concealed by

the clouds.* Their colour at this time, is rather of a rich cream-colour than snow, nor does the snow on them appear to be smooth as it usually appears on other mountains—but has the appearance of drifted snow, or the snow that has fallen from some vast height, which adds much to the richness of the appearance.

Whipped cream may give some idea of its appearance, at this distance. The figure of each of these vast domes, is perfect symmetry and proportion. Thus, lonely, tranquil, firmly, gracefully and majestically, the White Mountains for the first time met my eye through the window of the stage house at Middleton. The effect was delight and astonishment, of which no words can give an adequate idea. It lacks nothing but noise and motion to equal the Falls of Niagara, in sublimity; the effect is of a much more pleasing nature. It has none of that shrinking awe, which a view of the falls create. Some have gone so far as to say, the White Mountains are more sublime than the falls, but this is mere fancy, and contrary to established rules of taste, as great sound, is always more sublime than silence.

All I have to say, is, that it is much more pleasing, and next to the falls, the most sublime, natural curiosity I have seen, and well worth the attention of all travellers.

After feasting my mind with a view of the White Mountains, I went down stairs to refresh the body with breakfast.

I had intended to go to the White Mountains, but no stage running from Littleton thence, I concluded to go still higher up the river to Lancaster and take another view at that town and pursue my way through Vermont, many parts of which were said to embrace still better views of those magnificent steeps. But while I was at breakfast who should arrive at the tavern but Mr. Crawford, the patron of the White Mountains and the nearest citizen to them. He had an elegant sleigh and fine buffalo robes and was just establishing a line of stages to run thro' the winter from Portland to Vermont, in which stage

*I have learned this from subsequent remarks.

I could return to Littleton, and off I went with Mr. Crawford and had the White Hills in view near the whole way.

A short distance from Littleton, the road passes over a considerable rise, and here I had a most delightful view of the mountains; better by far than at Crawford's, and the best but one which is in Vermont. There had been a considerable snow, but the day seemed warm at Littleton and the snow melting off of the houses, I set off without thought, with my common dress and a thin cloak; no one told me better and I came very near being frozen. I felt the difference of climate sensibly very shortly after leaving Littleton, which increased to a degree of intensity before I arrived at Crawford's. The snow also became deeper—between 3 and 4 feet! Mr. Crawford informed me the snow had fell about 3 days previous, and having been no wind in the time, it was still resting on the evergreens and presented the most magnificent scenery in nature. For more than half way the country is uninterrupted by farms, and is one dark, impenetrable forest of spruce, intermixed with hemlock and fir. On these trees the snow represented every figure to be found in art or nature.

Supported by the density of the boughs, was to be seen every animal, from the elephant to the humming bird, and from a ship of the line to a top; birds, fishes, bears, foxes, ships, and steamboats; hogs, cats and dogs, chandaliers, caps, bonnets—in short, every thing ever formed. The limbs of the fir being too weak to support the weight of the snow, bent downward and formed chandaliers of inimitable beauty and the most exact symmetry—it was difficult to say which excited the most admiration, this magnificent appearance or the White Mountains. But what astonished me equal to all this was, that Mr. Crawford beheld this elegant display of beauty and grandeur with perfect unconcern, whilst I was in raptures. When I mentioned it to him, he said "he was so used to it that he did not even see it." Owing to my eagerness in looking up to each side and turning round, I would shuffle off the buffalo robes, and should inevitably

have frozen had Mr. Crawford not forcibly held me still. This part of New Hampshire is the wildest tract of country I ever saw. The spruce is tall and so dense upon the ground that it is dark and fearfully wild on each side of the road.

Mr. C. informed me that there were thousands of acres in that part of this sort of land, in great part of which no human face was ever seen. Formerly, he said, it abounded with moose, and still was the residence of that animal, though they are shy and scarce. One of these was killed not long since, the horn of which I saw at Crawford's—they are amazing large and kept as a show.

Never was a way-worn traveller more pleased at the end of a long journey than I was upon arriving at Crawford's, where a good fire and comfortable supper awaited me, after which I retired to my room and wrote some time.*.

It being dark when I arrived at Crawford's, I eagerly sought a view of the White Mountains early next morning, but it was enveloped in a black cloud. About 11 o'clock, however, the sun broke out, and the mountain was visible. Assisted by Mr. C. I ascended a considerable eminence to view the mountain and the *notch*—but the former, though I could see it plainly, did not appear so high as at Littleton. The notch, which is a natural opening in the mountain, I could see very distinctly. This opening is a narrow defile about twenty feet wide and two miles in length, where the mountain is cloven down to its base. The road from Lancaster to Portland passes through this notch, it also forms a passage for Saco river which rises in the White Mountains. This chasm is a little to the right of the mountains, a part of which extends to this opening, and beginning on the other side, run off into Franconia and take other names.

The entrance of this chasm is between two huge rocks of great height, and is said to be fearfully sublime! The stream of Saco tumbling from rock to rock, and

*Doubtless it was from this day's journey I have since been attacked with the most excruciating rheumatism.

other streams dropping down the steep cliffs, form cascades of uncommon splendor. One of these, called the Silver cascade, is said to transcend any thing of the sort for beauty. Various rivers have their source in the White Mountains—besides Saco, the Ameriscogin, Ammonoosuck, and Pemigewasset. These flows from large ponds and springs on the top of the mountains, and rushing down their sides flow off in various directions. In short, this appears to be what it is called, “the Switzerland of the United States.

It is said there is a brook three fourths of a mile from the entrance of the notch called the Flume, which falls from 240 to 250 feet! This notch and the White Mountains attract large companies of the gay and the fashionable in the summer season. But I had suffered so much with the cold that I was afraid to venture to the notch, which was eight or nine miles from Crawford’s.

At this place I discovered another feature of the White Mountains, which is deep chasms or gullies with which it is fluted on all sides. These grow wider and deeper as they descend to the plain, and are covered with trees of the evergreen sort, which, from a uniform appearance and figure, are very beautiful, particularly, when contrasted with the snow. It must be observed that the whole of these mountains are covered with a stunted growth to a certain height, perhaps two thirds of the height,* vegetation then ceases, except in those ravines which run up much higher, and terminate in sharp points, which at this distance appear like the letter V, reversed, thus A. Those green points, terminating at the same height, add much to the beauty of the view.

From those points to the summits all is barren, and ends in magnificent domes.

There are seven of these, all which stand in one cluster, and seem to occupy a circular situation, and form a part of the scenery to a great distance, in all directions. They are the first land seen at sea, more than sixty miles distant, and are seen much farther by land. A bold lofty mountain approaches the White Mountains in the oppo-

*See Becknap.

site direction from the notch. This is also a vast steep, it terminates suddenly in a point near the phalanx of mountains. The range in Franconia is also high, and rising into a lofty peak makes a splendid appearance.

It snows on the White Mountains every month in the year, except August, and it is thought that snow might be found in the Northern crevices at all times of the year. The climate is so cold at Crawford's, that no vegetable or grain of any sort comes to perfection. He cultivates nothing but grass. He has frost every month in the year!

It often happens, after great rains, or thaws, that large masses of those mountains, (which are said to consist of loose rocks,) break loose, and slide down with a dreadful crash, overwhelming every thing in its course. It will be recollected, that not long since, out of a whole family of seven persons, one only escaped with their life. Some of the bodies, if I recollect, were never discovered, being completely buried. The house in which the family lived stood not far from the Notch, and had they remained in the house they would have escaped, as the house remained untouched; but it appears they fled from the house upon seeing torrents of water and stone rolling down the mountain.

But all that has been said of these mountains is nothing, I am told by those who have ascended them, to the beauty of the prospect from their summits, where innumerable ponds, lakes, mountains, rivers, towns, and villages, with the Atlantic Ocean, are distinctly seen; the rich valley of Connecticut river, Canada, Vermont, Maine, and every thing which partakes of the sublime, the rich, or the beautiful, may be seen at once from those lofty pinnacles. The ascent, though tedious and tiresome, is not dangerous; it is usually accomplished by ascending the lower elevations first.

Had it happened in the summer season, I believe the temptation would have been too great for me to resist.

These mountains are but a short distance from Portland, in Maine, but my obligations to visit the towns of New Hampshire led me a different course, not short of some hundreds of miles. They are in latitude forty-four

degrees fifteen minutes, longitude seventy-one degrees twenty minutes West.

But it is in the summer season, I am told, the White Mountains appear to most advantage. In the long summer days, when vegetation in the surrounding country is at its height, to see those vast piles of snow rearing their summits amongst the clouds, is truly magnificent.

Upon the whole, at this season I must say, that whatever fancy may conceive of darkness, brilliancy, verdure, dreariness, bulk, symmetry, grace, grandeur, and majesty, may be realized in a view of the White Mountains.

The region of those mountains is already immortalized by the chaste and elegant pen of the celebrated Mrs. Hemans, of Europe. The subject of her pen is differently related; the following, however, is, I believe, a true story: It relates to a young woman who perished in the snow some years back near the Notch on the immortal Saco. Mr. Crawford, the father of the one mentioned, an aged man, still living, happened to be at his son's while I was there. He was the first settler of the farm where his son now lives, and though the circumstance happened before his time, he had the particulars from those who were then living.

Amongst the first settlers of Lancaster, a town in the extremity of New Hampshire, on the Connecticut, was a Captain Page, if I am not mistaken; this gentleman lived in Portsmouth, and amongst his domestics was a very amiable young woman named Nancy. In making preparation to move his family, he persuaded Nancy to go with him, beforehand, to cook for the hands engaged to erect houses for his family. Nancy, who was engaged to be married to a worthy young man at no distant day, was very unwilling to go, but at length she consented, upon condition she should return in a few weeks. By her industry she had gathered a considerable sum of money which she gave to her lover to keep till she returned, when they were to be married; and after interchanging fresh vows the lovers parted, and Nancy went to Lancaster. She remained there contented till the time agreed upon for her return, when she became importunate in her

applications to Captain Page to fulfil his promise. He put her off from time to time, still saying he would go in a few days and she should go with him. He set off, however, unknown to her, and left her behind. When she discovered the deception she was almost beside herself, and in the agony of her grief she undertook the journey on foot to Portsmouth, 130 miles. At that time there was neither road nor house for 32 miles from Lancaster, and with a thin cloak wrapped about her she pursued a dim track which had been marked through the woods leading through the Notch.

She had scarcely began her journey when it began to snow copiously; but, urged by love, and indignant for wrongs, Nancy travelled on without ceasing—the farther she travelled the deeper the snow. But she never missed the track, and succeeded in passing through the Notch, and four miles beyond it; when, overcome by cold and weariness, she sat down on a log, as it is supposed, to rest, from which she never arose! her clothes being wet she soon froze to death, within two miles of a house below on Saco. It was some time after this when some hunters, kindling a fire in the night near the spot, discovered a human figure of ice, which was the body of Nancy, the snow and rain all freezing together, had enveloped her body in a thick coat of ice.

Mrs. Hemans sings the fate of Nancy in sweet and plaintive strains, but she took up the idea that Nancy's lover was unfaithful, which was not the case. I am sorry I have not room for the piece which I received from Mr. Bartlett, of Concord, N. H.

Mr. Crawford is a fine old man, and lives near the place where Nancy perished. The younger Crawford keeps a house of accommodation at the foot of the White Mountains, and meets with a handsome patronage, of which I think him very worthy; he is a very kind and obliging man, of great size, six feet two and a half inches in height, and proportionably made.

I staid one day at Crawford's and spent the time merrily, it was thanks-giving day, and we feasted on many good things, an account of which I wrote to my friends

at Portland, not forgetting the Pumpkin pies. The following day it snowed as hard as it could shower down, but the hardy stage driver came through the Notch in the hardest of it, blithe and gay, even without socks or over-shoes; he entered the house, and never came near the fire! These Yankees are surely made of iron.

After a while it cleared away, and accompanied by the elder Mr. Crawford in another sleigh,* after putting on a cloth coat of Mr. Crawford's, I returned to Littleton. As usual at places of public resort, there is a book kept at Crawford's in which most of the visitors write their names, and any thing "the've mind to." I merely wrote my name, and referred to the Black Book for the rest.

I had a very pleasant ride to Littleton, being amused the whole way by the humor and ludicrous jokes of the driver and Mr. Crawford, the former calling the latter his boy, and ordering him to keep behind; the wind, however, had destroyed and put to flight the whole of my snowy kingdom of beasts, birds, &c. &c.

Littleton appears to be in another world after coming from the region of the snowy mountains. It is a delightful spot on the Amonoosuck river, which runs through it, and is also bounded by the Connecticut. It stands in the midst of the richest scenery. It has a social library, a post-office, tavern, a store, and is the residence of several professional men; and, though a small population, it contains some of the choice spirits. In my haste to visit the White Mountains, I never stopped to look at Littleton.

On my first arrival from Bath, as I advanced through the passage of the tavern where I stopped in Littleton, my eye caught a middle aged woman sitting in the kitchen, the door of which was open. Her eye met mine at the same time; but such another eye, and such a countenance I had never seen before, so mild, so sweet; she smiled a cordial welcome which thrilled my very heart. I gazed at her some time to discover whether she was

*No wheels are used at all in winter in New England, while the snow is on the ground; the stage bodies are all taken from the wheels and put on runners.

not an old acquaintance—her countenance and full soft eye being familiar to me. But no, though I had often seen her like; she was one of the first Boston ladies reduced to keep a tavern. I looked at her during my stay, being unable to withdraw my eyes from such attractions. It was her daughter who travelled with me that morning. There is one advantage in having an education, above all others, which is, that in the event of misfortune it leads those who have children to give them an education if nothing else. This lady had several daughters, accomplished and charming as herself; but amongst her boarders I found another amiable female, Mrs. Malvina A. Stevens, of Vermont. I was astonished, after hearing what I had of Vermont, to find so accomplished a female from that State. She had but recently been married, and I think to a mechanic, also a very genteel man; but the lady at once astonished and surprised me. To meet with a female of her courtly manners, but little over sixteen years of age, educated, as she told me, in Vermont, led me to inquire into her story; which is, that she was an only child, lost her father in her infancy, who left a handsome little property. Her mother refused to marry a second time, and spent her time and the property upon the education of her daughter, who was naturally fond of learning. It is much to be lamented that all mothers do not imitate the mother of Malvina. I never knew but two Malvina's, and both were learned; my niece was the other. Mrs. S. was very handsome withal.

Littleton abounds with fine women. Here I found the daughter-in-law of my friend Colonel A. Sumner, of Charlestown, Mrs. Jane S. Little, Colonel S. being married to her mother; of this, however, I was ignorant, till looking at my subscription, she exclaimed "there is my father's name;" "then your father is one of the best men in the world," I replied. "Yes," said she eagerly, "he is the best man in the world." I afterwards heard he was only her step-father. She is beautiful, as well as an accomplished female. I had not the pleasure of seeing Mr. Little, he being absent. I meet with so little encouragement from my own sex, that I should not have thought of

calling on Mrs. L. had it not been for my accomplished landlady, who doubtless wished to show me all the treasure of her little town. Dr. William Burns was the only gentleman of the place who honored me with a call. He appears to be a very amiable man, of young appearance, a tall stout figure, fair complexion, with an oval face and keen blue eye.

Littleton extends fifteen miles on the Connecticut, the whole distance of the falls, which gives it a romantic and wild appearance.

There are three bridges over the Connecticut, in Littleton, the town contains 1,096 inhabitants.

Littleton was settled 50 years since by Capt. Nathan Caswell, who was living in Canada, in 1822.

VISIT TO LANCASTER.

From Littleton I still pursued the Connecticut to Lancaster, where I was to take another and a better view of the White Mountains. Lancaster is 18 miles from Littleton, and the last town of any note in Connecticut, on the New Hampshire shore.

Being told the stage was ready, upon going to the door I found, instead of a covered sleigh, a great open square box upon runners, and it raining very hard, upon remonstrating with the driver he was very insolent, and swore I should pay double for going in that, it was hard going for the horses, (the snow melting) and if I did not pay what he asked I might stay, and thus I was forced to submit; the box was filled with dirty lumber, withal, and so formidable was the appearance and language of this ruffian, that had it not happened there were three young men in the box I should have been afraid to venture. It appeared he was the same ruffian who drove me from Hanover to Haverhill in the night. The owner of this line who, I am told, is one L. of Hanover, ought to be sent to the state prison for keeping such drivers in his service—a stranger risks his life in this line.

One of the passengers was quite a decent young man, and having an umbrella he very politely held it over my head.

I derived no little satisfaction from the company and conversation of this young man who served in the late war, and related many anecdotes of my friends, and the battles he was in. He was in the battle of Queenstown and Chippewa, which last, he said, was so dreadful that the ground was red with blood; I think he said he was also at the second battle of Fort Erie. He spoke in the highest praise of Col. Towson, Gen. Brown, Ripley, Scott, and Jessup. He was witness of the mortification and grief of the British officer Rial, after he was captured. He never was, he said, more interested for any man.

The country from Littleton to Lancaster is thinly settled, the hills swell into vast mountains and the yellow pine, birch, and maple appears mixed with hemlock and spruce. A few fields are seen at a distance on the Vermont shore, of a circular figure, which smooth white stones contrasted, and mingled with the rough yellow pine, which at this time seems to be blooming with white roses, these with sharp ridges, deep vallies, rushing streams, rocks, and precipices, with the beautiful Connecticut, (though frozen in many places) present to the delighted traveller a scene rich in variety and beauty. This description of country continues down to Bath. The scenery was so congenial to my feelings that I was in transports the whole way. Deer abounds in this part of New Hampshire. As we were changing horses in the evening, at a house perched on a lofty rise, at the foot of which the Connecticut rolling swiftly on with a low soft murmuring sound, the landlord of the house very politely came out to converse with me, as I sat in the box. Seeing the rocks in the river, covered with such moss as I have seen deer feeding on, it reminded me of them, and I asked the gentleman "if there were any deer in the neighborhood?" "Yes!" he said they very often came down the hill on the opposite shore to drink, and eat the moss in the heat of the summer days! He had formerly killed a great many deer, but they were now grown scarce. Nothing could exceed the beauty of our road as we drew near Lancaster. It had long been night, but the moon shone, the evening mild and thawing, the rain had ceased, and our road ran on the brink of the river, which, though very narrow, was smooth and straight.

It was quite late when we arrived at Lancaster, the soldier (I believe an officer) stopped some distance back.

LANCASTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Here, as at many other places, the driver, when he arrived at the Post Office, threw the mail out in the road, without calling, and drove on to the tavern, which was some distance. I frightened all these drivers, by saying, "the Postmaster General was a friend of mine, and I would be sure to tell him."

At Lancaster, I had the pleasure of seeing Gen. Cushman, of Guild Hall, Vermont, a highly respectable man, who hearing of my arrival, called on me in a few minutes after I entered the tavern. The General is a stout, young, fine looking man, of pleasing manners, and is said to be a man of wealth and talents. He, as well as the principal men in Lancaster, are in favor of the election of Gen. Andrew Jackson, and hearing I was from that country, he had a great curiosity to see me.

Guild Hall is only five miles from Lancaster, a very pretty town, on the Connecticut. The General pressed me to go home with him, and spend a day or two, but such were my engagements, that I was forced to decline the pleasure. Next morning I hastened to view the White Mountains, but was sadly disappointed, they being shrouded in a black cloud, though the sun was shining bright and the sky clear. This is often the case, about 12 o'clock however, they began to appear; at first dimly, and by degrees they assumed unusual lustre. They appeared whiter and plainer from this place, in the course of the day, than I had hitherto seen them. They are twenty-five miles south east from Lancaster, a town peculiarly blessed with scenery.*

Lancaster is as beautiful as imagination can fancy. It is a mile in length, and level as a house floor. The street however, is not filled up. The houses are of wood, and some of them are elegant.

The plain is very extensive, of rich alluvial soil. It is washed on one side by the Connecticut, and guarded on the other by a rampart of stupendous mountains.

Besides, the Connecticut, which is twenty-two rods wide at this place, Israel's river runs through the town. Three dams are thrown across this last, which puts several mills

*I shall speak of these mountains again in Vermont.

and other machinery in operation. There is a bridge over this, and one over Connecticut.

It contains a church, a court-house, a jail, a post office, and 644 inhabitants. The snow was so deep and the town so scattered, that I saw but few of the citizens. Col. Pearson the Postmaster, and a Mr. Eastman, who boarded at Mr. Wilson's where I put up, were all I saw. Mr. Pearson is a stout young looking man; owns a handsome estate, and every way a gentleman. But Mr. Eastman - I am at a loss what to say of this gentleman. His kindness and polite attention is beyond the power of words. Had he been my son, it would have been impossible for him to have done more. From the first to the last of my visit, he paid me unremitting attention. But this was not all, my business pressing me on my journey, before the return of the stage, which only passed to Vermont, twice a week, he procured a sleigh and took me to the next town himself.

If ever you find a young man with these marks, feel no hesitation in pronouncing him possessed of a good heart, a wise head and a benevolent mind. Mr. Eastman is, if I am not mistaken, a lawyer; comely in his person, and pleasing in his manners. May success attend him wherever he goes.

My landlord, Mr. Wilson, is a brother of Mr. Wilson's of Concord, N. H. a plain backwoods sort of a man, of candid and honest appearance. He is a plain farmer of considerable property; keeps a great dairy; a great many cows, calves, pigs and sheep. Has a houseful of daughters, all work, and besides cheese and butter, manufacture all their own clothes. Being an ignorant man himself, and his wife the same, they have raised their children in ignorance, of course you hear nothing amongst the daughters but preachers and going to meeting. It must give every one the heart-ach who wishes well to their country, to see the advantages those Priests take of the ignorant. Instead of being a light to the blind, they seize every opportunity to shut out knowledge, pervert common sense, and throw stumbling blocks in the way of the lame and the blind. This is a shocking picture of our country, and as true as it is shocking. The only remedy for this evil is to counteract it by a wise diffusion of knowledge, and oppose darkness with light.

Lancaster was settled, as we have already said, by Captain Page, in 1763, (I mean to change my route, in forty-four degrees, twenty-nine minutes, north latitude, the 1st day of December.) This was a great undertaking for a female, particularly from a southern climate. Every one said, you can never stand it, Mrs. R. it is too late in the season to travel in this cold climate. Better give it out for this time and return to us again; this, however, I declined and have been much gratified, and hope to gratify my friends and the public generally.

A word on New Hampshire: Excepting the orthodox, the people of New Hampshire are equally as generous and kind as those of Maine;

and take both these states throughout, they are more hospital than Connecticut and Massachusetts. With respect to information, the people of N. H. are not so well educated as those of Maine. Being more inland and less commercial, they are rather behind in that sort of knowledge which gives ease to their manners. But they are no ways behind them in industry, sobriety, and genuine hospitality. The better sort of New Hampshire, are Unitarians, though many make no particular profession. The orthodox, however, are pretty strong yet, in New Hampshire.

Like all the New England states, it abounds with schools and academies, there are nineteen incorporated academies in New Hampshire, and the whole country is laid off into school districts, and every attention is paid to learning.

The people are stouter than any in New England, and appear to be a healthy, hardy, brave, generous race of people. Since the state has been settled, to this date, we have the following account longevity, viz: seventy-six persons who attained to the age of one hundred years and upwards, as high as 120. There are now living, five persons in the State, over 100 years of age, one of these, Mr. Welsh, of Bow, was living not long since, in his 113th year.

Farming is the principal pursuit of the people of New Hampshire, and some of the largest cattle in New England, are reared in the State. The land is good only upon the rivers and is very productive. It abounds in lakes, ponds, springs, rivers and mountains. All the great rivers of new England rise in New Hampshire. Winnipissiogee lake is a great natural curiosity, and is doubtless, the handsomest in the United States. I was truly sorry I was not able to see this beautiful lake; it is in the centre of the State, twenty-two miles long and ten wide, with three large bays, and 360 islands, many of which are cultivated. The outlet of the lake forms a considerable river, a branch of the Merrimack has a fall of 232 feet. I was told by a gentleman, that a view of this lake from the mountain, by which it is environed, is perfect enchantment.

NOTE.

The Authoress laments to stop short of the end of her travels, and still more, that she is unable to introduce an article she had written on Washington, particularly as she is in arrears with the city since 1827, viz. notes of distinguished men and things, which, though unable to comprize in the first volume of the Black Book, she flattered herself she would have that pleasure in the second volume. She will therefore be obliged to publish another small volume, which will follow as quick as possible. The number of pages in these volumes being completed, she hopes no other apology is necessary. It was impossible for her to foresee how far her notes would run; meantime she would briefly remark, that the incidents in the third volume will be equally interesting. It will contain her travels from Lancaster, New Hampshire, through Vermont—a severe conflict with the Goths, and a hasty retreat from the field of battle, &c. &c. through New

York, with dire mishaps on the way; her arrival in Washington and long confinement from a wound received in defence of religious and civil freedom; a personal description of the members of Congress, (a good thing,)—Glances at the ladies who call to hear the debates—a slight allusion to sundry, the officers of both Houses—compliment some—give the shower bath to others. Look in upon our friend Waterston—have him before a committee for suffering the books of the Sunday School Union of Dr. E. to be thrust into the Library of Congress. We found out the nest, with elegant blank books bound and headed in the first style. What does this mean? Does Congress want to be instructed by these books? They ought to be sold, and the money returned to the poor from whom it has been taken. These fellows are in earnest. The Librarian is one of them, it is said, and many others, in the service of the House. But enough in this place. We next take a trip through Pennsylvania Avenue, take notice of the good and the bad—wend our way up the hill—leave a book at the President's—drop in at the Departments—examine every room, look in upon the secretaries, principals, under clerks, and messengers—applaud the meritorious, and expose delinquents, particularly messengers, for their laziness; they do not earn their salt. This will be a long article. Call on my old friend, the once chivalrous Intelligencer—call him to account on the freedom of the press, in returning our advertisement (with the money,) of our Black Book. We smoke him. Afraid of his countryman P. T. Too much British gold and British influence in our Metropolis. Not an editor in the country, besides him, refused. When the freedom of the press can be assailed by such men as P. T. we are in a low state. Hope Congress will take the hint, and cease to patronize traitors to our freedom. Administer a few drops to the black coats, (called copper-heads in Washington.) They have set up their standard in the city; they swarm in our streets, and are determined to take it by storm. A word on the state of society, particularly the children of the godly on Capitol hill, who attend Sunday school in the forenoon, and stone houses and blackguard the citizens in the afternoon, on the holy Sabbath. That is the beauty of religion. Holly Willy, (Mr. C.) and his pious sons, and his daughter Miss Riggle, at the head; this pious soul, has lately had his house fitted up in great style, in hopes to monopolize the members—hope they have more liberality than to patronize a black coat.

Nor do I intend to overlook the Messrs. Holdforths, of the Engine House, with a few warm imaginative pious ladies. Roar down the black preacher of the white church—glance at the city canal—good contrivance to drown—save the expense of a foundling house. Overhall the city Post Office, something wrong there. Lodge a complaint against the T——g Society—brought —— into contempt in Washington—most dissipated, worthless men. They must have their wages every Saturday—get drunk on Sunday—takes them two days to get sober—botch their work—it speaks for itself. I could have had my work done in a fourth of the time in any other place.†

In justice to the printing offices of Washington, however, they have

produced a genius, which, taking all things into view, is unrivalled. An orphan, cast friendless and pennyless upon the world, in his childhood, buried ever since in a printing office—learned, dignified and eloquent, he bursted upon the world 4th of last July. We mean Mr. *John Dowling*. But more of him in the forthcoming volume—such merit shall ever meet my support. Nor will we forget our friend D. Carrol, Esq. a warm-hearted Catholic, who of all the city proprietors tendered us a house—nor our friend Williamson of the tavern.

Thus our volume will be a nice, high-seasoned morsel, by way of desert, ready by the meeting of Congress.

Meantime we will take a trip though Pennsylvania, call on our friend Mr. Walsh—see if Dr. P. can cure the rheumatism in our shoulder. Mem. not to forget *Strawbery* Alley and be sure to see Mr. Powell, of the Pa. Legislature, in the course of our tour—admire his independence—an honor to Pennsylvania. Appropos—the toast drank at Boston at the last annual meeting of the booksellers. We are pleased our shot took effect. The toast was true honor to ourselves and an insult to our sisters of the quill. We have another tickler ready for them and an account verbatim of a tory bookseller of Philadelphia, Mr. L. charged us \$5 for advertising—we will certainly close the account. Happy to hear our book is doing much good, and beg leave to tender our grateful thanks—*First*, to our noble booksellers of Baltimore, Petersburg, New-York, Philadelphia and Nashville, the rest, when we hear from them, shall be noticed; and *Secondly*, to our patrons. Our heart overflows with gratitude to them.

We conclude this note with an errata for the 1st volume of this work and an insertion of a letter just received. The letter is of itself a sufficient apology, and we take great pleasure in presenting it to the public, as it will afford much amusement to our friends, and prove what we have said of Virginia on the subject of society.

Errata.—Speaking of schools in Washington, in vol. 1st, for Mr. McCormick read Mr. McCleod. The blanks in page 294 ought to have been filled with “Col. Blackford.” Hon. J. Barney, of Baltimore, is the son and not the brother of Commodore Barney. Mr. Hickey’s name (Clerk of the Senate) is wrong spelled.

Fredsburg June 1st 1828

MADAM

I have just read your book giving a description of your travels through this place and am utterly disgusted with it in your description of Joe Young as you call him you have had the imperteneance to call me a brutes I was the stage director when you passed through this place you mention me as being a inhumane fellow I do not think any woman of common sense would have acted as you have done giving a description of every person you get acquainted with I must conclude

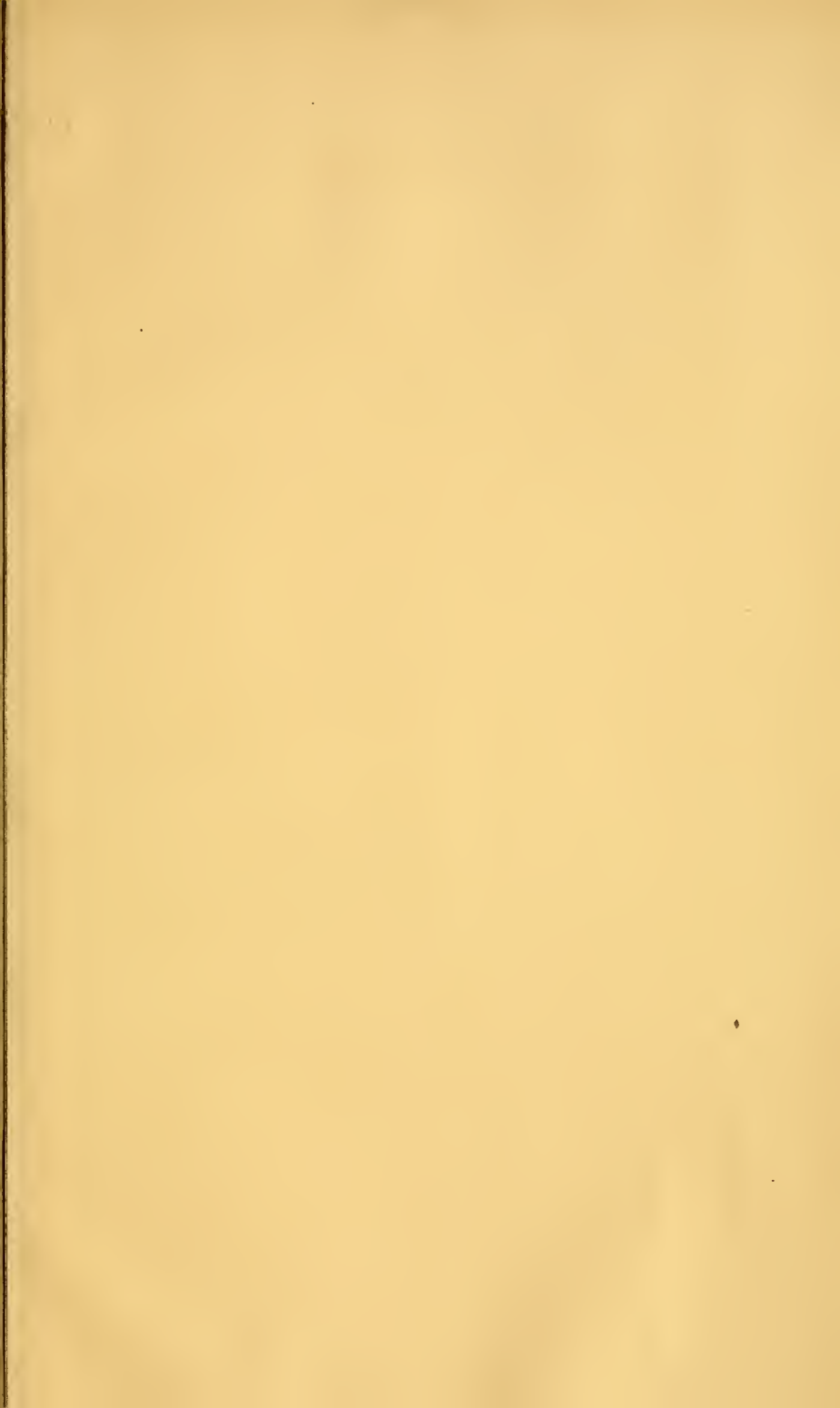
J T SINLEY Agent to stage line.

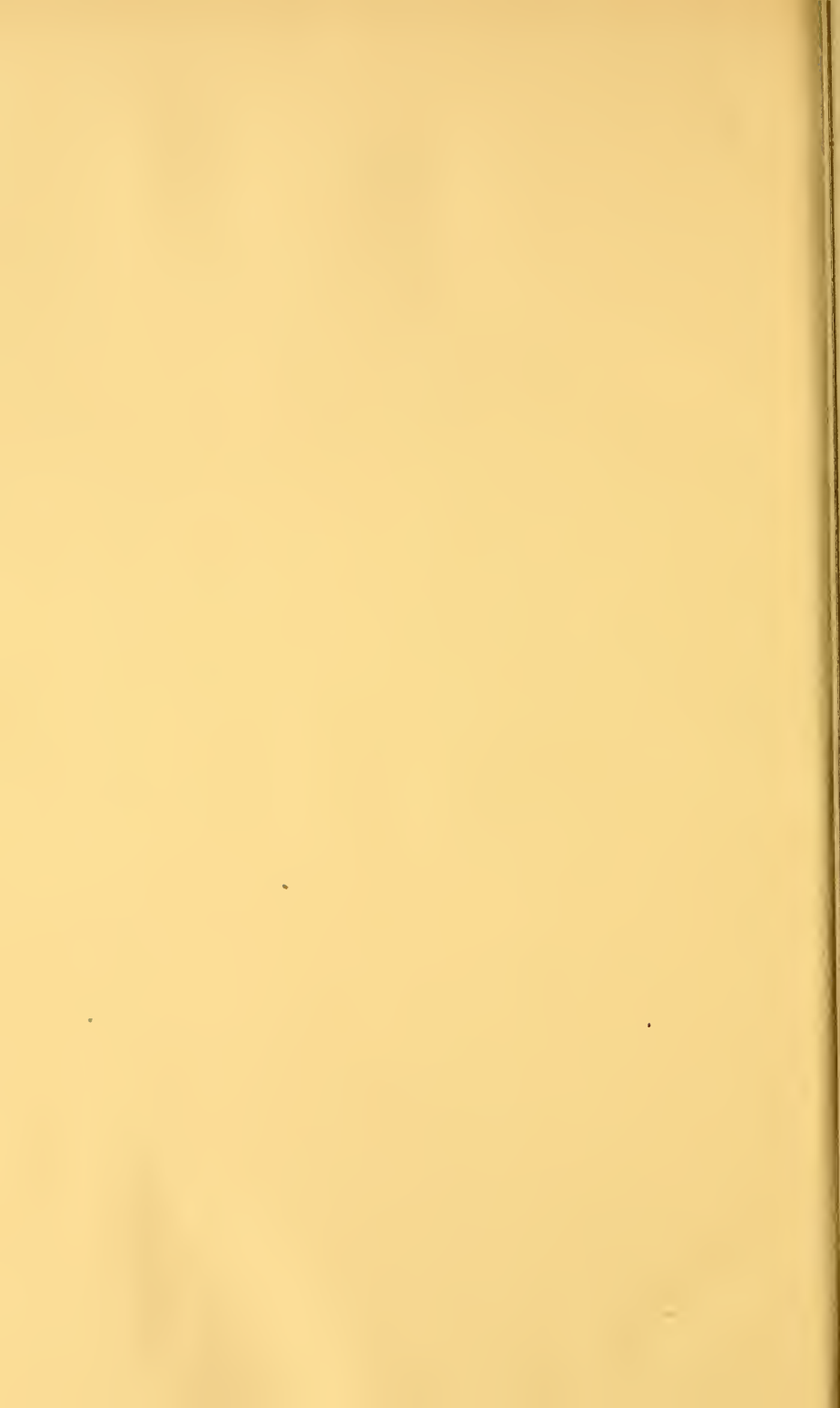
P S You are very fond of publishing things if you publish it I will publish you in the newspapers.

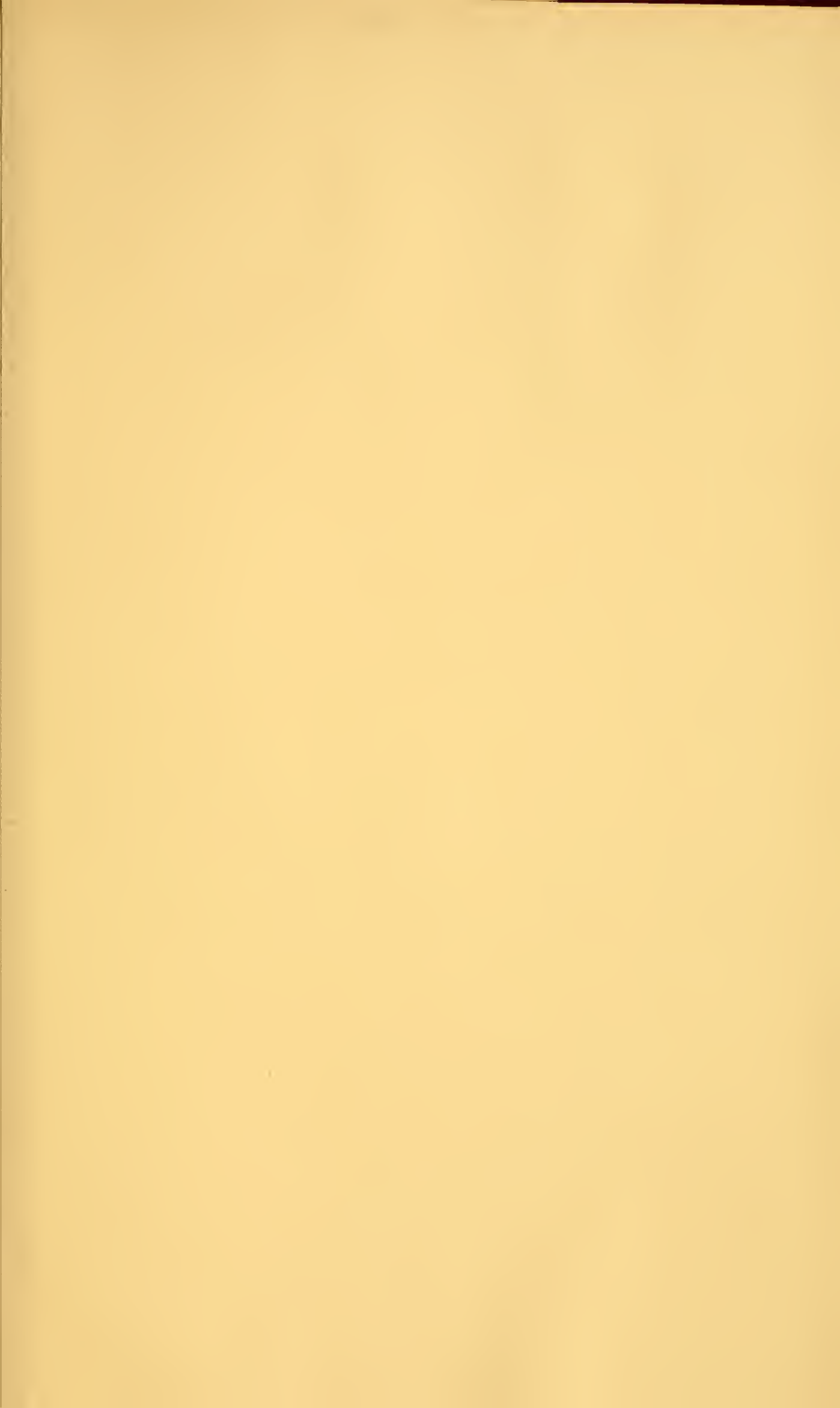
This man ought to open a grammar school; he is “a incomparable genius.” ¶ See Fredericksburg, 1st vol.

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